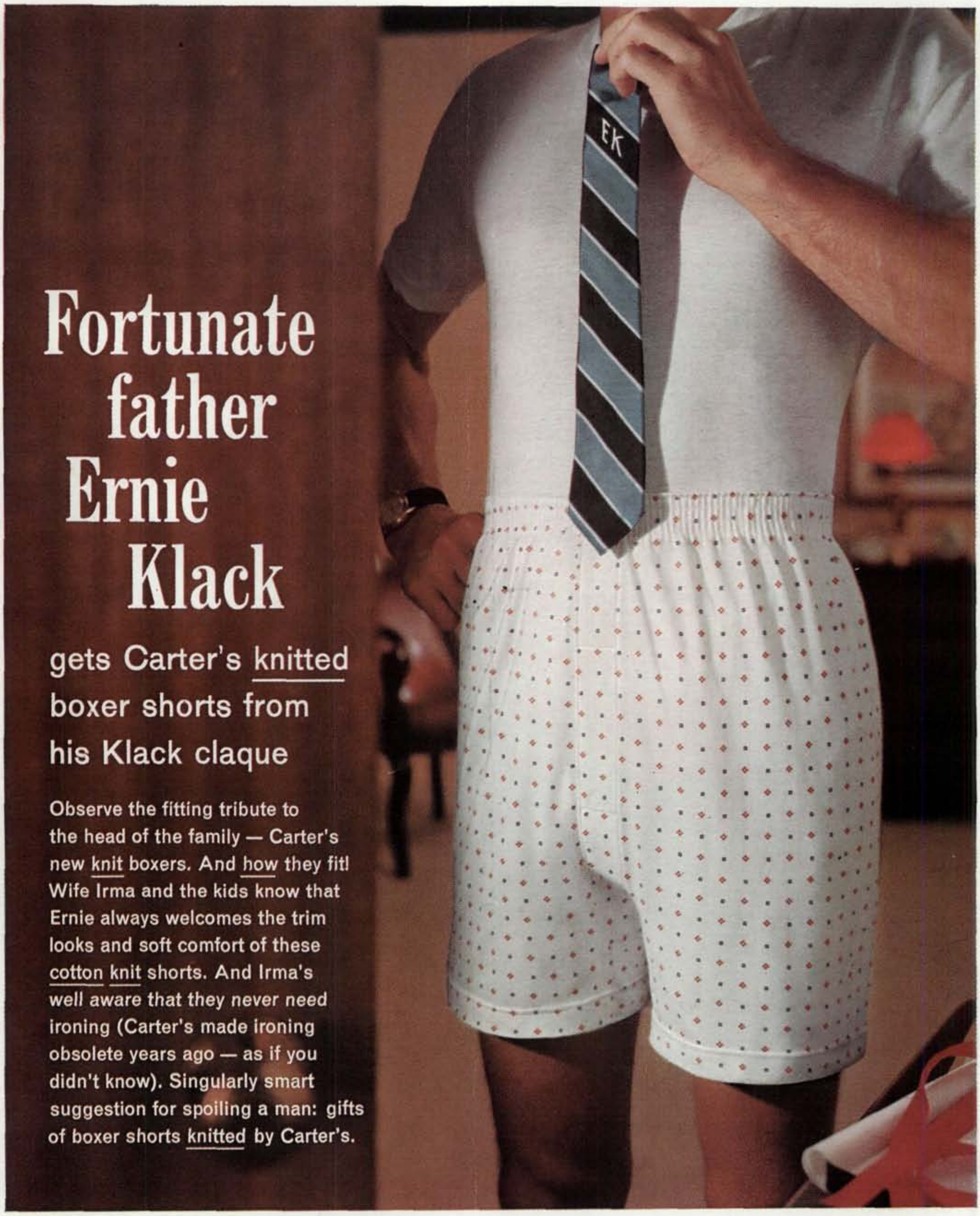
Mar. 4, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

Howard College Library
Birmingham, Alabama



Fortunate father Ernie Klack

gets Carter's knitted boxer shorts from his Klack claque

Observe the fitting tribute to the head of the family — Carter's new knit boxers. And how they fit! Wife Irma and the kids know that Ernie always welcomes the trim looks and soft comfort of these cotton knit shorts. And Irma's well aware that they never need ironing (Carter's made ironing obsolete years ago — as if you didn't know). Singularly smart suggestion for spoiling a man: gifts of boxer shorts knitted by Carter's.

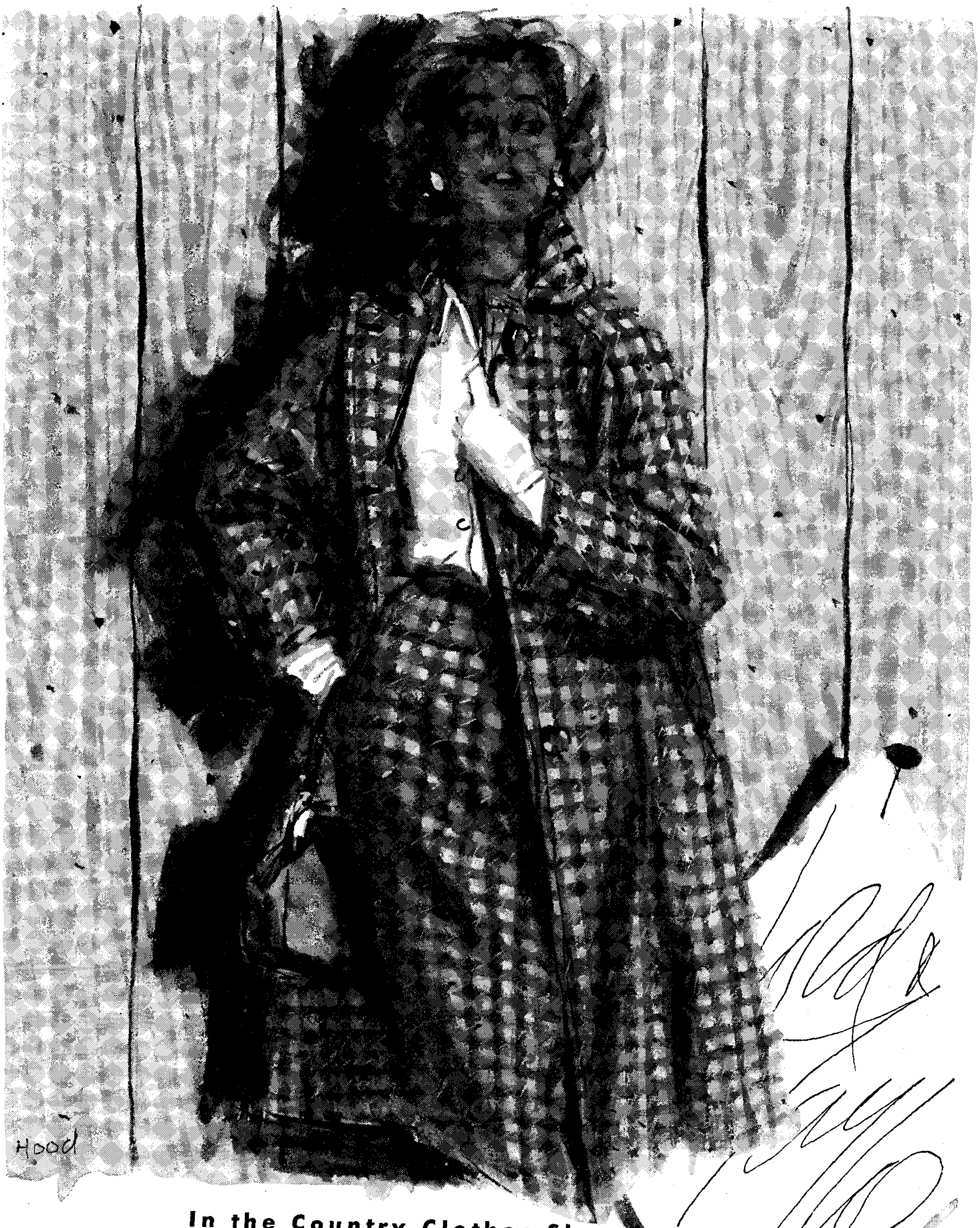
Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

KNITS EVERY UNDERWEAR STYLE —
BRIEFS . . . T-SHIRTS . . . ATHLETIC SHIRTS

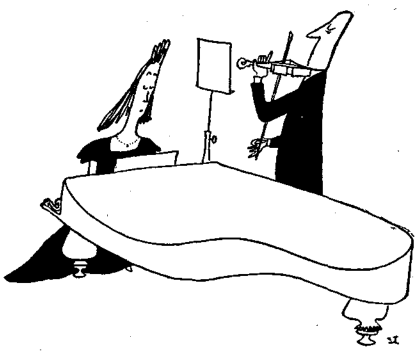
FOR EASTER, Ernie says: "Make it new 'Neat Print' Knit Boxers — I'm wearing them above." . . . $1.75 at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Company CHICAGO, Baskin — all stores • CINCINNATI, John Shillito Company • CLEVELAND, The May Company • COLUMBUS, The F & R Lazarus & Company • DENVER, May D & F • DETROIT, The J. L. Hudson Company • LAS VEGAS, Allen & Hanson • LANSING, Small's, Incorporated • LOS ANGELES, Bullock's—Downtown, Westwood, Pasadena, Santa Ana; Silverwood's • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEW YORK, B. Altman & Company, Franklin Simon • PORTLAND, Rosenblatt's, Downtown and Lloyd Center • PHOENIX, Diamond's • SCHENECTADY, Dan A. Donahue • SYRACUSE, The Addis Company • SALT LAKE CITY, Z.C.M.I. • ST. LOUIS, Boyd's — all stores.



In the Country Clothes Shop

Aquascutum's new travel tweeds—a collection of beautiful suits, skirts and coats tailored just for us. Marvelous classic coat in beige, grey or green checks, 110.00; its skirt, 35.00 Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent Church and State, respectively, in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—A scatterbrained, inconsequential comedy, by Neil Simon, about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit, and his difficulty in compelling his two sons to share his interest in the family artifacts. Hal March and Warren Berlinger depict the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. Arlene Golonka, Sarah Marshall, Pert Kelton, and Carolyn Brenner provide, to no particular purpose, the female relief. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Comédie-Française—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays presented by S. Hurok by arrangement with the French government. Racine's tragedy "Britannicus," Thursday, March 2, at 8; Friday, March 3, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's comedy "Tartuffe," Sunday, March 5, and Sunday, March 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Feydeau's comedy "Le Dindon," Tuesday, March 7, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, March 8-10, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. Earphones that provide a simultaneous translation may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Critic's Choice—A desultory comedy about a drama reviewer who finds himself emotionally hamstrung because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Period of Adjustment—Tennessee Williams' views on how difficult it is for young people to adapt themselves to matrimony. Mr. Williams' advice isn't very original, and his play—half serious, half comic—isn't very original either, but there are solid performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 4.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors are excellent, but the highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

* * *

	Page
BOOKS	123
THE CURRENT CINEMA	101
LETTER FROM PARIS	95
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	103
MUSICAL EVENTS	112
JAZZ RECORDS	114
THE THEATRE	93

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

* * *

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is pretty entertaining. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—In this dramatization of the John Hersey novel, Millard Lampell is only fitfully successful in describing the awful plight of the Jews immured in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. The play was directed by Morton DaCosta and has a cast that includes Robert Burr, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 4.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is now the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **toys in the attic:** A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family created by Lillian Hellman. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Irene Worth. Patricia Jessel will succeed Miss Worth on Monday, March 6. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly types of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade go about trying to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things lively, but their efforts are of little avail. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 3, March 4, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

SPRING FLOWERS

A charming arrangement from Tiffany's extensive collection of hand-made bone china flowers in beautiful, natural colors. Life size. Anemones, 15. each. Grape hyacinths, 14. each. Flowers and pierced bowl as shown, 223. Also tulips, 15. Jasmine, 19.50. Narcissus, 18. Forsythia, 29.50 Daffodils, 20. Roses, 15. and others.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing is often beguiling in this revue, and Jules Munshin and a male French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis are helpful to the leading lady. However, the material is of a night-club variety and gets a little thin as time goes by. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St. W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 5.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields to no particular purpose in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, respectively, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GYPSY:** The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

13 Daughters—Don Ameche in a musical by Eaton Magoon, Jr. Rod Alexander is the director, Jack H. Silverman the producer. Opens Thursday, March 2. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Jean Kerr's new comedy, with Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Michael Rennie. Directed by Joseph Anthony and presented by Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, March 8. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A play by Dore Schary, based on a novel by Morris L. West, with a cast headed by Leo Genn, Sam Levene, and Edward Mulhare. Produced and directed by Mr. Schary. Opens Thursday, March 9. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

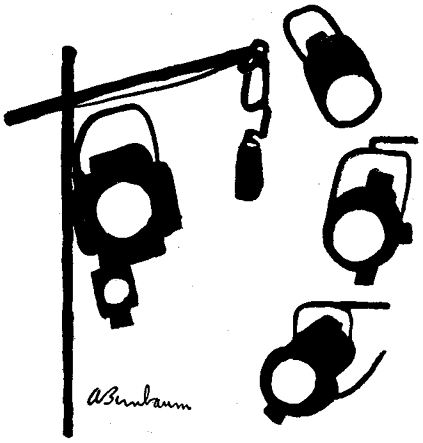
OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream—Edward Albee's masterly one-act horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. Alan Schneider's direction easily matches his materials, and the results are a just about impeccable collaboration. The evening is opened by another short Albee play—"The Death of Bessie Smith." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)



The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Double Entry—Rosetta LeNoire in two one-act musicals—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—written by Jay Thompson and directed by Bill Penn. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Elsa Lanchester, Herself—A boisterous, rather dull recital of about a dozen songs, ballads, and the like, which suggests that the one-man, or one-woman, show takes more than bravery. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The hero of this John Osborne-Anthony Creighton revival—the original production garnered a lot of esteem but no money a couple of years back—is a literary fake, a bore, a sponger, and a begetter of illegitimate children, and it is a relief when he safely sells his soul. The writing is often eloquent, and the cast at least knows it. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

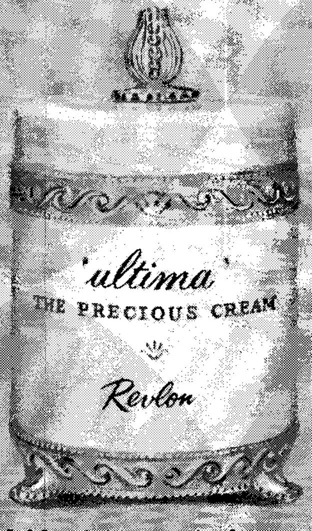
Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener

UNTIL
a youth potion is discovered...

This is the cream that may well begin the age of agelessness for women. If you're a skeptic, here are scientific facts to melt your doubts away. 'Ultima' by Revlon, the *only* formula of its kind, is filled with all but exact duplicate of substances found in *young* skin. What's more, it carries them into the living cells (something heavy, greasy creams simply won't do!).

There . . . three "youth forces" work for you. One: *Revlon's exclusive bio-energizer reactivates skin circulation* . . . to bring back the roses. Two: *rich nourishment;* a sort of calorie-feeding for healthier texture. Three: *deep moisturizing,* which creates a luscious under-moisture that acts as an "antidote" to lines and wrinkles. Surely a cream that can do all *this,* can do beautiful things for *you.*



5.00, 10.00, 15.00 plus tax

'ULTIMA' CREAM BY REVLON

Dedicated to the exciting woman who spends a lifetime living up to her potential

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Moon in the Yellow River—A seriocomic play by Denis Johnston, written in 1930, that deals with the symbolic conflict between a German engineer (progress) and an Irish revolutionary (individualism). War is also present, in the person of a police officer, and the setting is the mouth of a large Irish river. The production is commendable. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Octoroon—A strong, if unintentional, attempt by the Phoenix repertory company to consign to oblivion (where it belongs) this 1859 Dion Boucicault melodrama about Uncle Tom down on the old plantation. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 5.)

Rendezvous at Senlis—The American première of Jean Anouilh's comedy, translated by Edward Owen Marsh. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

Three Modern Japanese Plays—An all-American attempt by an all-American cast to interpret the secrets of two adaptations from ancient *no* plays, and one adaptation from a present-day short story. Each play is in one act. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—Remember the six-day bike races? In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Two for Fun—Mata & Hari, the husband-and-wife pantomime team, in a satiric revue, with music by Lothar Perl and Silvio Masciarelli. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-6244. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Walk-Up—A play by Gerald Sanford, directed by Matt Cimber. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly entertaining) is being presented at the Premise, a coffeehouse far more comfortable than most, at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): Now more than ever, it's an Entrance hall to end all Entrance halls. The enterers are piped aboard, as before, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra, which are on the dead run all night. Dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Johann Strauss, who rarely gets even a one-night stand around town any more, is getting his due in the Cotillion Room, where silly old but lilting "Rosalinda," a bit curtailed, is being sung at dinner every evening (and additionally at supper Fridays and Saturdays) by a robust set of voices led by the superb Wilbur Evans and by Jimmy Carroll. There's also dance music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, Hildegarde plays drop-the-handkerchief and other parlor games; she also sings a few easily assimilable lyrics. Hildegarde's last night is Tuesday, March 7; next evening, the dawn of a new era in the Persian Room will reveal, at sunup, the figure of Henny Youngman, a conversationalist up to now mostly accustomed to amusing the money-changers in more worldly temples. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Irving Conn's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing most of the evening in the vasty Grill to something called Jimmy Palmer's band. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, there are sessions with Felicia Sanders, a girl given to cracking a real whiplash of a voice over songs that are rarely given their deserts around town. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's band does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut,* never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin). Closed Sundays.

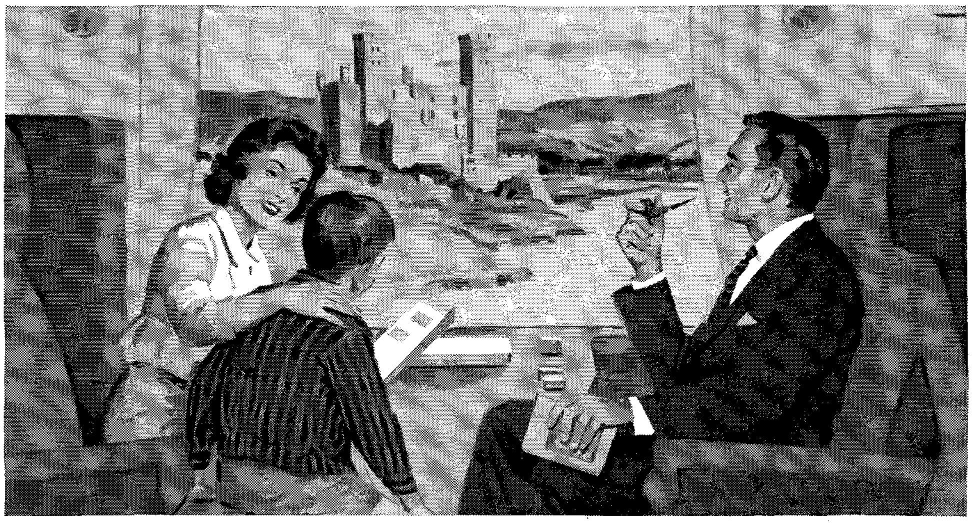
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Those who believe that old friends are best are in for a jolly dinner or supper in the massive Empire Room, mostly because of Adolph Green (a Machiavellian crossing of Captain Bligh with Captain Hook) and Betty Comden (poker-faced and sardonic), who are singing and prancing through a choice collection of the things they have written in their lifetime collaboration. The Comden-Green ménage goes to its just reward on Saturday, March 4; the next visitor, due on Monday, March 6, will be Denise Darcel, who manages to convey the impression that she'd much rather be at a party than do anything as humdrum as singing. There are additional injections of gaiety by Emil Coleman's mighty band and Theo Fanidi's smaller collection of crickets, both of which groups play for dancing throughout the night. The music begins at seven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of Michael Forman's trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

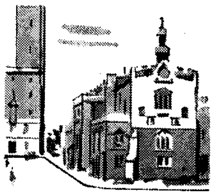
Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Play hour for people who don't mind visiting the rest of the United States but wouldn't want to live there if, etc. Their reasons for this attitude are accompanied during dinner by the room-temperature piano of Murray Grand, who'd never even visit the rest of the United States. At ten-thirty, he moves along a bit to the small and handsome Plush Room, where he becomes the accompaniment for Jane Harvey, a persuasive singer who knows as many good songs as he does. Closed Mondays.... **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): One big happy family, encompassing approximately three generations, all of whom get along vivaciously with one another. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Underneath a spreading greenwood tree that is always in leaf, Cy Walter inserts many an unexpected maneuver into his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver.... **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Old-school Romans who have been rendering unto Caesar these many years. Some of them stand and wait upon table, some of them—Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of violins and a crew of guitarists—circulate about the place with music



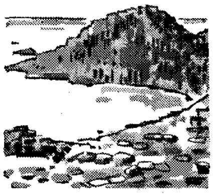
I saw Britain like a Briton...by rail

(Along-the-way notes by Rail Borne)

The DUKERIES . . . My childhood memories of Robin Hood and his Merry Men came to life as I walked among the majestic Oaks of Sherwood Forest! Loved old Nottingham Castle, built by William the Conqueror. The area derives its name from the ancestral ducal estates founded here. Found time for a brew (well, *two* maybe . . .) at the Flying Horse Inn, which dates from the days of Elizabeth.



NORWICH . . . How many beautiful old buildings and churches! Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans, —all left their imprint. Caught my breath at those graceful flying buttresses and tapering spire of the great cathedral. To think it was dedicated in 1101. No wonder that nice old gentleman I got talking to in the market place couldn't help smiling when I proudly told him about our "old" colonial church back home! How friendly and hospitable the English are. Loved the famous castle and Guildhall.



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY . . . So glad I decided to go on to Northern Ireland by Irish cross-channel steamer. A visit here is more than worth it. Took some terrific photographs among these amazing basalt columns, often called the "eighth wonder of the world". More than 40,000 of them in different sizes and shapes! They're supposed to have formed from the cooling of a gigantic stream of lava. Sure and 'tis a lie, the Irish say! They are truly a roadway built by a race of giants. . . .

ABERDEEN . . . What a beautiful city this is, and how unlike any other in the world. Its construction and stark grandeur have earned it the title of "The Granite City". How could I leave Britain without seeing the Highland Games? So I took the lovely ride out to Braemar, where they're held. Also visited the grounds of nearby Balmoral Castle, the royal residence. The Scots are among the world's friendliest people. Just love listening to that burr!

'ROUND BRITAIN . . . I want to put in a special word for getting around in Britain. It's so easy . . . thanks to British Railways and the Victor Britain car hire service. You go all the long distances by train . . . quickly and comfortably. Then to take in the local sights you hire a smart new British car (with automatic shift, if you like). It's the *complete* way to see Britain.

BRITISH RAILWAYS
Thrift Coupons
FIRST CLASS
$34.50-1000 MILES Approx

Want "planning" literature?
Write British Railways,
Dept. B-1,3, 630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.

Any Travel Agent can get you British Railways Thrift Coupons. Up to 1000 miles, First Class, only $34.50; Second Class, only $23.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

OFFICES IN NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

that's more than a match for the tableside talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A hitherto unknown Florentine opera house, cheerfully family-circle. A large part of the sound track (from Thursday through Sunday) is Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company of invincible bravery; i. e., through Saturday, March 4, "Madame Butterfly," and, the following week, Menotti's "The Telephone." Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio that involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A bar in which people love to put their crowned heads together. Lest state secrets leak out, George Feyer conducts one-man extravaganzas on his piano at what appears to be risk of his life and limb. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely condition. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Operetta Hungary, direct from the long ago and far away. The zimbalon is king of instruments here, and the voices of Tibor Rakossy (who must have been an operetta hero himself) and some soprano or other are added to the orchestration now and again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The *mise en scène* may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music on Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Nighttime in the gardens of Granada, where piano and guitar speak softly but with burning desire. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment in which everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A considerable portion of the amusement is Alt Wien on the Susquehanna, but it's happy in its childish way, and the voices and music are at least distinguished by quantity. Vicky Autier, whom the phrase "saucy soubrette" must have had in mind, does by far the best of the voluminous trilling. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The wee bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists. Gustavo Lopez is the musician currently proving the fact. Nine-thirty to one is his stint. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, a new jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is something to talk through. Closed Sundays.

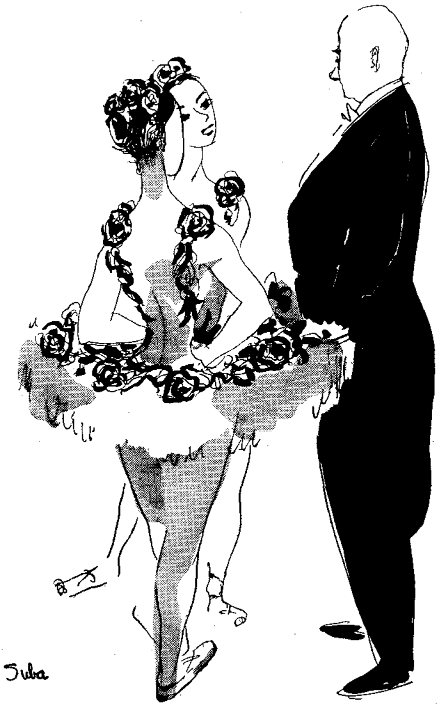
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who should be seen and are rarely heard are heaped in every cranny of the tremendous gallimaufry that twice an evening overflows the banks here. None of these estimable ladies are given away as door prizes, more's the pity. Just about the only interlopers in this earthly paradise are Rowan and Martin, a set of resolute comedians. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The singing is being done by Bobby Darin, still young enough to display more than a modicum of baby fat, yet old enough to have acquired the slithery accompanying dance steps of a Billy Daniel. He is intertwined with a set of delectable ballerinas whose proud boast is that no experience is necessary. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Until another one comes along, this will do as the crossroads of America. On the soap box is Pat Harrington, Jr., master of all he surveys and all he talks about, which is rarely more than thirty minutes from Broadway. On the bandstand are Anita O'Day, a rare and life-enhancing nightingale, and a group led by Gene Krupa, who can give a set of drums the hiding of their life. All hands remain in office through Wednesday, March 8; next evening, Benny Goodman and his swing shift of musicians move back in. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jack Douglas, who is not afraid to call a spade a spade, and who inhabits a world in which spades are, unfortunately, always trumps, is delivering free-associational talks about the state of Manhattan. His minuscule Japanese wife, Reiko, is a splendid straight girl for his barrage. Also present: Barbara Gilbert, whose humor is full of rue and wry, and the three Clancy Brothers, who, along with Tommy Makem, do a bumper crop of Irish songs of rebellion, Irish songs of rhapsody. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty makes lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are occasional outpourings of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," this season's annual revue devised by Julius Monk, is the perfect astringent curative for the badly swelled head of the world around us. The doctor's report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record, and the cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The starting times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): One part hey and two parts nonny is the recipe of the joint piano, bass-fiddle, and persiflage compote set forth by Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who may be expected at around ten. Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Del Close, one of the better Existentialists, poses (in well-chosen words) the problem of "to be or not to be," and comes up with a perfect answer, "Yes and no." He will be succeeded on Thursday, March 9, by Phyllis Diller, one of the better household scolds. This revival of the spirit of the original Bon Soir is further enhanced by the brash music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, by the boulevardier ballads of Jimmie Daniels, prop., and by the intermission piano of Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The nursery-song raggle-taggle gypsies are as nothing compared to the gypsy ballads and twirlings of Carmen Amaya, the première danseuse of a troupe of Spanish flamenco artists who really mean business, and not business as usual, either. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans take turns at the piano. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a tiny Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in poignant and/or pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve weekdays (no show Tuesdays) and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This hall of the mountain kings, recently rebuilt on more twentieth-century lines, contains a miniature revue, "O, Oysters!," whose bright ideas are so entangled in amateur semantics that many of them are no laughing matter. It goes on (and on, and on) at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight Fridays and Saturdays, and at three-thirty and eight-thirty Sundays; closed Mondays.



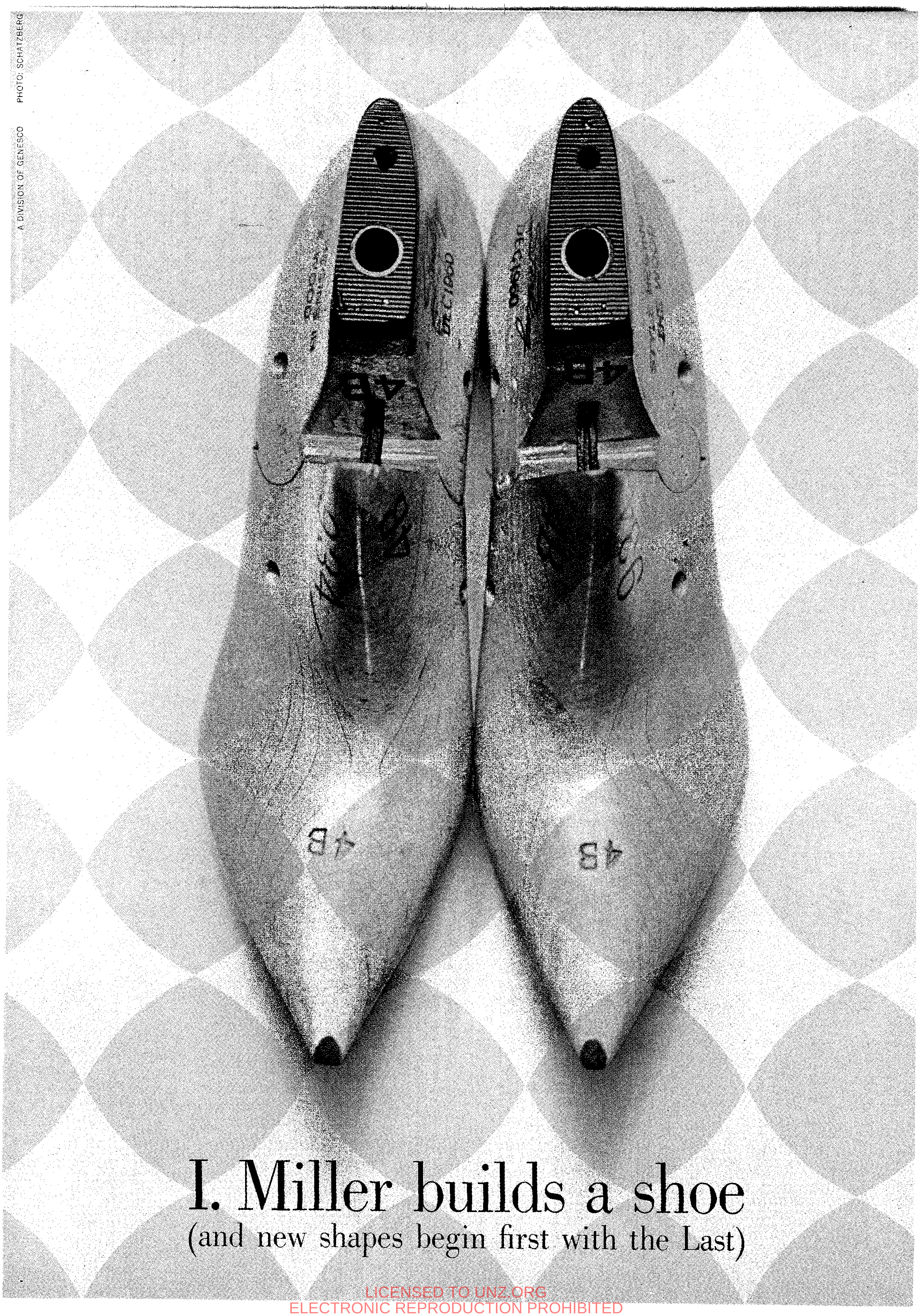
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's horn, sometimes a cicada hailing a heat wave and sometimes a whippoorwill sweetening the dark hours, is surrounded by three tried-and-true assistants. Bob Corwin has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage, and Mr. Condon has fun visiting with the diners. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Whenever Miles

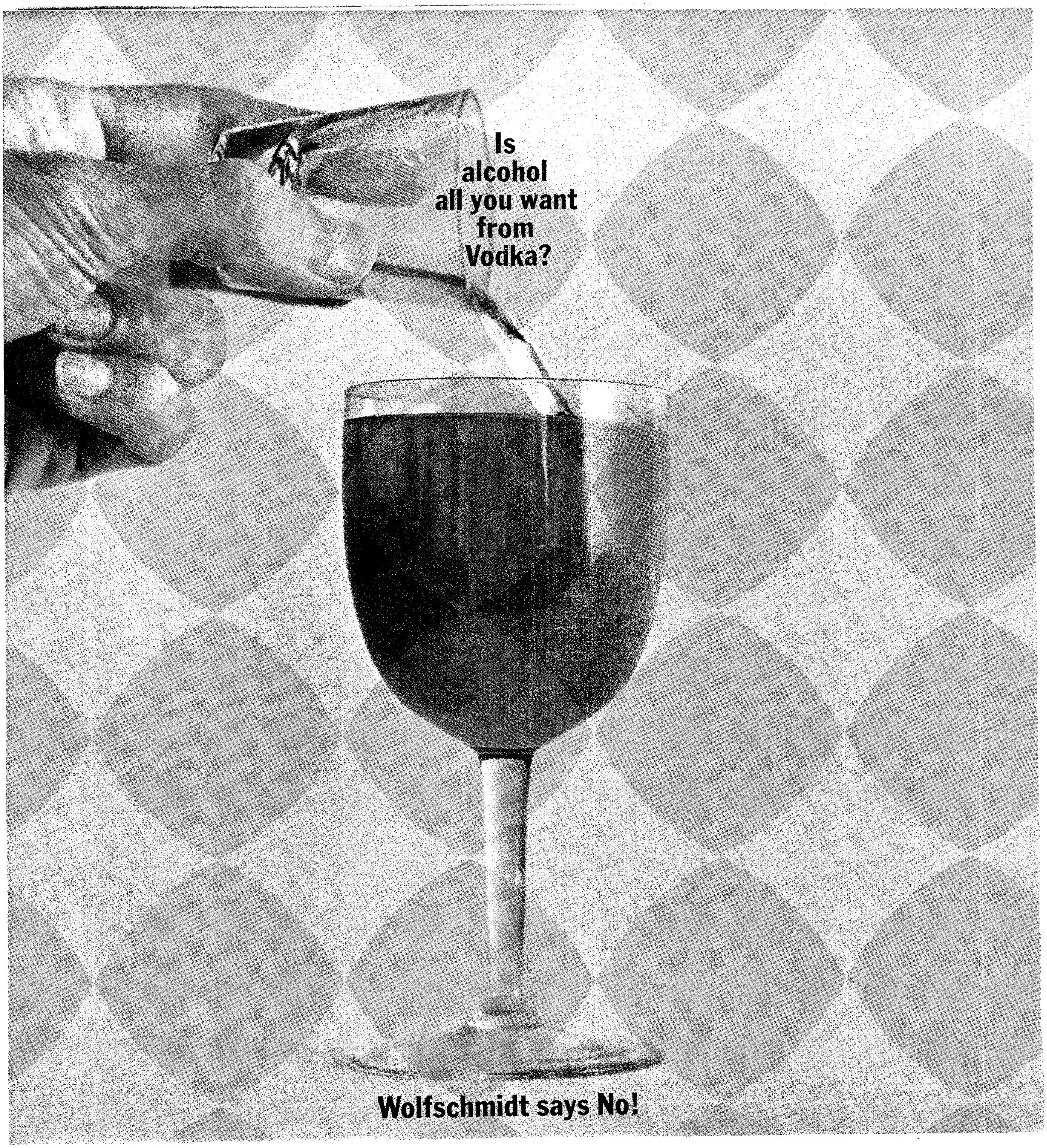
PHOTO: SCHATZBERG

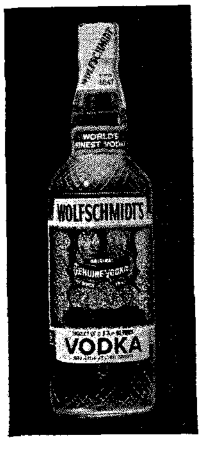
A DIVISION OF GENESCO



I. Miller builds a shoe

(and new shapes begin first with the Last)


Is
alcohol
all you want
from
Vodka?
Wolfschmidt says No!


WORLD'S FINEST VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
GENUINE VODKA
VODKA

If vodka has no taste, no nothing, what's left? Alcohol! But Wolfschmidt Vokda is art, not alcohol. It has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka, that softly accents, heightens, brings out the best in a Bloody Mary. (Tomatoes never tasted as red and rosy before. Nor as refreshing.) Wolfschmidt makes oranges, tonics, olives and onions taste better too. And all that remains on your lips is a word. Wolfschmidt.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22. MADE FROM GRAIN, 80 OR 100 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Davis comes out of his brown study, which is just offstage, he gets down to brass tacks, or brass horn, and then his quintet really lives it up. Lee Konitz and Jim Hall, recently melded into a duo, supply the rest of the music. There's an afternoon session every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The principal boy is Mel Tormé, who understands the architecture of his ballads so well that all the captain's walks and flying buttresses he adds to them never diminish the essentials. A band run by Al Cohn is his background. The trio belonging to Dorothy Donegan, a girl given to beating her piano into submission, supplements this cast. The whole kit will take to its heels on Saturday, March 4; on Monday, March 6, the relieving column of troops will be headed by Tyree Glenn's foursome, which alternates between sentimentality and midsummer heat, and the trio of Nina Simone, a small Cleopatra who sings at her piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, nowadays a searcher for deeper meanings instead of being solely a phosphorescent pianist, is in charge of a well-regulated trio that sets to around ten inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is clattering away at precisely the sort of bumpety-bump this house has always specialized in. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by the Salt City Six (off Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays) and Sol Yaged's quintet, which performs only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Saturday nights, Cozy Cole's quintet moves upstairs, where it chimes in with Max Kaminsky's quintet. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Bushkin, the opening gun of this establishment many years ago, returns to town on Monday, March 6, with a brace of sidemen and one piano, his instrument of choice throughout a career that began with jazz and has now gone on to impressionist progression. He comes well armed, with Jo Jones on drums. Buck Clayton's outspoken horn will lead a quartet into action. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. The quintet belonging to Joe Newman, a graduate of the Basie school of the bounce, departs on Sunday, March 5; on Tuesday, March 7, Sonny Stitt's quartet should be checking in. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The siren song sung by Maynard Ferguson's vast array of instrumentalists could be completely duplicated by a motorcycle escort shrilling its way through town. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The sextet of Gigi Gryce, the candy kid, is spreading new-style sweetness and light every evening but Tuesday. The scenery is extremely earthbound. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, March 3-4, should be Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Our neighbors to the north, now listening to the music, which is on the side of progress, made by the trio belonging to Dick Katz. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LELAND BELL—Semi-Expressionist paintings, mainly nudes and portrait heads; through Saturday, March 4. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Paintings and drawings, all figure studies; through Saturday, March 4. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

GANDY BRODIE—Portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes; through March 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER AND JOAN MIRÓ—Mobiles by the former and paintings by the latter, in an exhibition celebrating their thirty years of friendship; through April 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE COURTIN—Engravings by one of the 1960 Venice Biennale prize-winners; through Saturday, March 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL—A loan exhibition of abstract paintings, 1946-53, by a young French artist who died in 1955; through Saturday, March 4. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

EDWIN DICKINSON—A large retrospective of his paintings, in one of his rare one-man exhibitions; through Saturday, March 11. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Paintings of Little Italy, in New York, and other subjects; through Saturday, March 11. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

DOROTHY EISNER—Expressionistic still-lifes and landscapes; through Thursday, March 9. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Oils, water colors, and wood blocks inspired by the architecture of Paris and New York; through March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM FRANCIS—Lithographs and gouaches by this American associated with the School of Paris; through Thursday, March 9. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED GARBERS—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Abstract paintings and sculptures, more Cubist in style than formerly; through Saturday, March 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, March 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GROSS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through March 18. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Abstract Expressionist paintings with a new suggestion of the representational; through Saturday, March 11. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES HNIZDOVSKY—Landscapes and still-lifes, done in a semi-naïve, precise technique; through Saturday, March 4. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Cityscapes with figures, sombre and brooding, as usual; through Saturday, March 11. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Abstract oils and pastels; through Saturday, March 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Portraits, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, March 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Recent abstract oils, primarily based on Cape Cod themes; through Saturday, March 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LORRI—Paintings and collages by a young Australian artist who lives and works in Rome. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 11. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—A retrospective dating from 1924 to 1960, in the first full-length showing of his paintings here in several years; through

BONWIT TELLER

LANZ CHECKS OUT MISS BONWIT JR.

There she goes, goes, goes in a jumper
and jacket, done for her alone
with the zip and zing she knows
she'll find here in her favorite
fashion haunt. 5 to 13 sizes,
in cotton and rayon, both fully lined,
in black-and-white, black-white-and-blue.
Jumper 25.95 Jacket 19.95
Mail and phone. Miss Bonwit Separates
At all Bonwit stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 25. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Moyer—Still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, March 4. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard Olney—Still-lifes and portraits; through Saturday, March 4. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 11. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Raymond Parker—Large, imposing non-objective paintings; through Saturday, March 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Pasilis—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ridley—Ten large canvases; through Wednesday, March 8. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Manmohan Samant—Fourteen canvases and one sculpture by an Indian artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 4. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Semi-abstract oils; through March 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hassel Smith—Paintings by a California artist; through Saturday, March 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Sasson Soffer—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 11. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Paintings; through March 18. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

James Thrall Soby Collection—Paintings and sculptures (by Picasso, Miró, de Chirico, Marini, Calder, and others) from a collection that has been pledged to the Museum of Modern Art. For the benefit of the Museum's library. Through Saturday, March 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-sixth annual exhibition, comprising nearly two hundred and fifty items in various mediums by both members and non-members; through March 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Alexander Dobkin, Philip Reisman, and Elizabeth Olds, plus drawings by George Luks; through March 18. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Stephen Csoka, Aristedes Stravrolakes, Hollis Holbrook, and others in a midseason retrospection; through Friday, March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Leonard Baskin, John Marin, and Charles Sheeler are three of the artists represented in a showing of aquamedia (water colors, gouaches, temperas, and caseins); through Saturday, March 11. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Oils and water colors by members of the gallery (for instance Chen Chi, Margery Ryerson, and Frederic Whitaker) who have won prizes in regional and national competitions; through Saturday, March 11. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gouaches, water colors, and pastels by twentieth-century Americans, including William Glackens, John Sloan, and William Kienbusch; through Saturday, March 4. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Self-portraits and portraits of other artists by, among others, Eastman Johnson, Reginald Marsh, and Julian Levi; through Saturday, March 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.) . . . **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Lawrence Campbell, Gabriel Laderman, and Edith Schloss are the participants in a showing chiefly of landscapes and still-lifes; through March 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Monotypes by Antonio Frasconi, Peter Takal, and others, loaned by the Philadelphia Art Alliance; through Saturday, March 4.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through Saturday, March 4. . . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, collages, and drawings (by Klee, Picasso, Rothko, and others) lent by writers, artists, and architects, including Gilbert Seldes and Jacques Lipchitz; through March 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: 1960 Venice Biennale prize-winning works in various mediums by Alberto Burri, Antonio Music, and Pietro Consagra (to mention a few); through Saturday, March 4.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Painters, including René Acht, Modest Cuixart, and Terry Frost; through March 18. . . . **E. & A. SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Braque, Picasso, and Redon; through April 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, *on loan from major Italian collections*; through April 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done since 1945, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of gold, jade, and bronze objects, as well as ceramics and pottery sculpture, from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-221 A.D.); through March 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among the artists represented are Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—Portraits found in ancient manuscripts, and portrait drawings, from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries; through Saturday, March 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of wall hangings by Mariska Karasz and ceramics by Katherine Choy; through March 12. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area in southern New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

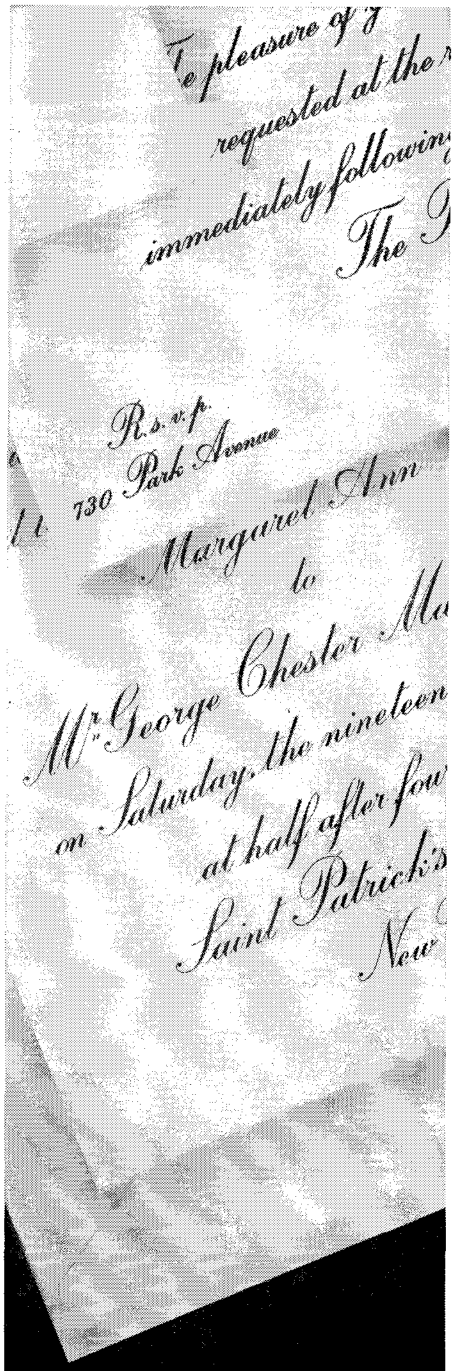
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and monotypes by Maurice Prendergast, honoring the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through April 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 2: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Regina Resnik, Mary MacKenzie, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 3: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Helen Vanni, William Olvis, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 4: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Anna Moffo, Franco Corelli, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 4: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Gladys Kuchta, Regina Resnik, Hermann Uhde, and Karl Liebl. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 6: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Jean Madeira,



Stamp of Approval

. . . wedding stationery that sets the standard. Cartier has a carefully chosen selection of paper stocks and styles of engraving and provides expert advice on this important detail of your wedding.

Prices upon request.

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111

Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 7: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Gladys Kuchta, Jean Madeira, Walter Cassel, and Karl Liebl.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Barry Morell, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 9: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Rosalind Elias, Eugenio Fernandi, Frank Guarrera, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Friday evening, March 10: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, Kurt Baum, and Ralph Herbert.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 11: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi, and William Wildermann.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 11: "Rigoletto," with Nerina Santini, Rosalind Elias, Robert Merrill, Dino Formichini, and William Wildermann. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—A complete production of Verdi's "Aroldo," with orchestra. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 7, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 2, at 8:30; Friday, March 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 5, at 3 (no soloists).... ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 4, at 8:30 (with Ozan Marsh, piano).... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 9, at 8:30; Friday, March 10, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 12, at 3 (all with the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Margarita Zambrana, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Thomas Hageman, tenor; George Hoffman, bass; and the Temple University Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8:30, with Henryk Szeryng, violin; and Saturday, March 11, at 2:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 10, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.)

Mitropoulos Memorial Concert—Karl Boehm and Fausto Cleva conducting the Symphony of the Air in a program in memory of Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Van Cliburn, pianist-conductor; Renata Tebaldi and Eleanor Steber, sopranos; and other soloists. A benefit for the Musicians Aid Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 5, at 8.)

Composers' Showcase—Robert Craft conducting an orchestra in a program of works by Carl Ruggles and Charles Ives, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Lionel Novak, piano. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Bach Festival—Szymon Goldberg conducting an orchestra and playing the violin, with Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Barbara Crouch, alto. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 5, at 5:30.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing the last of three performances of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda," in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Enzo Sordello, baritone; and Richard Cassilly and Michael Carolan, tenors. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 3, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 4, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts. All seats have

SWEATER AND SKIRT SET IN BEIGE, BLACK, NAVY, MAUVE. SIZES 10-18. ABOUT $25, SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF MISSISSIPPI AND CANADA • BEST & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK; FILENE'S, BOSTON; FOYERS. CHICAGO; DEMERY'S, INC., DETROIT; SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR, ROCHESTER; JOSEPH R. HARRIS CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

DARLENE'S VARIATION OF THE KNIT...
BOUCLÉD! SO WEIGHTLESS, SO WASHABLE...
WITH SHIMMER, SUBSTANCE, SMASH
YOU COULDN'T BUY IN KNITS
UNTIL NEW
ANTRON®
NYLON
"Antron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its trilobal multifilament nylon yarn. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the yarn or sweater shown here.
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Peck and Peck

early bird
sign of spring

Pure silk, textured in tweed, for your spring town and travel circuit. '61 news: the flat, stitched-down, two-directional bandings. Black/brown/white or navy/white. 10 to 18, 45⁰⁰

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Odetta—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 4, at 8:40.)

Italian Chamber Music—Arved Kurtz, violin; Valarie Lamoree, soprano; and other instrumentalists. A benefit for the Library Fund of the New York College of Music. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday, March 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-5751.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 6, at 8:40.)

Robert Gerle and Albert Fuller—In the first of three programs of Bach and Mozart sonatas for violin and harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Noel Lee and Paul Makanowitzky—In the second of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, in a program of Gillespie compositions. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 4, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 5, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.... ¶ Tuesday, March 7, at 9: Knicks vs. Syracuse.

Boxing—Golden Gloves Eastern Championships, semifinals and finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 10, at 8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 5, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit.... ¶ Wednesday, March 8, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, March 30. The Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 4, and the Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 11.

Track Meets—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 3, at 7:30.) ... ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, March 4, at 7:30. For tickets, call CI 5-1540 Thursday and Friday, noon to 1.)... ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 11, at 2 and 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with George Tapps and his dancers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 4, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)... **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 4, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Emperor's Nightingale," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, March 4, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.)... **HORIZONS:** "Alice in Wonderland." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Sundays at 12:45.)... **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "It's So Nice to Be a Fish." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Rip van Winkle." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... **THEATRE EAST:** "Red Riding Hood." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Golden Goose." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 4, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The fifteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Tuesday, March 7. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees, which the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

National Antiques Show—The annual affair, at which two hundred and fifty dealers, spread out over a couple of acres, are showing such items as old tools, paperweights, Civil War memorabilia, music manuscripts, and miniature paintings on ivory. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 2-4, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 5, from 1 to 7.)

Coliseum, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** Rarities from all parts of the world, including English and American furniture, French patch boxes, Oriental vases, Italian glass, and Russian enamels. (Saturday, March 4, through Sunday, March 12. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 7.)... **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** Tulips and roses by the square yard, elaborate garden settings, and displays of flora ranging from the daisy to the orchid, as well as tools, gadgets, outdoor furniture, and many other concomitants of gardening. (Saturday and Sunday, March 4-5, from 2 to 10; Monday through Saturday, March 6-11, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 12, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 3-4, at 1:45: English, French, and Italian furniture, Georgian silver and Sheffield plate, gold commemorative medals, bibelots, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and other rugs; from the collection of Mrs. Anderson Fowler and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: First league games here, April 11, 13, and 15.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. March 12.)

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Ingemar Johansson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Miami. March 13.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 6-9.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 12 and 19.

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. April 8.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 8.)...¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 15.)...¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 15.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: March 20-May 31.... AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 25.... LAUREL, Md.: April 1-May 5.

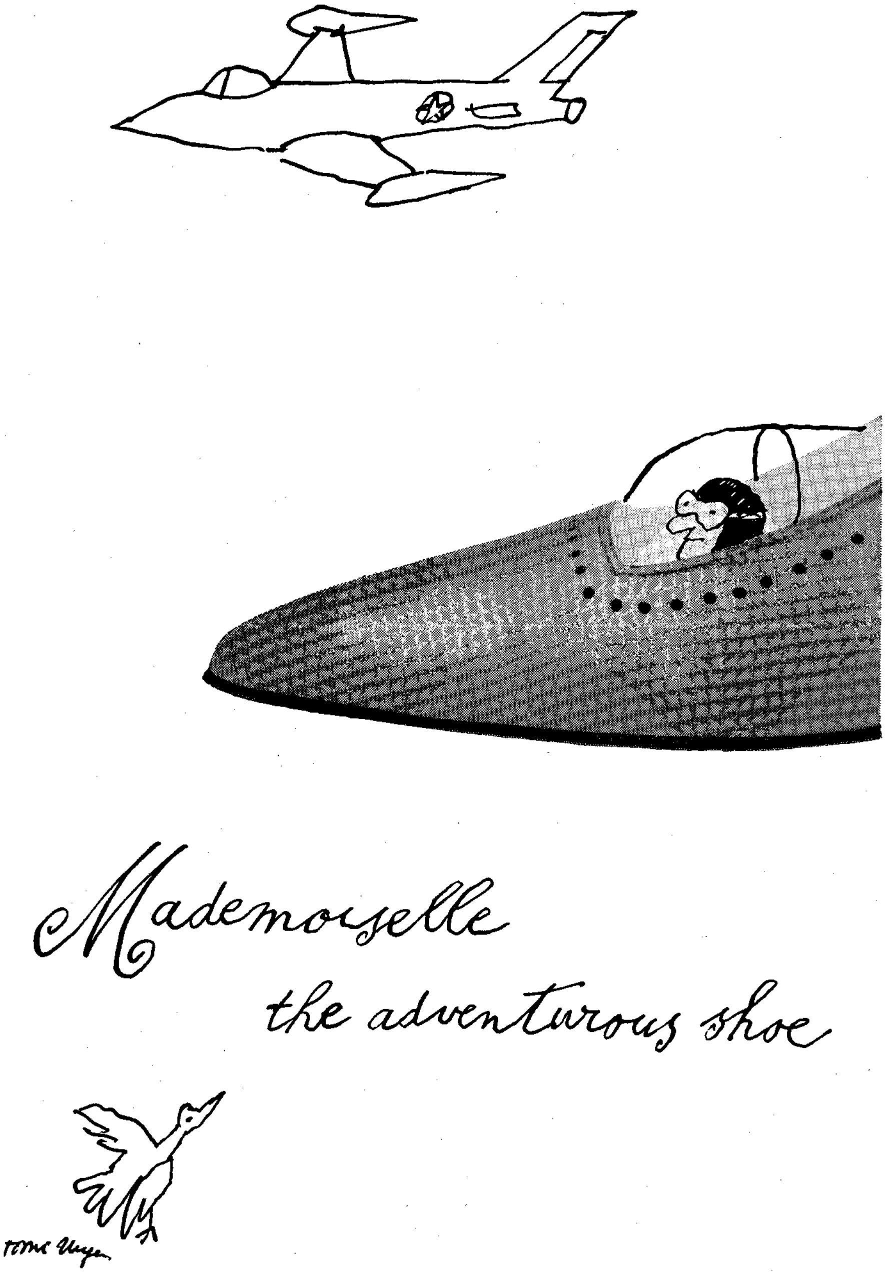
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: March 20-May 20.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 15.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 16. ...¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, March 13....¶ Orchestra of America, March 22.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 28.... ¶ Schola Cantorum of New York, March 31....¶ Symphony of the Air, April 2.... ¶ Final performances here of the Boston Symphony, April 5 and 8....¶ Cantata Singers, April 10....¶ Oratorio Society of New York, April 12....¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, April 15 and 19. ...TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): New York Sinfonietta, March 12....¶ Theodore Lettvin, piano, March 13....¶ Aksel Schiotz, baritone, March 14....¶ Robert Gerle, violin, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord, March 15 and 22....¶ Ars Nova Orchestra, March 17....¶ Camilla Williams, soprano, March 19....¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 20. ...¶ Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, March 21....¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 24-25. ...¶ Joan Wall, mezzo-soprano, March 26. ...¶ Oberlin College Choir, April 8.... ¶ Helvetia Maennerchor, April 8....¶ Mary Bothwell, soprano, April 10.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Eric Friedman, violin, March 16....¶ Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, March 17....¶ Yfrah Neaman, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, March 24.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Leonie Rysanek, soprano, with the Symphony of the Air, March 19.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, March 14-April 9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Micheál MacLiammóir in a four-week engagement of a one-man show, "The Importance of Being Oscar," having to do with the life and works of Oscar Wilde....¶ "Big Fish, Little Fish," a comedy by Hugh Wheeler, with Jason Robards, Jr., and Hume Cronyn.... ¶ A play by Henry Denker called "A Far Country," starring Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker....¶ "Impulse," a jazz revue headed by Brendan Behan and including such performers as Olatunji, Nina Simone, and Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers....¶ A musical, "The Happiest Girl in the World," with lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, music by Jacques Offenbach, and a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers. Cyril Ritchard and Janice Rule have the leading roles.... ¶ Anna Maria Alberghetti in "Carnival," a musical based on a story by Paul Gallico. Michael Stewart is responsible for the book, and Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Friday, March 17....¶ The first day of spring is March 20....¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 29-May 14....¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 1-9....¶ Easter Sunday is April 2....¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1960 and estimates for 1961 are due Saturday, April 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, April 17.



MADEMOISELLE SHOES, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK. A GENESCO DIVISION.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—A brilliant, nervous, consistently exciting New Wave film from France, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Photographed in Paris, it tells the story of a young car thief and his American mistress, and manages, without obviousness or moralizing, to comprehend the very modern nihilism that drives them to their doom. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are the young lovers in what must be called a contemporary masterpiece. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—Cervantes's picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a brilliant, sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplicities of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Entertainer—The reason for subjecting yourself to this ugly, powerful depiction of English lower-class decay is Laurence Olivier, who plays a corrupt and talentless little music-hall performer so stunningly that we believe even in the performer's lack of talent. Also in the picture, and also first-rate, are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 4. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 7. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting March 8.)

Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

HIT
BIG STAGE
SPECTACLE

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 7, tentative.)

The Misfits—The presence and performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable (who are exactly right for their parts) and some fine work by Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter do not, alas, make up for a startlingly sentimental and obvious script by Arthur Miller. John Huston directed this modern Western about cowboys and divorcees. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Sundowners—A cheerful if somewhat simple-minded account of the joys and despairs of a family of sheep drovers in the Australian outback. Juniors will probably like the crunchy sweetness of the story more than their parents, but all hands will enjoy the wildlife that hops about in the handsome scenery. Fred Zinnemann is responsible for this Technicolor road show, and Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are the principal tourists. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 4, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 7, tentative.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A short, happy romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 7, tentative.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 6, tentative.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 6, tentative.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 8, tentative.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 2-5 and March 7-8.)

The Red Badge of Courage (1951)—John Huston's screen version of the Stephen Crane story about the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 7, tentative.)

Separate Tables (1958)—Terence Rattigan's play about some sad and lonely people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. With David Niven and Deborah Kerr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 5-7.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The antique, with Rudolph Valentino. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 2-5 and March 7-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through March 4: "Keno Bates, Liar" (1915), directed by, and with, William S. Hart; and "The Toll Gate" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Starting March 5: "Hell's Hinges" (1916), directed by, and with, William S. Hart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE MISFITS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
March 2: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.
From March 3: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 7 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**
From March 8 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
March 2: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
March 3-7: "Legions of the Nile," Linda Cristal; and "The Wizard of Baghdad," Dick Shawn, Diane Baker.
From March 8: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 4 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS.**
March 5-7 (tentative): "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From March 8 (tentative): "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
March 2: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.
From March 3: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
March 2: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
March 3-4: "Legions of the Nile," Linda Cristal; and "The Wizard of Baghdad," Dick Shawn, Diane Baker.
March 5-7: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
From March 8: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 7 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS.**
From March 8 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
March 2: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
March 3-7: "Legions of the Nile," Linda Cristal; and "The Wizard of Baghdad," Dick Shawn, Diane Baker.
From March 8: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 4: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
March 5-7: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
From March 8: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 2-5 and March 7-8: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST,** revival; and **THE SON OF THE SHEIK** (silent).
March 6 (showings at 7:30, 9, and 10:30): A program of three short British films—"Mama Don't Allow," "Nice Time," and "Everyday Except Christmas."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 5: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.
March 6-7: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.
From March 8: **THE ENTERTAINER;** and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 8 (tentative): **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 4: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
March 5-7: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
From March 8: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 4: **THE ENTERTAINER;** and "The Young Have No Time" (in Danish), revival, Ghita Norby.
March 5-7: **SEPARATE TABLES,** revival; and "Teacher's Pet," revival, Clark Gable, Doris Day.
From March 8: "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal; and "Sin and Desire" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 7: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
From March 8: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 6 (tentative): **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE,** revival; and **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival.
From March 7 (tentative): **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 2: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "Last Train from Gun Hill," revival, Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn.
March 3-7: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.
From March 8: "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 2: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian).
From March 3: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
March 2: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.
From March 3: "Legions of the Nile," Linda Cristal; and "The Wizard of Baghdad," Dick Shawn, Diane Baker.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 7: **THE ENTERTAINER.**
From March 8: "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal; and "Port of Shame" (in French), revival, Trevor Howard.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 7: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
From March 8: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.

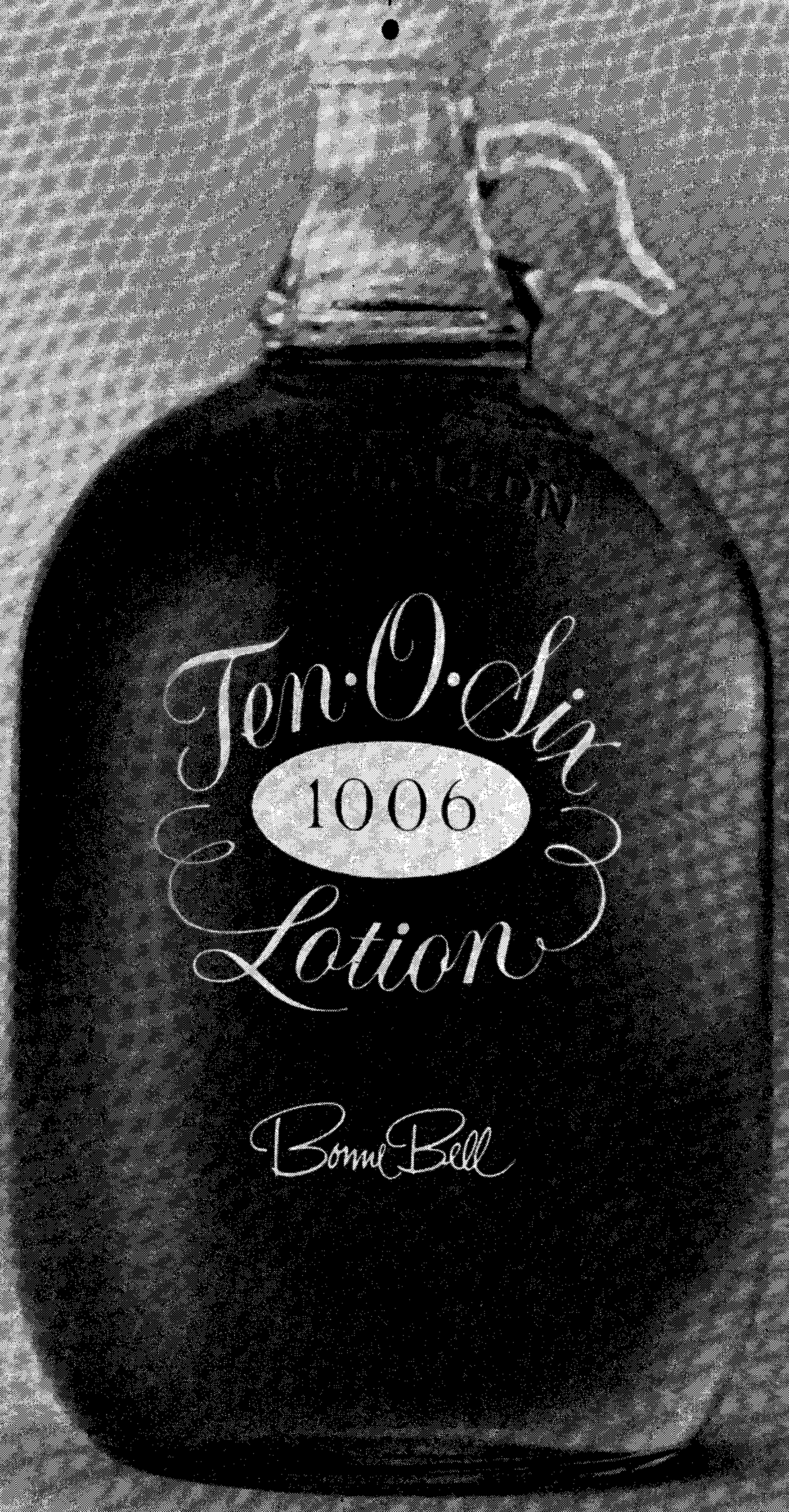
Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
March 2: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
March 3-7: "Legions of the Nile," Linda Cristal; and "The Wizard of Baghdad," Dick Shawn, Diane Baker.
From March 8: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Albert Hubbell

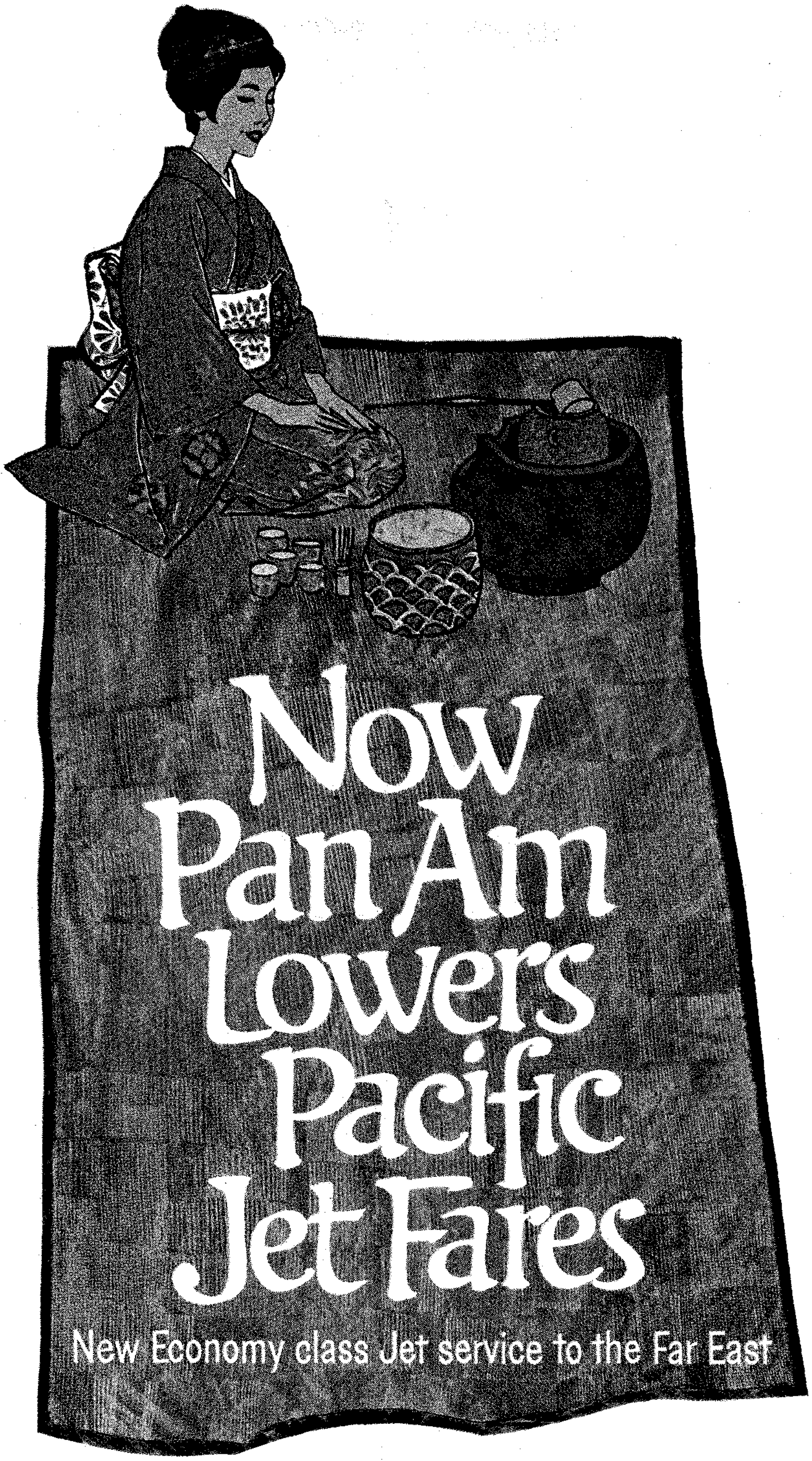
WhO eLSE

offers complexion care proved so
effective that confident
customers buy it by the gallon

?


Ten·O·Six
1006
Lotion
Bonne Bell

Remember, beauty begins with TEN·O·SIX. From $30 (gallon) to $1.75 (4 ounces). Bonne Bell, Cleveland 7, Ohio.


Now
Pan Am
Lowers
Pacific
Jet Fares
New Economy class Jet service to the Far East

Save $100 to $150 round trip to the Orient

Now Pan Am offers you the biggest savings ever on Jets across the Pacific. On Pan Am's new round-trip Jet Economy fares, you save $108 to Manila, $135 to Tokyo, and $159 to Bangkok.

On Pan Am's *exclusive* Great Circle Jet Route from California you can fly to Tokyo in only 13 hours. Only Pan Am flies Jets to Manila. And this exclusive Jet service continues on to Saigon, Singapore, Djakarta and 'round the world.

PAN AM

Pan Am adds the Priceless Extra of Experience

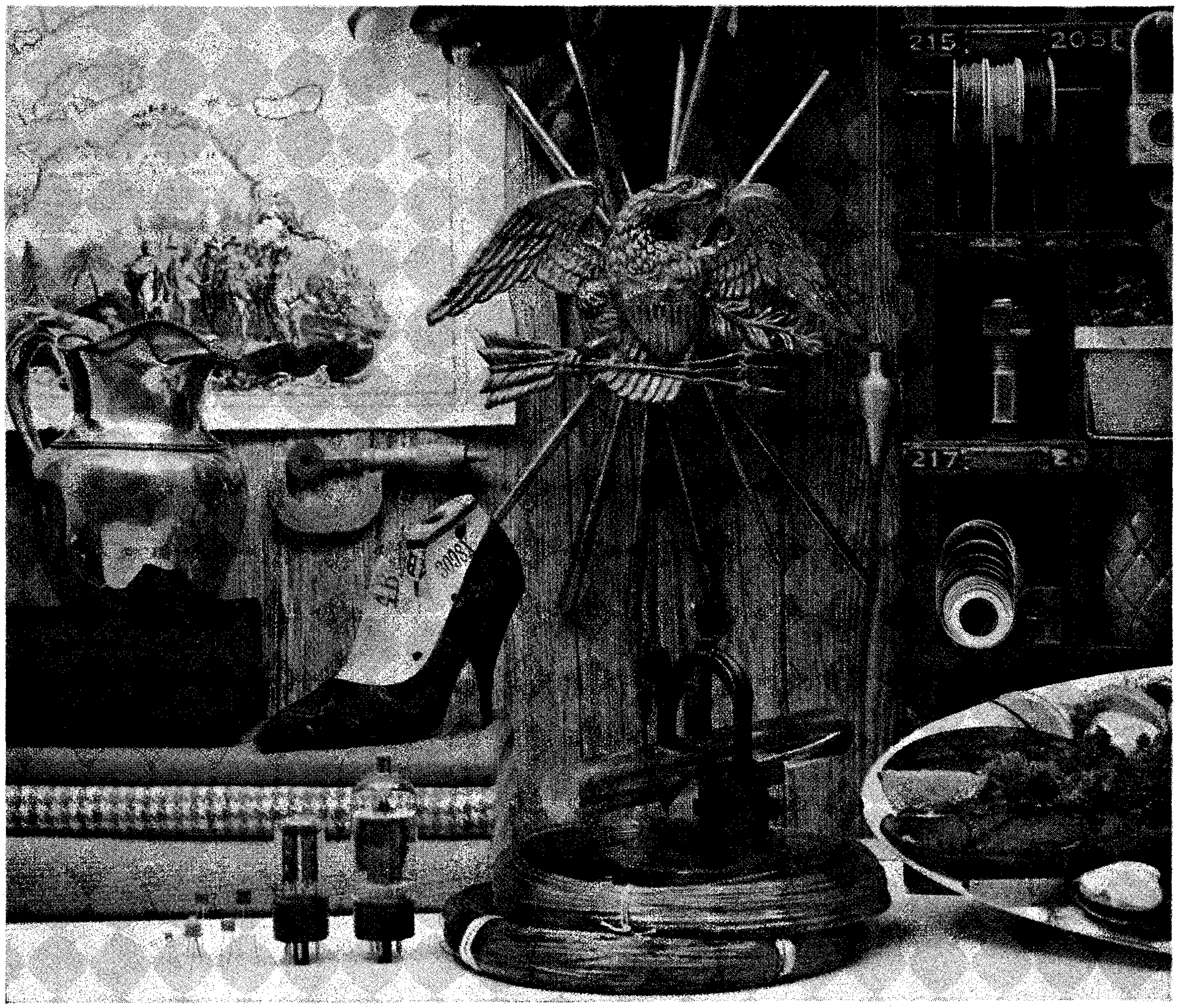
As important as the pleasure of your trip is the wonderful assurance you feel when you have chosen Pan American.

You fly serene in the hands of U.S. flight crews, trained to uncompromising standards. You relax in the knowledge that you are in the hands of the world's most experienced airline.

Call your Travel Agent or any of Pan Am's 66 offices in the United States or Canada.

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE — FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . . **FIRST** ON THE ATLANTIC . . . **FIRST** IN LATIN AMERICA . . . **FIRST** 'ROUND THE WORLD

". . . there is a real place in New York for conservatively managed banks and trust companies of moderate size where customers may have easy access to and personal acquaintance with the senior officers . . ." QUOTED FROM "THE BANK'S DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES"



When New England wants action in New York

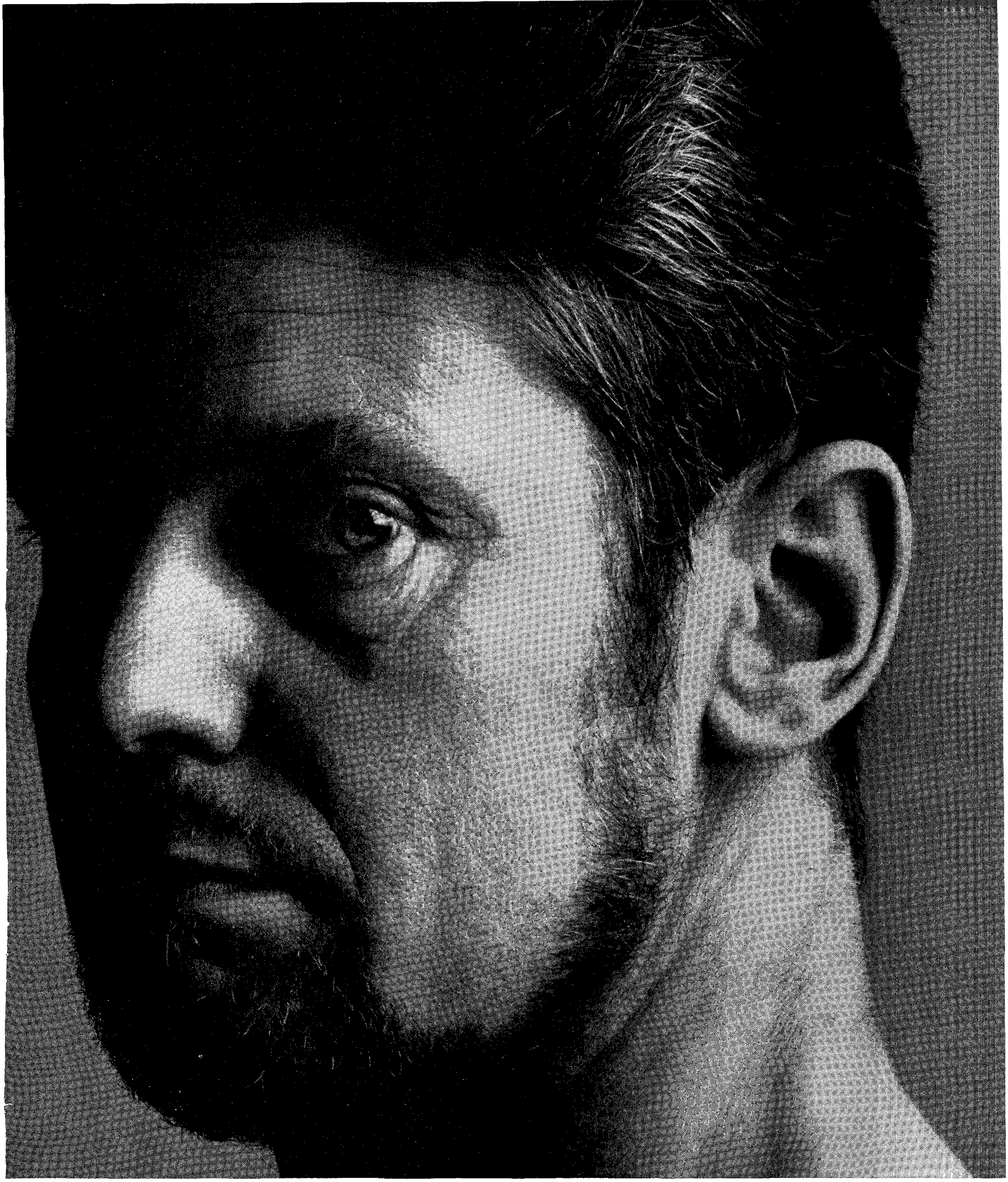
THE BANK OF NEW YORK

Industrial know-how is the heritage of the New England businessman. Forward-looking managements, backed by one of the nation's most highly skilled labor forces, are forging new growth patterns in a widely diversified range of industries in this area. ¶ When an executive of a New England firm calls on a New York banking connection to complement the service of his neighboring bank, he wants prompt action and expects a high standard of banking skill. ¶ This Bank is privileged to team up with many businessmen and bankers in New England, building well-rounded financial programs that are contributing to the industrial growth of this important region.

New York's First Bank • Founded 1784

Main Office: 48 WALL ST. ☆ *Uptown Offices:* 530 FIFTH AVE. ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 63rd ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 73rd

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © 1961 BNY



Would you believe it? Only six years old.

Not him. He's forty years old. He's Jens Quistgaard, Danish designer of Dansk. It's Dansk that's six years old.

Quistgaard wears a beard because his father and grandfather before him wore beards. It is as natural to him as his knickers and bicycle.

He is a sculptor, silversmith, toolmaker. But his particular fame rests on the top of a table. Six years ago a visiting American discovered a singular knife and fork design of Quistgaard's buried in a Copenhagen museum, rooted out the rest of his designs, promptly dubbed them "Dansk" (the proper word for "Danish") and brought them to America.

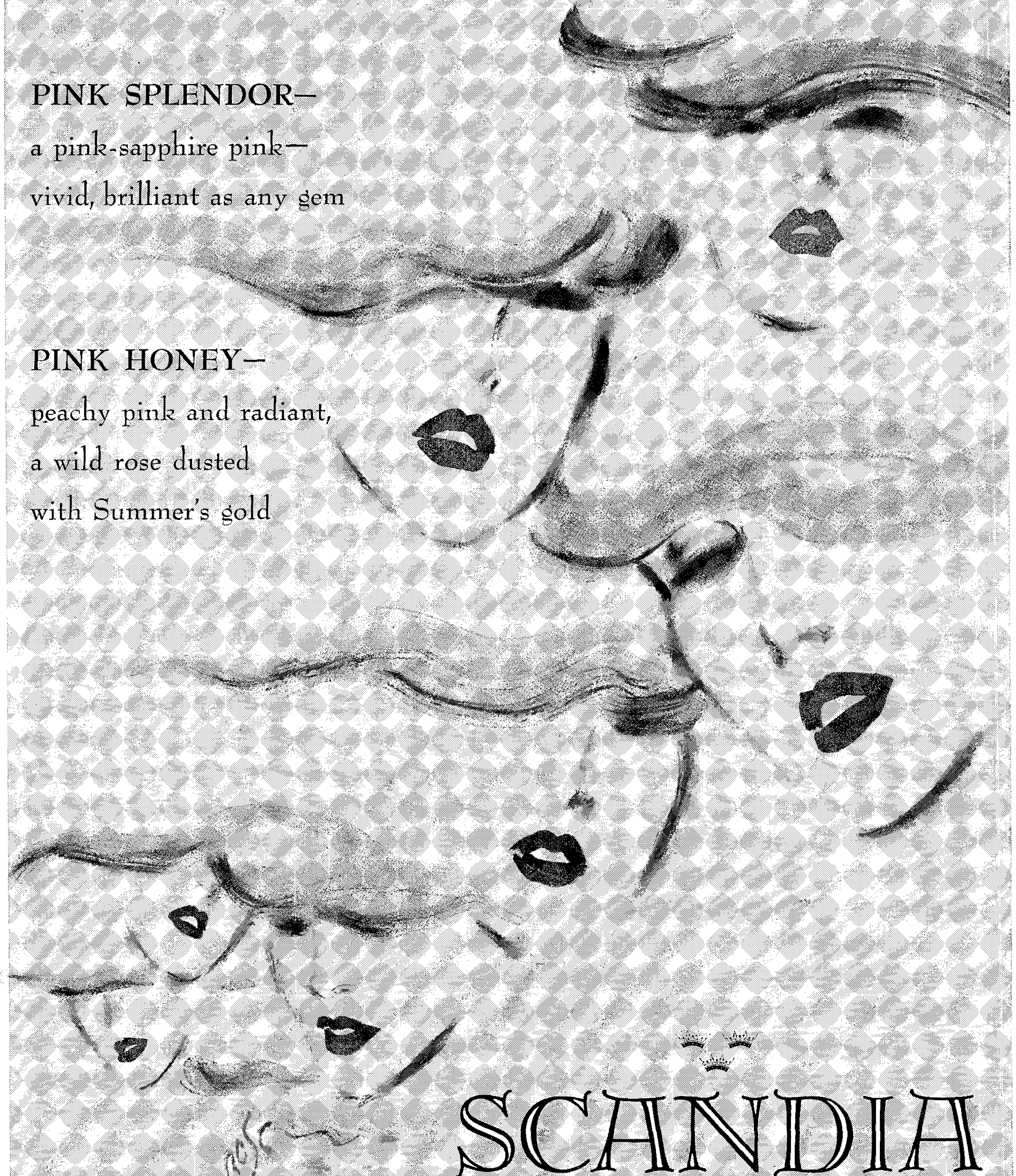
Dansk pieces caught on immediately. Great teak bowls. Poppy colored enamelware (surprisingly light). Forged stainless. Radically beautiful sterling with a perfectly symmetrical knife (each side has a cutting edge). What is their secret? Probably Quistgaard answers it best. "A branch never sticks out of a tree. It flows out. I like my work to flow."

It is hard for people to believe Dansk designs are only six years old. Like all good art, they seem to have been around forever.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTIONS: DANSK DESIGNS, INC., DEPT. Y34, GREAT NECK, N.Y.

Scandia's Secret Touch Lipsticks

bring you the Spring and Summer lip fashions today!



PINK SPLENDOR—
a pink-sapphire pink—
vivid, brilliant as any gem

PINK HONEY—
peachy pink and radiant,
a wild rose dusted
with Summer's gold

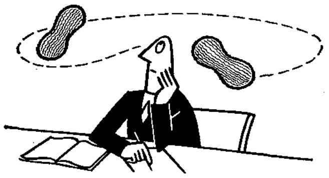
SCANDIA
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

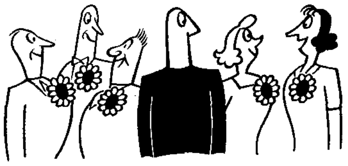
Notes and Comment

FOR the first time in our recollection, we are seriously tempted to enter a contest. The alluring competition was got up by the people who produce Planters Peanut Oil, and was announced by them in the pages of this magazine last week. According to the rules governing the agon, one has merely to write twenty-five words or fewer in praise of the Planters cooking compound and submit it with the customary label. The two hundred third-prize winners will be awarded gift boxes of the company's products. The one hundred second-prize winners will get sets of cooking utensils. Attractive as these offerings doubtless are, we find them resistible. What has captured our fancy is the first prize—an "all-expense trip from your home to New York and return." It is only fair to warn interested readers that we have started work on our entry and—such is our confidence and hope—are already laying plans for a lively, fun-filled week of total immobility.



The Corn Is High

JUST a hundred years ago, President Lincoln looked in at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, to watch the hoisting of a thirty-four-star flag that signified the acceptance of Kansas into the Union. This fact has got the Kansans into quite a tizzy, and they are now holding a centennial that features the Quayle collection of Bibles, at Baldwin City's Baker University; the John Brown statue and cabin, at Osawatomie; the Beecher Bible and Rifle Church, at Wabaunsee; the Carry Nation home, at Medicine Lodge; the Post Office Oak, at Council Grove; and assorted other delights, such as Dodge City's Front Street, Wichita's Cow Town, and Old Abilene Town, all fully restored and as authentic as you have seen them on television. The slogan of Kansas as she revels in her centennial is "Midway U.S.A.," but this isn't entirely accurate. With the Union's embracement of Alaska and Hawaii, the center of the country has shifted nervously to the west, and is now situated somewhere out toward the looming Rockies. But whether Kansas is or isn't Midway U.S.A., she is certainly a big-league breadbasket. Right now, she has in storage better than three hundred and fifty million bushels of edible grains, out of a national total of more than (hold onto your hat) a billion bushels. We found out about these and other Kansas matters at a luncheon blowout held at the Waldorf-Astoria on the eve of the anniversary, which was Washington's Birthday, in order to acquaint Eastern journalists like us with the way things are going on the lone prairie. When we arrived, we fell in with several people wearing large sunflowers, and for a moment we thought we were in the midst of an Alf Landon revival. It turned out, however, that these were songbirds and instrumentalists, most of them from the edible-grain belt, who were due to line out a few airs appropriate to the occasion.

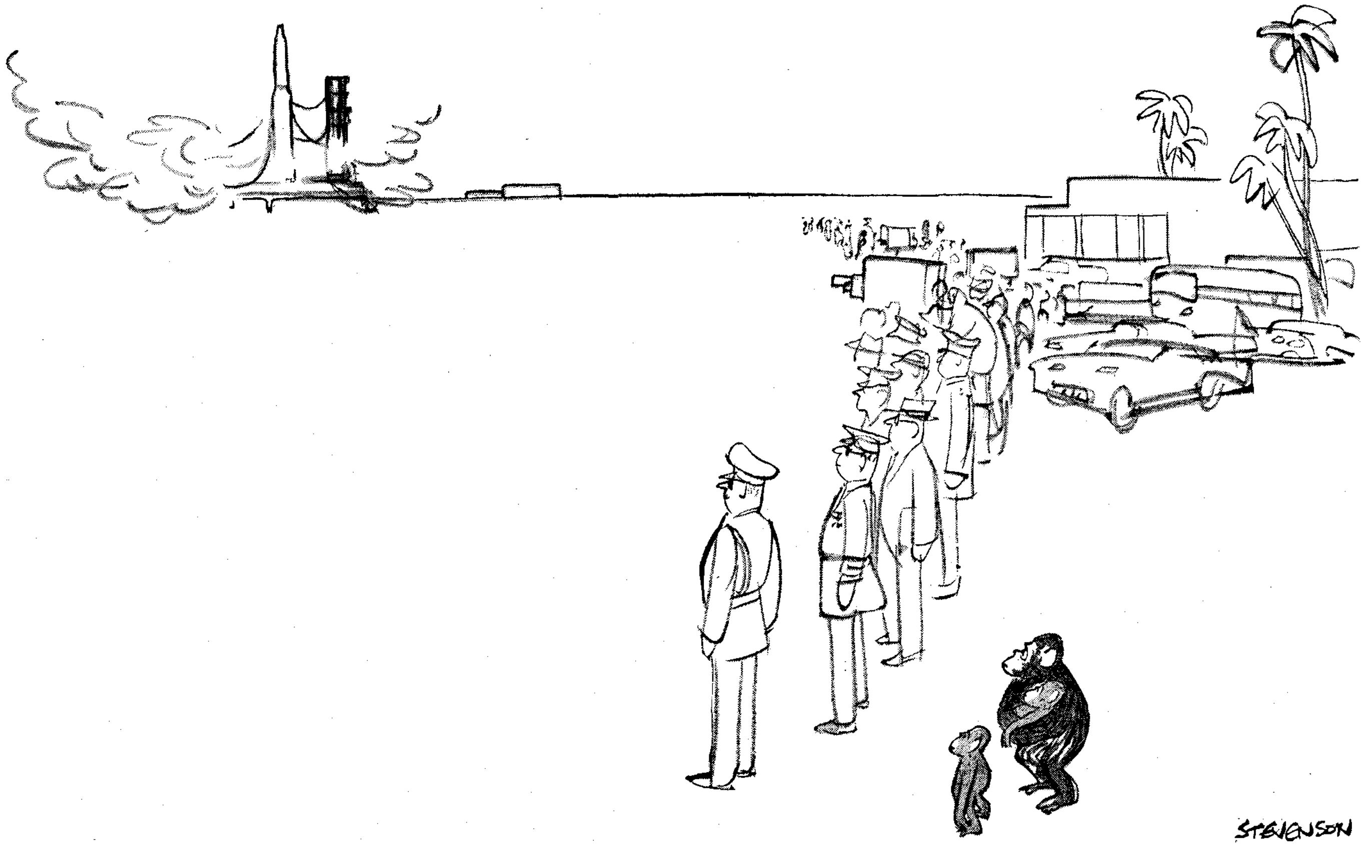


Before we sat down to tackle the menu (Supreme of Fresh Fruit Waldorf, Western Club Steak Béarnaise, Pommes Croquettes, Asparagus Tips Polonaise, Baked Soufflé Alaska, Cherries Jubilee Flambées, Petits Fours, and Coffee, the whole thing containing no more than a touch of edible grain), we were approached by an expansive matronly lady, who cried, "We're bringing the Midwest to you!" We thanked her kindly. We were then joined by another lady, this one tall and slender, who told us that her interest in Kansas was based on the fact that her grandfather had left her grandmother in Baltimore to go chasing after a Kansas City girl. "Her brothers went out and got him," she said, "or I wouldn't be here. A lot of odd characters used to go through Baltimore. I think they thought they were going south when they were going west. Most of them wound up in West Virginia." We thanked her kindly, too, and proceeded to our table to toy with the Waldorf fruits.

"Dig in, dig in," said a gentleman on our right. "You'll get no Metrecal here."

Several of our luncheon companions slapped their thighs at this sally, and were still chuckling when the club steak was served, together with John Cameron Swayze, the radio and television commentator, who said that he was crazy about Kansas and had plenty of cash invested there. He was followed at the speakers' table by Maurice E. Fager, the chairman of the Kansas Centennial Commission. Mr. Fager said he was crazy about Kansas, too, and related a joke about the jayhawk, the state bird. "The good old jayhawk," he said, "flies backward to see where it's been." He went on to point out that in new-day Kansas people don't imitate the jayhawk. They look forward, that's what they do.

Mr. Fager went on for some time, and presently John Anderson, Jr., the Governor of Kansas, was introduced. "One hundred years after Kansas's admission to statehood," said the Governor, "one might echo the age-old saying 'There is no new thing under the sun' and point to the African situation, where unrest stirs the minds of men the world over, where the names Congo and Lumumba and Kasavubu are reiterated, where the rights of man are



• •

the real center of concern, and where the test is whether the United Nations can exercise influence and world power. New frontiers have come and gone, and the age-old conflict for establishment of a better government and equal justice for all men continues."

While we were trying to figure out what Lumumba and Kasavubu had to do with the Kansas Centennial, the Governor concluded his remarks, and the choristers, about a dozen strong, broke into a recitative about the spirit of Kansas ("Heart of the plains, built from the soil, we're from Kansas, great big Kansas, good old Kansas . . ."). Later on, they lifted their voices in such fine old indigenous tunes as " 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" and "Hallelujah!" They sang with verve and ability, and the ladies in the ensemble were pretty indeed.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A shop that used to be in business at 218 Third Avenue under the name of Here Today has gone.

Puccini's Last

"TURANDOT," which Puccini left unfinished at the time of his death, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last week for the first time in thirty-one years. This revival of the opera, whose libretto is based on the legend of a lovely and lethal Chinese princess with a habit of decapitating her would-be suitors, proved to be one of the most elaborate, expensive, and unlucky enterprises in the history of the Metropolitan. First, there was the death of Dimitri Mitropoulos, who had been scheduled to conduct the work; then Leopold Stokowski, who succeeded Mitropoulos, fell and broke his hip as rehearsals were about to begin; after that, Franco Corelli, the tenor assigned to the role of Prince Calaf, sprained his ankle in the course of a performance of "Il Trovatore," and Yoshio Aoyama, a Japanese stage director imported to give an authentic Oriental flavor to the production, came down with appendicitis. Mr. Aoyama was replaced by Nathaniel Merrill, a talented young man who had directed "Boris Godunov" and "L'Elisir d'Amore" earlier this season. Mr. Merrill is, unexpectedly, in good health, but during the final preparations for "Turandot" he was in a rather nervous state, because he and his wife were awaiting the birth of a baby.

Well, all that is behind "Turandot" now, and at seventy-eight Maestro Stokowski, after whipping the opera into shape while supporting himself on crutches, has made a really redoubtable début as a Metropolitan conductor. Mr. Merrill has also acquitted himself well. We popped in on a rehearsal of "Turandot" one day last week and found Mr. Merrill, an intense young man who takes a serious view of the world, instructing a large chorus from a semi-crouching position that suggested a football coach at work. "Hold it here, ladies," he said, grasping two women by the wrist and maneuvering them into a position on the right side of the stage. "Now give me a big 'Ah,' " he went on. "Please bow with the head only." Mr. Merrill then dashed back and forth across the stage, worrying his singers like a collie responsible for a flock of sheep, and finally came out front to collapse in an orchestra seat near us.

"I got word on Saturday, January 28th, that I was going to stage the opera, and I began with a technical and lighting rehearsal the following Thursday," Mr. Merrill informed us after we had introduced ourself. "There were a million details that had to be picked up. It's a most complex opera. There are about two hundred and seventy-five costumes, and in Act Two there are a hundred and seventy-five people onstage—principals, chorus, extra chorus, stage band, supers, ballet, children. Puccini spared no expense. My problem was complicated by the fact that I'd never seen the opera or heard a note of the music. I had to shut myself up with the score for several days before starting rehearsals. Mr. Aoyama had already worked out the production in Oriental style, and I have followed many of his ideas, using stylized Chinese gestures to heighten the Far Eastern effect. One of the hardest things to do is reconcile the Italianate music and the Chinese subject. It's a short opera, Lord knows, but it calls on every resource the Met has. You know, we have a stage band in this production—six trumpets and four valve trombones. There is nothing Oriental about valve trombones, so we've tried to disguise them with banners. Maestro Stokowski thought they'd liven up the opera if they appeared onstage instead of off, as Puccini originally wanted to have them."

Mr. Merrill bounded onstage, took his crouching stance, and started moving the performers around again. As he did so, Maestro Stokowski, who was occupying a high stool on the podium, with his crutches nearby, rapped his baton on the music stand before him and took over the proceedings. "Before Number 48, please, the band only," he said, pointing a long, thin hand at the stage band, whose members were peering anxiously at him from behind a row of painted-canvas battlements. The band produced a brassy but ragged fanfare. Mr. Stokowski clapped his hands briskly and said, "Once more, good attack. And now we come down to *pianissimo. Pianissimo!* Trombones, take a breath during the long note, but not all at one time."

As the chorus members stood about in their Oriental getups, Mr. Merrill leaped to the apron of the stage and said, "Maestro, would you listen to the gong?"

Mr. Stokowski nodded, whereupon Mr. Corelli, showing no sign of sprain, ran up a short flight of stairs and whacked a large gong several times.

"*Bravo. Bravissimo!*" said the Maestro. "I want him in the orchestra." Everybody chuckled.

Miss Anna Moffo, who had the role of a slave girl, stepped down into the orchestra section to be met by a tall, well-tailored man with gray hair, who turned out to be Cecil Beaton, designer of the sets and costumes for the opera. "I think we ought to cut your costume a bit more, to give the idea of rags," said Mr. Beaton. "After all, you are a slave. Which side would you prefer?"

A lady assistant of Mr. Beaton's, equipped with a pair of scissors, went to work on Miss Moffo's costume without waiting to learn her preference.

"Maestro," said Miss Moffo to Mr. Stokowski as her costume was being shredded, "I'd like to hold that B flat of my aria a bit longer if it comes out well."

"Agreed," said the Maestro. "Make the most of it."

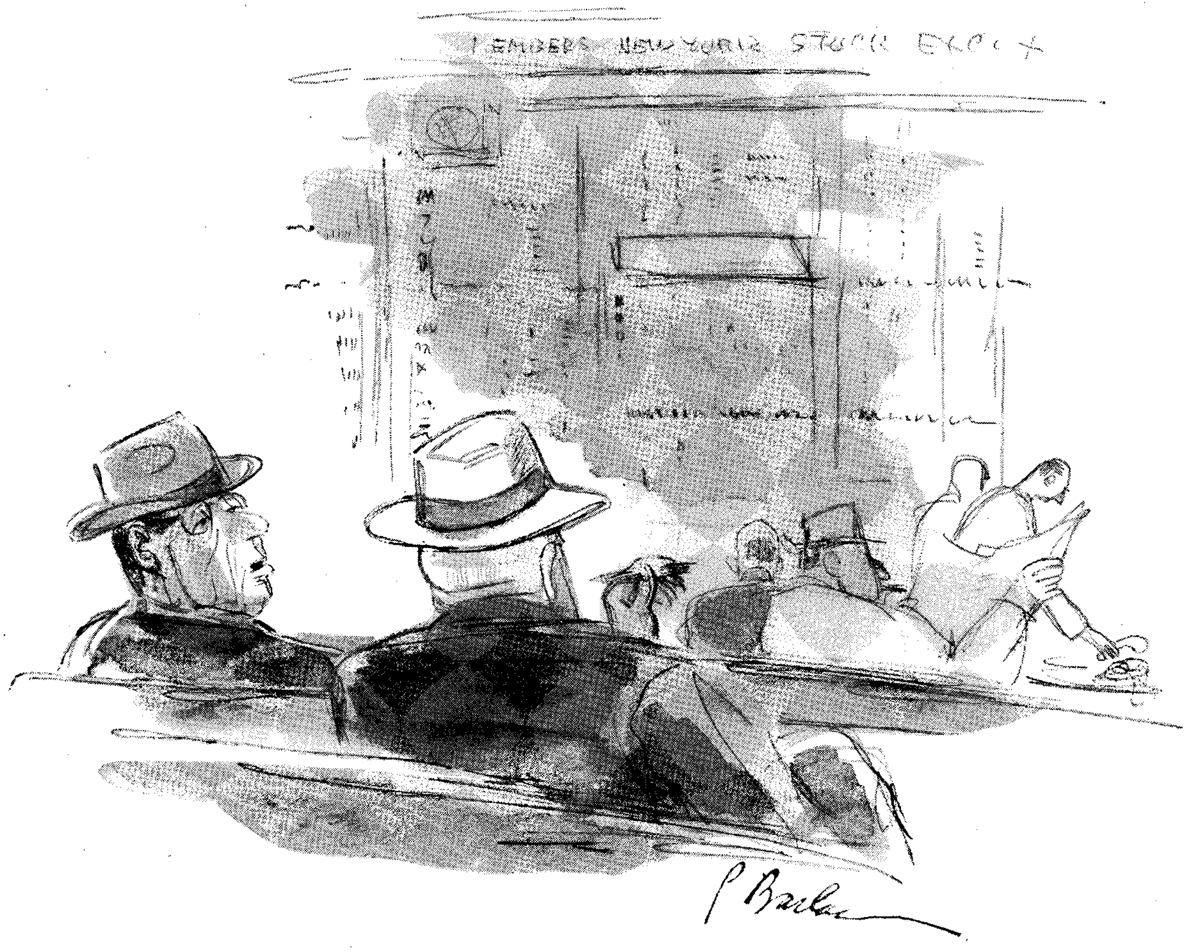
Mr. Stokowski eased himself off his stool by gripping a rail and joined us in the first row of the orchestra, where his secretary supplied him with a sandwich. Between munches, he informed us that he had no idea whether he would conduct opening night standing up or sitting down. (It turned out that he conducted sitting down and came out on crutches to take his bows onstage.) "I broke my hip playing soccer, football, whatever you want to call it, with my children. We never know what will happen from one moment to the next. Here it is twelve-thirty, and I have no idea what will happen at twelve-forty. People who *think* they know are deluding themselves." The Maestro pulled himself up from his seat and swung in a single, fluid movement to his stool in the orchestra pit. As we left, he was murmuring, "That is definitely an E flat."

•

OVERHEARD in the lobby of the Tishman Building, one beautiful young creature to another: "The only way you can attract attention to yourself in *that* office is to bend your I.B.M. card."

Ripples

WE paused last week in front of the United Nations staff bulletin board—on the fifth floor of the Secretariat Building, just outside the Periodical Reading Room, which is just outside the Health Service Clinic, both rooms affording a soothing view of tugs and barges on the East River—a few hours after the 4:21 A.M. adjournment of the Security Council meeting that passed the joint draft resolution of Ceylon, Liberia, and the United Arab Republic giving Secretary-General Hammarskjöld what purported to be a larger and stronger framework for U.N. action in the Congo. (In favor: Ceylon, Chile, China, Ecuador, Liberia, Turkey, United Arab Republic, United Kingdom of Great Britain and


MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCH

"I'm sticking with old A.T.&T. Recession or no recession, people are going to keep right on yacking."

Northern Ireland, United States of America. Against: None. Abstaining: France, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.) Listed under a "For Sale" heading on the Bulletin Board were, among other items:

Beautifully Set Emerald Cut Topaz Ring—Best offer over $60.

After Ski Boots Best Italian Quality—Retail price $35, Sale price $20.
The boots have never been used.

Maple furniture—1 sofa.
1 easy chair.
1 office table—$50.

Camera Exposure Meter Received as Gift Never Used—List $29.95.

Antique (Directoire) Head Board of Four Foot Bed—Wood painted $65.

Five Rolls of Color Film for an 8mm. Camera—Reasonable!

A Folding Bed, Good Condition, Mattress Practically New—$10.

For sale—Buick 1950 Sedan in very good condition—$120.

Under "Wanted" we read, "Portable typewriter used but still good—EN 2-4920," and "To exchange Spanish conversation for English—Please call Mr. Lopez, Extension 2253, Room 1745."

On another bulletin board, on another floor, we found the U.N. staff clubs looking busier than ever—the U.N. Flying Club, the U.N. Gym Club, the Club del Libro Español, the Cricket Club, the Chess Club, the Tennis Club (Miss Hardy, Extension 560), and the Jazz Society, whose president (Mr. Fitzwater, Room 2714, Extension 3167) announced that the program for the next meeting would include the playing of records of the Art Farmer Septet, Charlie Parker with Miles Davis, and the Modern Jazz Quartet. From the Staff Cafeteria, nearby, came the comforting aroma of steaming vegetable soup, combined with the standard cafeteria tray-and-silverware clatter and the conversational hubbub of lunch-on-our-own-premises *Gemütlichkeit.*

Things in the Periodical Reading Room were slow, the magazines (we noticed *Pakistan Horizon*, *The Economist*, *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, *African Affairs*, *Novoe Vremya*, *Harper's*, *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*) done up in clear-plastic covers and neatly stashed in racks on the walls, and the newspapers (*Le Figaro*, *Le Monde*, *La Nación*, the *Times of India*, *El-Moustaqbel*, *Politiken*, *El Diario de Nueva York*, the London *Times*, *Izvestia*, *Pravda*, *Trud*, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, *Journal of Commerce*, the Washington *Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, the New York *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, *Swiss Review of World Affairs*) hanging from sticks on a rack in the middle of the room. A tall, heavily built Negro, the sleeves of his suit jacket a couple of inches short for his arms, sat in a corner of a sofa, asleep. An imitation-leather briefcase, bulging, was on the floor at his feet. We looked in on the clinic; men in white, women in white, and patients were buzzing around various examination rooms. The clinic has a bulletin board, too. Poster:

The Larger the Belt Line
The Shorter the Life Line.

From a pamphlet rack we picked up a publication of Metropolitan Life entitled "Stress and What It Means to You," and read, at random, "The emotional stress that gets us down is the kind that makes it difficult or nearly impossible to relax," and then "Statistics show that women are outliving men." At the U.N. Coöperative (drugs and prescriptions, automobile service station, phonograph records, gift center), still another bulletin board announced various charter flights to Europe.

All the wheels seemed to be turning nicely, so we made our way to a quiet lounge just outside Conference Room 8, where the first meeting of Secretary-General Hammarskjöld's eighteen-member Advisory Committee on U.N. Operations in the Congo (Canada, Ethiopia, Ghana, Guinea, India, Indonesia, Ireland, Liberia, Federation of Malaya, Mali Federation, Morocco, Nigeria, Pakistan, Senegal, Sudan, Sweden, Tunisia, United Arab Republic) since the passing of the resolution was getting under way. Hammarskjöld arrived looking as fit, energetic, devoted, and determined as ever. His immediate staff of assistants—Undersecretary for Special Political Affairs Ralph Bunche, Personal Assistant Wilhelm Wachtmeister, Brigadier Indar J. Rikhye, and others—came and went, looking rumpled, oversmoked, underslept, persistent, and cheerful.

"The joint resolution was like the stone tossed into the pond," one of the men entering said. "The ripples are now going out."

"What are you doing in there?" we asked.

"Talking," he said. "We'll probably be talking all through this night, too, and the next, and the next. When we come out, we prefer to be invisible. Like the S.-G. You might say that the resolution put yeast into the whole thing, and now it's diplomatically brewing."

An invisible exiter said, "The S.-G. is absolutely fantastic. This morning, at four-forty, he went straight upstairs from the Security Council to his office, and he was working there until six-thirty, telephoning and sending out cables. I suppose he cabled his Special Representative in the Congo, Rajeshwar Dayal, in Léopoldville. Dayal meets with his aides in the cable room of U.N.O.C.—United Nations Operations in the Congo—every morning. The meeting is called Morning Prayers. I was there last week, and was standing with Dayal when the S.-G. called him up from U.N. Headquarters. The nature of the communication is determined by the nature of the exchange."

"What happens now?" we asked another invisible aide, who had a highly visible head cold.

"The Advisory Committee gets to work on how we go about starting what will undoubtedly be a long process," he said. "First, one has to establish what the member states are really prepared to do about providing the resources for halting the military operations, determining who is who and what is what in the Congo, arranging for the withdrawal of Belgian personnel, improving the desperate economic and social conditions, and getting the Congolese to start running their own affairs. U.N. personnel have been in the Congo for six months, working on health matters, food supply, the fiscal system, the transportation system—things like that. Nobody hears about these people, but an awful lot rests on them. The S.-G. is directly in touch with them all the time, keeping it going. In here," he said, opening the door of the conference room and taking the deep breath of a cold-sufferer, "we may clarify what to do about the military operation, the external political situation, the internal political situation. The idea is to keep juggling, keep all the balls in the air at the same time. A Herculean task! The S.-G. is doing it. It's part of the brilliance of the man. Here, read this." He handed us a pamphlet, "Today's World and the United Nations," containing four addresses by Dag Hammarskjöld, and went inside. In the first address, entitled "The Vital Role of the United Nations in a Diplomacy of Reconciliation" (London, April 2, 1958), we read, "We should recognize the United Nations for what it is—an admittedly imperfect but indispensable instrument of nations in working for a peaceful evolution toward a more just and secure world order."

Pocketing the pamphlet, we left the lounge and fell in behind a visiting group of Cub Scouts (B.S.A.) in blue uniforms, with gold kerchiefs, blue caps with gold stripes, and gold patches that identified the troop as being from Eastchester. Led by a pretty, dark-haired U.N. girl guide, the troop paused at a window looking out on the flags of the ninety-nine member nations.

"Does anybody know the flag of the first alphabetically listed nation?" the guide asked.

"America!" a Cub answered.

"No. Afghanistan," she said. "And the last country is Yugoslavia, because it begins with the letter 'Y.' You're nine years old. You should remember that."

We went along with the troop as they marched to the General Assembly Building, filed into the Security Council Chamber, which was empty, and took seats in the gallery.

"Have you been to the movies lately?" the guide began, and the Cubs nodded.

"And you have seen newsreels? Of this room? What is this room called?"

"The Security Council," a Cub answered.

"Very good. And what is this room for? Does anybody know?"

The Cubs were silent.

"It won't hurt you to open a newspaper now and then," the guide said. "Now I'll explain it to you. You have little brothers or sisters, and they fight with each other?"

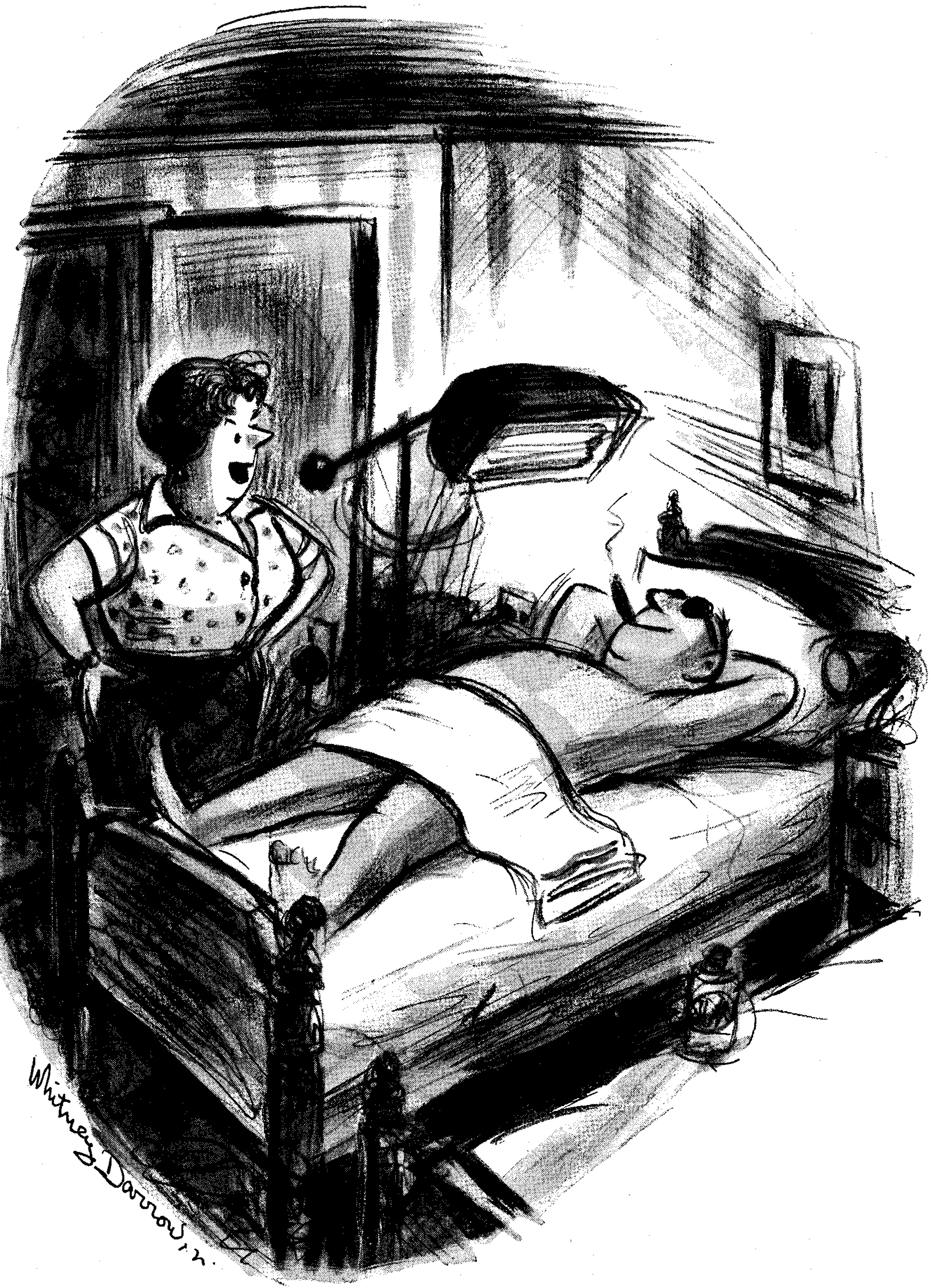
The Cubs nodded.

"And your mother or father or your teacher will step in and stop them from fighting? That is what the Security Council is for. To settle problems, to make peace whenever anything is in dispute, to prevent war. Any little dispute that could lead to a bigger dispute. In the Security Council, there are eleven members. Six of them are elected from different countries for two years each, and the other five are the United States and the countries that were her allies in World War II. Now, who was the main ally of the United States in World War II?"

"Japan!" one Cub called out.

"No," the guide said. "England. And France, China, and the Soviet Union were the other allies. Together, they sit on the Se-cur-i-ty Council. Now, I want you to tell me what 'Se-cur-i-ty' means. To prevent war and keep . . . "

"Peace!" the whole Cub Scout troop shouted, looking proud.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well, it doesn't take the place of Montego Bay for me!"

• •

Courtesy

WE'VE just been pondering a nice little study in politesse. "I'd been buying some things at Saks," a young matron we know reports. "I came out through the Forty-ninth Street entrance and turned east, toward Madison. When I was halfway down the block, somebody tapped me on the shoulder. It was a nice-looking young man, all out of breath. 'Excuse me, lady, but you dropped a package when you came out of that store,' he said. 'It's lying back there, by the door.' He was right. I had. So I thanked him and walked back up the street and got it."

THE UNREAD BOOK ROUTE

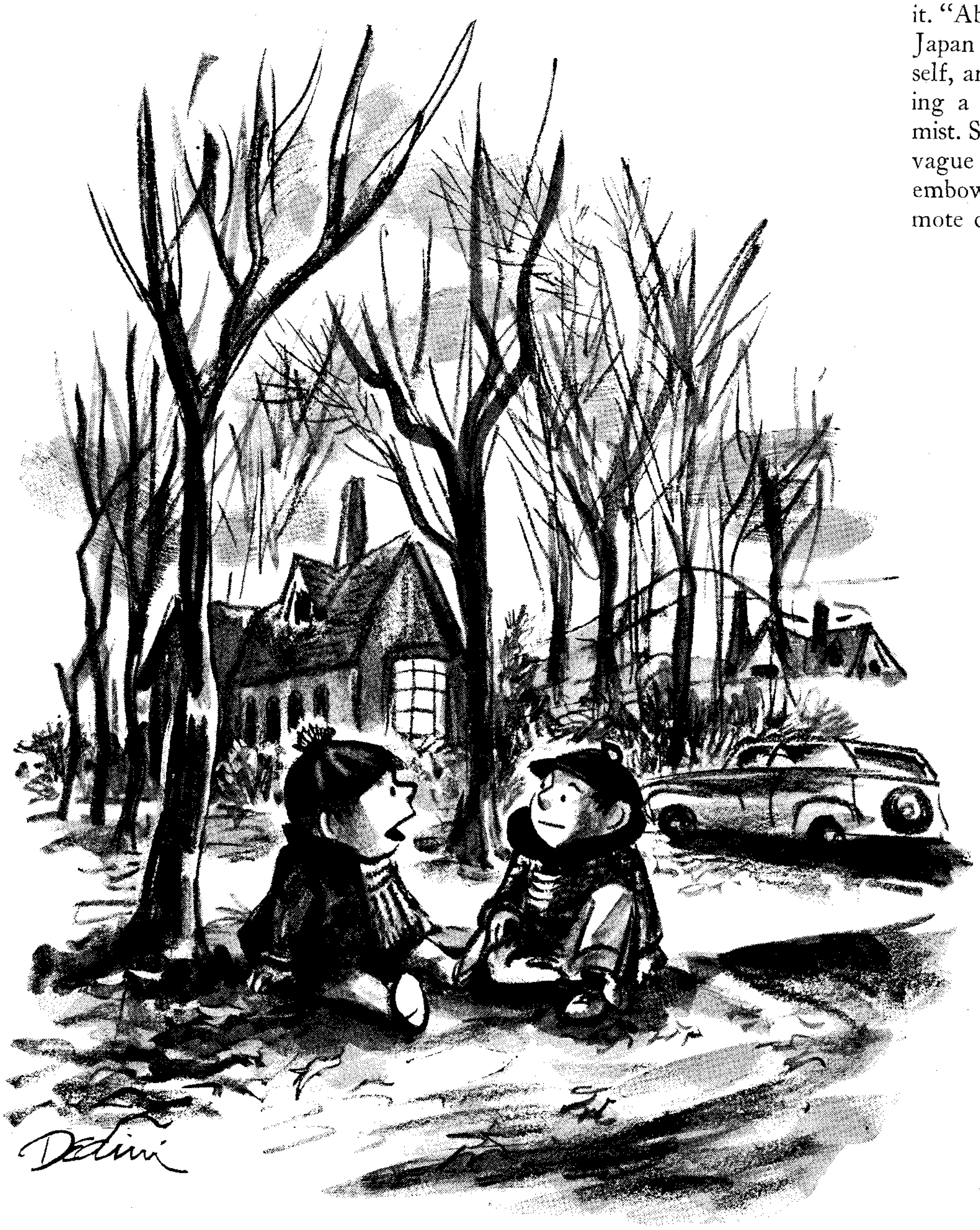
IMAGINE two rectangles, representing the first and second stories of my home. Each contains an angular flux, clockwise and counterclockwise respectively, of arrows, lettered, at various elbows, A through G. This is the unread book route. Over the last eighteen months I have charted it by means of patient observation, phosphorescent tracing dyes, electronically tripped cameras, factory-tuned logarithmic tables, and some inspired—as they say in the scientific quarterlies—guesswork. While I dare not claim for my investigations an importance equal to the more publicized researches of the I.G.Y.—researches that have conclusively demonstrated, according to my reading of *Life*, that the ionosphere is shaped like a *fin-de-siècle* cravat, that the continents are merely large irregular cherries in a wobble of silicon Jell-O, and that the Pacific Ocean bulges toward Tahiti whenever you leave the hot water running—nevertheless The Unread Book Route is one more piece fitted into the puzzle of the mysterious and irresistible currents that do so much to make our terrestrial existence appalling.

The books enter at A, which is the letter slot. I cut the slot myself, working with a bent keyhole saw, so that the inner lip of metal juts above the ragged wood and effectively blocks whatever letters the mailman attempts to insert. After rattling the brass flap angrily for up to five minutes, he rams his shoulder against the door, losing his powder-blue cap and twenty-five pounds of *Lifes*, and throws everything into the foyer, including four dividend checks for the lady next door. After delivering the checks, and running after the mailman with his cap, I return to my house and find that the children have already torn open the Jiffy book envelopes, an operation that has left the floor evenly coated with iron-colored fluff.

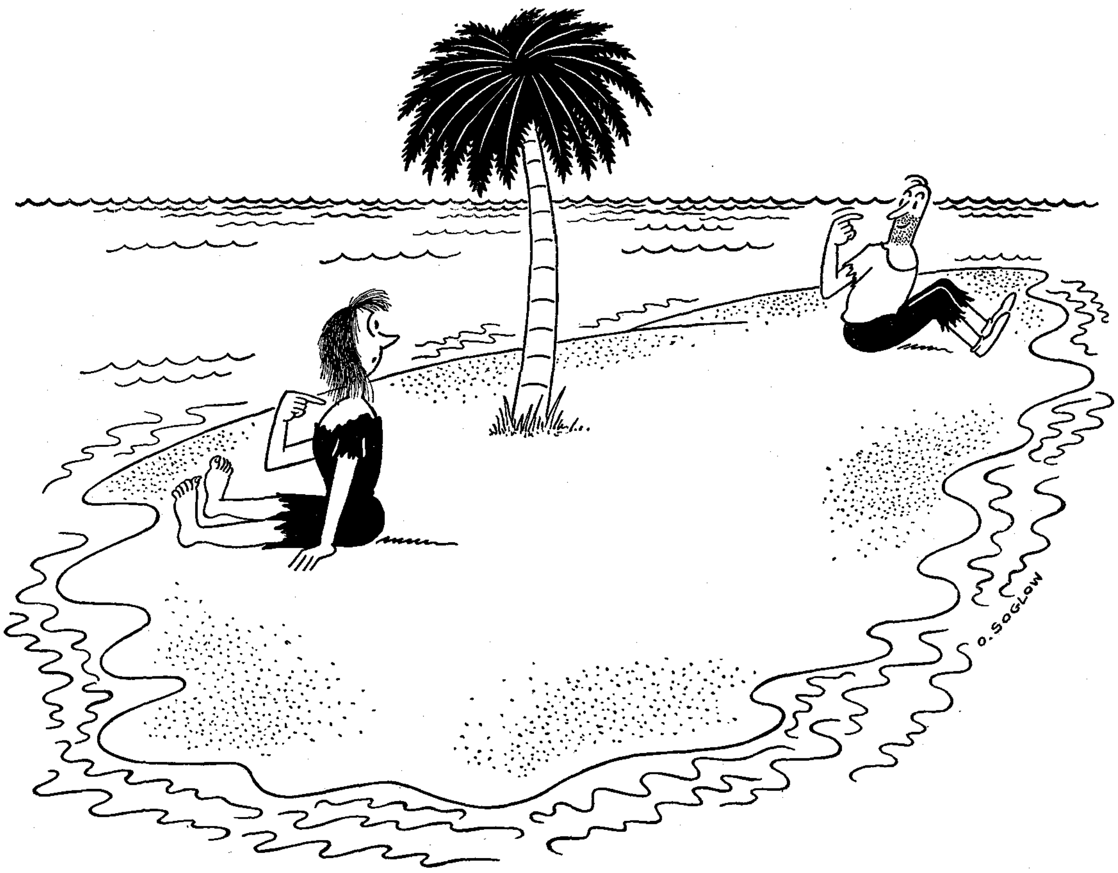
At Point B, next to our three-legged table, the books are presented to me. I gratefully inhale the fragrance of the bindings, slice all uncut pages, and even read a few paragraphs. I am especially apt to begin reading if the book is one for which I have sent. For instance, "A History of Japan to 1334," by George Sansom (Stanford University Press): the physical presence of this book, so substantial, so fresh, the edges so trim, the type so tasty, reawakens in me, like a Proustian talisman, the emotions I experienced when, in my youth, I ordered it. "About time I knew something about Japan up to 1334," I say again to myself, and again seem to stand overlooking a vast landscape bathed in lifting mist. Soon that distant line of trees, that vague row of Fujiwara regents, will embower my marching strides; that remote cottage, that Hōryūji monastery, will house me tonight. Then the dinner bell, or the doorbell, or the alarm bell, rings, and the unread book takes up its first station, at C, on top of the television set.

Here it resides for an indeterminate period. As new arrivals pile in, the stack grows irregular, and by osmotic pressure they reshuffle themselves so that the largest are on the bottom, for stability. They withstand a constant sidewise pressure from a vase of pussy willows, and spasmodic tremors when the children manipulate the volume dial. Sometimes, even, a few of the upper, lighter books fall behind the set into the wiring; but by and large they are secure here, in the shade of the pussy willows, on a high ledge where ashtrays and coffee cups and broken crayons seldom climb. So it always startles me when, suddenly one night, they pull up stakes, spattering the wallpaper with phosphorescent dye, and take a new stance, at D, the top of a bookcase.

Here you would think they would find peace. This is a bookcase, after all, and they are books. But it is a bookcase in which several years ago



"I don't know what my father does all day. All I know is it makes him sick at his stomach."



• •

I meticulously arranged, in chronological order, shelves of American literature, English literature, Russian, Spanish, and Irish (a pretty triplet, I thought) literature so neatly and tightly that our purchases in all of these categories have had to stop. True, there is more flexibility in the top shelf, containing French books and "little, cute" volumes like Peter Pauper editions of Malayan aphorisms, and in the bottom shelf, reserved for big, strikingly uncute books—Belloc's biography of Danton, the bound reports of the Rhode Island Audubon Society, and college anthologies scribbled with insane notes like "Marvellous!," "Micro-macro," and "Cf. Romantic *Angst*"—but time with its relentless neap tide has wedged even these catchalls solid. So the unread books recline uneasily on top, still on their sides, suffering the company of porcelain figurines, water glasses full of dripping daffodils, and children's drawings, which move around the house in a sort of counter-swirl to the unread books. I have often noticed how at this stage their jackets, though untouched, begin to tatter with despair.

One night, when we are all asleep and except for the twitching of the thermostat the house is still, the unread books leap into the air, sail through the kitchen door, bank jauntily over the stove, and coast at a smart cant into the library (E), where they settle, fluffing and cooing, on chair arms, sofa backs, hi-fi speakers, and the space where my wife is supposed to write letters. At first, I believe, they batter their wings against the bookcase, but it is as futile as pigeons trying to roost on the side of the U.N. building, for they meet a sheer wall of Bernard Shaw, Penguin classics, paper-bound theology, and other books too odd for the bookcase at D. Once, years ago, a few unread books found a purchase here, and it may be a racial memory of this that drives them into the room; but they find the meadows sere, the once-open range strung with barbed wire, and the rivers polluted with coal dust. It is not long before the more enterprising of the unread books are stomping up the stairs and creeping into our bedroom.

F is a tiny table that stands beside our bed. I bought it at an auction, having failed to see that it was not a table at all but a stand in which to hold a large flowerpot. Accordingly there is a circular hole in the top, which we have patched with a slim volume of paintings by Paul Klee. The painting on the cover shows a bright pink face with three or four eyes, and it makes an unsteady, wrinkling surface. Now, "A History of Japan to 1334" is a tall, manly book; it needs firm support. The sides of the flowerpot stand are too low; "A History of Japan" keeps being shoved over the edge by "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," by Rebecca West, in one volume, a book so hefty I sprained my latissimus dorsi lifting it in and out of bed. Furthermore, the other unread books, hearing us scuffling around overhead, come pouring up the stairs and jump on the little table—that was never meant to hold anything except a flowerpot in the first place—and keep falling off and jumping again, like shipwreck survivors around the one lifeboat that got free of the rigging. Sometimes a whole dozen squeeze on at once, and then the Klee collapses, and they fall through the circular hole. Their bodies, after a mysterious subaqueous passage, come to surface at G.

G is a tiny room, once titled "the study," which I tricked out with shelves to hold papers, stamps, athletic trophies, rubber bands, and similar proofs of my masculinity. Unfortunately, the influx of broken toys, cracked mirrors, defunct light bulbs, cranky children, sewing machines, and other things that puzzled my wife became so great that I was flooded away, and was forced to abandon the shelves, which have become the terraces of the Afterworld of unread books. Here they stand, upright at last, in rigidly packed rows. There is no exit; the unremitting arrival of new immigrants puts them under terrific pressure, and, like the countless microörganisms that dedicated their corpses to our petroleum deposits, like the millions of once-green leaves compressed into the coal fields underlying Scranton, they form a rich resource for future ages.

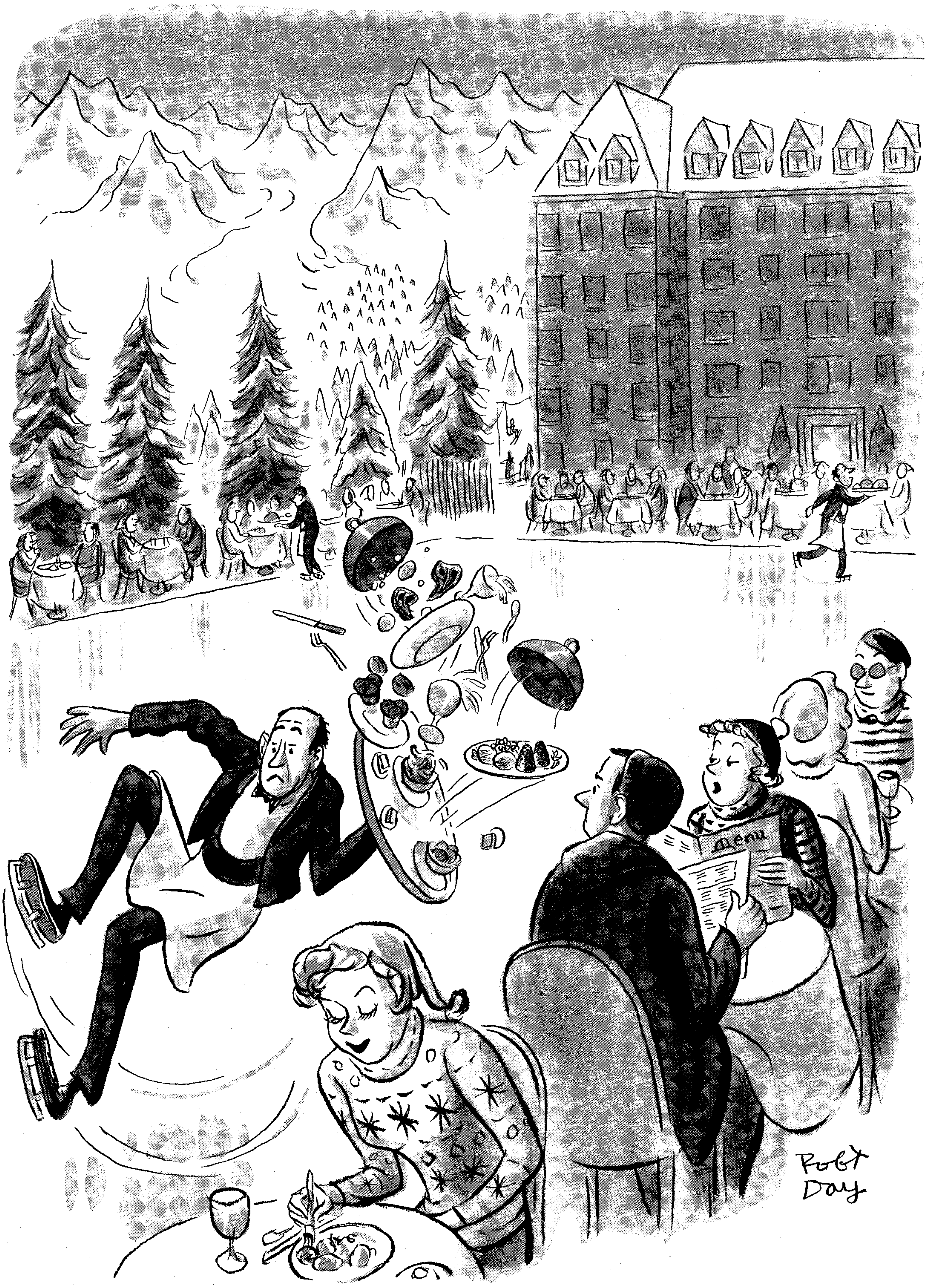
—JOHN UPDIKE

• •

ALCOHOL—AGE-OLD PUZZLE TO MAN

NEW YORK (UPI)—When Dr. A. erstanding why people are so confused by patch job with many parts, he starts und H. Hobbs thinks of the human brain as a what alcohol does to them although they've been toying with for many centuries. This confusion is monumental.—*Boston American.*

You're absolutely right!


Menu
Robt Day

"The chicken croquettes look good."

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

THE happiest summer of my life followed my tenth birthday, in 1938, the spring Hitler took Austria. I lived with my parents in Vienna. Very early on the morning after the Austrian Chancellor had abdicated, we came downstairs and stood in the long line of people outside the bank at the corner; the bank did not open. There were young men all over the street in strange, brand-new uniforms, saluting each other with right arms outstretched. It was a clear, sunny March morning. Bright new flags were flying, but my parents hurried me back home.

By May, my father had lost his job at the bank, and when, a few weeks later, an S.S. sergeant commandeered our ugly, tall, lightless flat and everything in it, including my mother's Bluethner piano, my father, my mother, and I left the city and moved in with my favorite grandparents.

My grandparents lived in Fischamend, a big village some twenty kilometres from Vienna, near the Czechoslovak border. Their house stood on the central square. It was a huge, old, rambling, thick-walled house. The ground floor was taken up by my grandfather's drygoods store and the offices, and I amused myself there the first month. I messed with the rolls of fabric in the back, where my grandmother sewed dirndl dresses and aprons for sale, until she told me to run along and see my grandfather. Out in the shop, I opened the boxes of men's and ladies' shoes, I danced on the counters, looked into drawers of laces, buttons, hairbrushes, and the catgut for violin strings. One day, I found a whole violin behind the cotton kerchiefs, but the whole summer's searching never turned up the bow.

The store was almost empty of customers. On the street, outside the entrance, letters tall as a man had been painted in white on the macadam: "*KAUFT NICHT BEIM JUDEN*" ("Don't Buy at the Jew's").

My grandfather told me to run along out to the yard, and he lent me his young salesgirl, Mitzi, who was standing idle, to play with. Mitzi and I would sit on the sunlit outhouse roof, sucking the little sour grapes from the huge vine that grew and twisted like a thick, tough snake along three walls of the square yard and was too ancient to ripen its fruit. We talked for hours, or, rather, I talked. I told Mitzi my life plans. I was going to look like her when I grew up; Mitzi was fifteen. She had fair hair, a fine country color, and a pretty, petulant mouth. Mitzi was my only friend in Fischamend until my mother's younger brother Paul came to us after he got thrown out of the University of Vienna, where he was in his last year as a medical student. My uncle Paul was then twenty-three years old. He had a rich head of hair. Old ladies embarrassed him by commenting on his immense blue-violet eyes. What a pity, they said, they were hidden behind his glasses. Paul wore his long, witty nose in a general air of melancholy.

He was the first man in my life. Our affair dated from my birth and was an entirely happy one, based on mutual enthusiasm. During all the years Paul was at the university, he had lived with us. He would come and sit by my bed before I went to sleep and bring me up to date on the latest experiments in hypnosis that were being conducted at the psychiatric clinic. For light entertainment, he sang me the four-footed German student songs in his own broad versions, accompanying himself on the guitar, which he played passably. The high point of the performance was his taking a lip-smacking draught from an imaginary stein of beer.

In his turn, Paul was fair audience for the impressionistic dances encouraged at my dancing school. After some hours, Paul would thank me and tell me he had had enough and wished to be left alone to get on with his studies. If I persisted, he slapped me roundly and looked into my face with such frank and genuine irritation that I withdrew, unprotesting, and went to find my father—a large, silent, humorless man, who loved me—and teased him for a while, but there was not the same satisfaction in it.

The only treachery my uncle had ever perpetrated upon me was a bicycle trip he took the summer before Hitler, into the Austrian Tyrol and across the Alps into Italy. He went with his own friends. I was not invited.

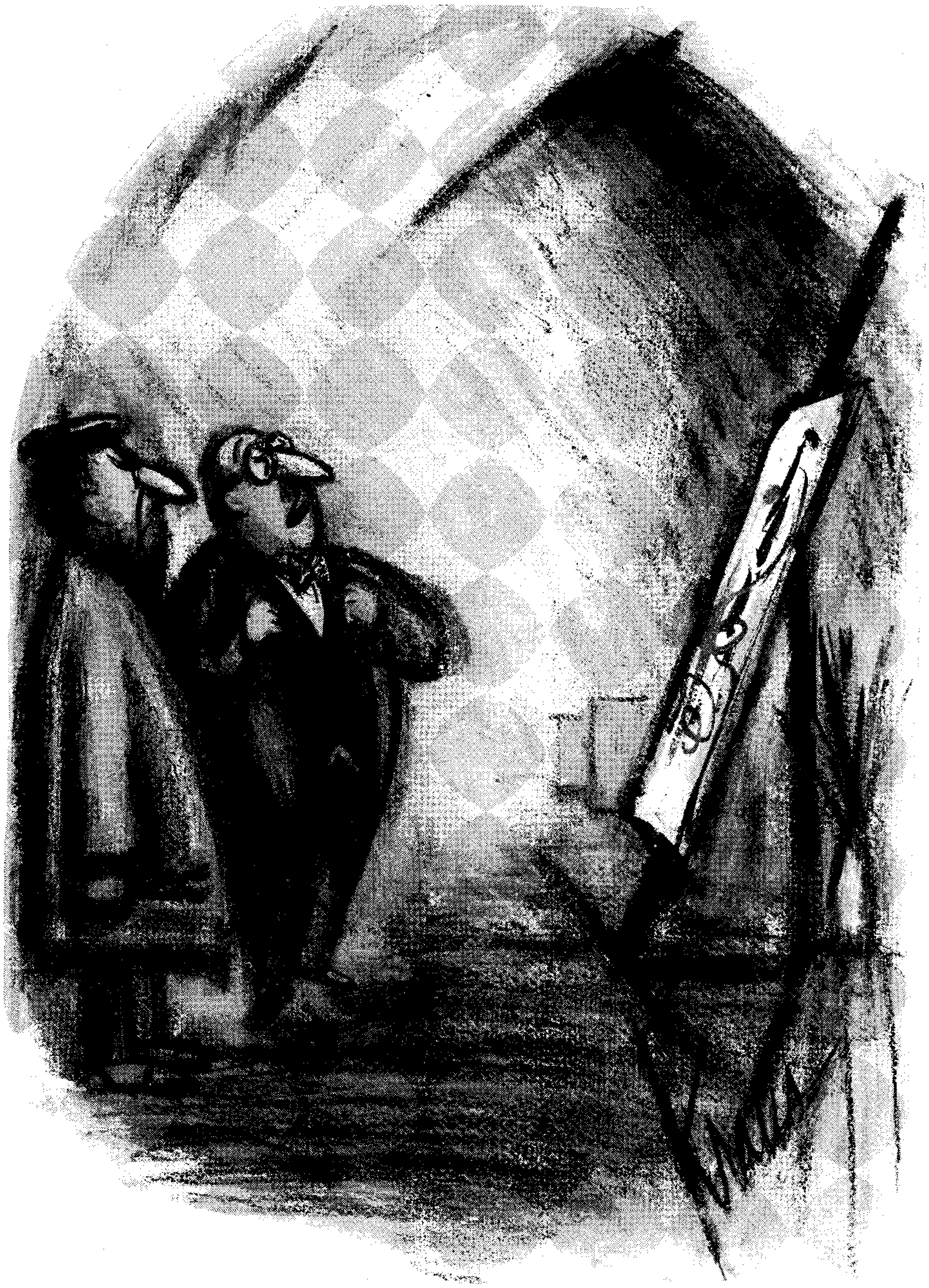
Hitler put an end to that. There was to be no gadding about after Paul arrived at Fischamend one day in June, sneaking into the yard by the back door and up the back stairs to the wing of the house in which my parents and I were staying. His right ear was gashed and bleeding freely. My mother sat him down in a chair and sent me for water and bandages, with instructions not to let my grandmother catch wind of anything, but when I returned from my errand, my grandmother had arrived on the scene and was tying up my uncle's face, toothache fashion, saying quietly and bitterly, "You and your clever friends never did have any sense—getting into street fights with the Nazis!" Paul patted his mother's hand and grinned at me across the room.

After this incident, I understood that Paul was going to stay with us indefinitely.

Now Paul's friends came out to Fischamend from Vienna to visit; being extensions of him, they shared his glamour and my love. Liesel came to spend a weekend. Liesel had been Paul's girl for years. She was beautiful and witty, and even my grandmother approved. She was more blond than Mitzi, and more delightful to talk to, because she would talk back to me and we had conversations. I sat on her lap while she and Paul sat in the yard at a card table with paper and pencils before them. They were writing a fairy story for me. The heroine was called Princess Vaselina. The hero was a pretentious commoner named Shampoo von Rubinstein, and as they wrote they laughed and laughed.

When Liesel left, my grandmother said it was Paul's own fault. She said that if he and his friends had not spent their time playing at socialism and walking round the picture galleries, he could at least be a doctor now. I did not like him to be scolded, and I went to sit on his lap, but he said that my grandmother had a point there, and he looked quite depressed.

The next visitor was Paul's friend Dolf. According to my grandmother, he had had the most baleful influence on Paul's career. Dolf was a poet. I thought he was splendid. He was extraordinarily



"*Talent, yes. Genius, no.*"

• •

tall and seemed to be embarrassed about it; he had a way of scratching the top of his head that stood his shock of black hair up in a cone and made him look even taller. He was so tall that when he sat down in a chair he folded like one of our folding beds. Paul made him write a poem in my autograph book. He wrote:

Dear child,
We are followed from our cradle and first cry
Until the grave, by hate and lie.
From our cradle till our last rest,
Attends us other men's distress.
Be true and help.
You'll come to understand—
But of yourself, I hope, and not at Life's hard hand,

and he illustrated it with a facetious drawing of my uncle, in angel garb, hovering over my bed. The picture pained me; I felt it spoiled the noble tone of my book. This is the only notice Dolf ever took of me. His indifference excited me. I danced interminable impressionistic dances for him. I learned to stand on my head—an accomplishment of which I am still capable and proud, though it has never worked for me any better than it did at the time. When Paul and Dolf went for a walk along the banks of the Danube, they took me. Each young man held one hand. Their talk of pictures and books bounced from one to the other above my head: like a watcher's at a tennis tournament, my eyes, if not my understanding, followed it.

On the outhouse roof next morning, I told Mitzi the new plan for my life: I was going to be a student at the university; I would walk with young and clever men by riverbanks, talking of painting and poetry; I would take bicycle trips in the summer. Mitzi had never a word to say against it.

When Dolf returned to Vienna, Paul and I saw him off at the little railway station at Fischamend. Paul gave Dolf a book as a goodbye present, and Dolf gave Paul a book. When the books were unwrapped, each turned out to be "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Dolf left for England a month later.

ALL that summer, the sun shone day after day, and the land was green and gold and blue. I remember now that the water meadows along the Danube are so thickly grown with pink-tipped daisies and yellow buttercups you cannot help walking on them; they make a carpet underfoot. The mosquitoes also ripened and raged that year.

I had to stop going down to the river. One day, four man-sized boys, lying in wait for me, threw pebbles, called me "Jew," and spit mouthfuls of Danube water down the back of my dress. I ran home screaming, I don't know whether from shock and fright or because of the obscene wetness that glued the stuff of my dress to my skin.

"That's that Willi Weber's young brother Karl," said my grandmother.

"Willi is the leader of the Hitler Youth Brigade," said my mother.

"The bastard!" said my Uncle Paul. "And I always linked his paragraphs for him! Teacher Berthold had a thing one year about linking consecutive ideas, and Willi Weber never could connect anything."

"Yes!" said my grandmother. "If you'd spent more time on your own work instead of writing everybody else's essays, you might be married to Liesel now and on your way out of the country."

My uncle looked sad. He had had a letter from Liesel that morning to say that she was going to be married and she and her husband were leaving for Paraguay. Paul said, "Willi used to do my drawing exercises. It wasn't a bad setup we had there."

The next day, my grandmother happened to meet Willi in front of the shop, and she said, "You owe us twenty-five schillings for your winter coat and galoshes. Can I send Mitzi over in the morning to collect?"

"What's the use of that?" said my grandfather when she came into the store and boasted of what she had said.

"You know they had the rot in their potatoes and can't pay."

The following morning, our house had "Jew" and dirty words written in red paint all over it. The bloody color was still wet and dripping down the stone front when my grandfather went out to take the shutters down. He washed it off—the letters came off but the color blotched the stone—and that's as far as it went at that time; neither they nor we had yet realized the possibilities.

IN late August came the first of the war scares. We had got into the habit of drawing the curtains in the sitting room at six o'clock every evening and gathering around the radio to catch the British news broadcasts. I don't know if the weather clouded over or if the grim mood of the adults created in my mind the distinct memory of yellowish-gray clouds standing for days over the low roofs of the village houses.

One day, the first German regiment moved in. By noon, the square outside our windows was black with tanks, armored cars, radio trucks. Our yard was requisitioned for the paymaster's headquarters. The soldiers borrowed one of our kitchen chairs and the card table on which Paul and Liesel had written about Vaselina. Two helmeted guards stood on either side of the table, and all afternoon I stood in the passageway that led from the store into the yard and watched the Germans in their gray-green uniforms file by to collect their money.

"Come away," said my mother worriedly from inside. "They'll see you. Go and play upstairs." When she had gone, I crept out again. What bothered me was not that they might see me but that, in fact, they did not. So I got hold of the cat, which was sitting beside me, and turned its ears inside out and tied my skipping rope around its neck until it yowled.

The paymaster looked around. "Well now," he said. "Now, you don't want to do that to the poor pussy."

"Pardon?" I said politely. Though I had heard very well what he said, I wanted to hear him say "*Kätzchen*" again—the unfamiliar harsh-sounding diminutive of "cat," so different from the tenderly comic sound of the Austrian "*Katzerl*." The animal meanwhile was choking. The paymaster rose and came over, saying, "*Armes kleines Kätzchen*" ("Poor little kitten"), and untied it. He asked me if I knew how to skip rope, and I said yes. He ordered one of the helmeted guards to hold the other end of the rope. The line of soldiers stood at ease against the vine-covered walls. I skipped and recited:

> "*Auf der blauen Donau*
> *Schwimmt ein Krokodil . . .*"

This was about the time that Neville Chamberlain paid his visit to Hitler in Munich.

I opened my eyes in the night because a voice below my window was saying, "SQ calling XW, SQ calling XW, move east twenty kilometres on Route 46, over," or some such gibberish. Startled out of sleep, I sat straight up in my bed in the darkness. The words seemed so pregnant with meaning that I tried to hold them against the forgetfulness already overtaking them as an engine started up and raced away down the street. There was a great cranking up of heavy engines, and a rolling of truck after truck, and an earth-cracking, wall-wrenching rumble of tons of iron tank on iron caterpillar chain through the narrow streets. It worried me that the vehicles moving away from the square threw the light of their headlamps across my ceiling not in the direction in which they were headed but in an opposite direction, and before I tucked myself back to sleep I promised myself to try to remember to mention it to Paul.

"*Is that so? Well, I'm fed up to here!*"

THEN it was September, which brought with it a new school term and an apparently insoluble problem.

After the Annexation, the Austrian schools had been ordered to segregate Jewish children. The city of Vienna had dealt readily with the matter, making the switch in simple stages. On the morning following Annexation, immediately after prayers, the teacher announced that instead of poetry we would have an hour of handicrafts and would take down as rapidly as possible the pro-Austrian, anti-German posters that, in the enthusiasm and heated blood of the past month, we had been made to paste and pin around the schoolroom walls. "Teacher," said a little girl called Greterl, "can I have this one I cut the paper leaves for to take home? It says 'Red-white-red to the death.'" "No, you cannot, you stupid idiot!" said our teacher, who had always been a mild, good-natured woman, and she tore the pretty poster in two and stuffed it into the rubbish sack with which each classroom had been provided that very morning. Filled with paper sentiments, it was bound, with all possible haste, for the incinerators. By the end of the week, the desks in our room had been rearranged so that the half-dozen Jewish children in the class could sit together in the rear, with two empty rows between us and the Aryans in front. A question of some worriment soon developed among the six of us in the back, and I was chosen to bear it to the teacher: What were we to do about the "Heil Hitler!" which was from now on to greet the entrance of the teacher and begin class prayers? After some discussion, it was settled between us that just as in the past the Jewish children had remained silent during the "Our Father," so now we would not need to articulate the words of the salute or raise our right arms, though we should stand up as a matter of general respect. I think both the teacher and I had a sense of satisfaction at having, in the general confusion, dealt neatly with a pretty problem. Within a week, all the Jewish children in our school were assigned to a separate classroom. We knew very well that no teacher wanted to teach Jewish classes. We heard them arguing passionately. I remember the teacher who came into our classroom the first morning of the new system. She was a soft-faced, stout young woman, and her eyes were red. We stood to greet her with the awe of children in the presence of a grownup who has been crying. She told us to get out our readers and to read to ourselves. We scrabbled for our books in our desks. We opened them. We watched the new teacher walk over to the closed window and lean her elbows on the sill. Her shoulders were visibly shaking. Soon her weeping turned from a suppressed whisper into loud and tearing sobs, while thirty children sat in a profound and petrified silence. The following week, the school was cleared of Aryans and the Jewish children and teachers were brought in from other districts to make ours an all-Jewish school.

In Fischamend, the problem of segregation was not so easily handled. There was a single village school, and a single Jewish pupil, and that was I. The school was the one to which my mother and Paul had gone as children, when my grandparents first moved from Vienna to the country, and they had been the only Jewish pupils. They had met the problem head on; when Willi Weber called Paul a dirty Jew and hit him, my mother, who is seven years Paul's senior, hit Willi Weber, and so a working balance had been achieved. My mother says that she always got on pleasantly after that, except when they played a game called the old bird-seller game in the schoolyard and she had to be the Jew merchant. It made her cry. Who wanted to be an old Jew all the time, when everybody else might be a bird of his own choosing?

Now segregation had become the law. We were at an impasse, but out of it came a most delightful solution. My uncle went to see the embarrassed authorities and persuaded them that he had the academic background to act as my official tutor. My father would teach me mathematics, my mother the piano. Paul would be responsible for the rest.

CALM WINTER SLEEP

Sleep, calm winter sleep, the rides are woollen
Over the dreaming roots, thick snow in sunlight
Is sugar under the trees, wool or sugar,
Immaculate, crystalline, soft. All night this has fallen:

All night, like flaws in the night, under a singing
Steady moon, flutter of whirling frost-flakes
Settling in light packed cumulus has drifted
Into the copses, by the twig-sieves sifted.

We wake to this: from the bedroom window we see,
Leaning flank by flank in pajamas and nightgown,
Its levelling laydown on the unregular earth;
We speak of this coldness with our joined warm breath—

As distance instructs us we think of the seamless snow
As a bride's dress hiding a rough brown secret body
In sleep, calm winter sleep, before the firegroom
Melts with one spring and lets her rivers go.

So distance says; but after oats and bacon,
The children mufflered, we venture and pass the wicket,
And how complicated the snow is, how alive a surface
As through all the flamboyant frettings of the thicket

The weak pale arrows of St. Lucy's sun
Yellow as an old apple strike in a brandished handful
Defining a paving crazed with mysterious blue;
With breezed shelving and with crisscrossed various

Other arrows of thrush-foot marking this mantle
Fitter for convict than bride; and with giddy drip-holes
Under the holly pointels, and deep in the bush
The nap worn through already in umber stipples!

Last night we spoke of the Bomb, of the perilous statesmen,
And those who shiver in tents, who are all our proper
Concern; this morning we laugh and look into the snow.
Have you forgotten your childhood that you grieve so?

Have you remembered your childhood that you grieve so?
It is not to explore too closely the heart's motions
Makes us quite wise: what dies is what's dissected.
Only I know that sometimes when least expected

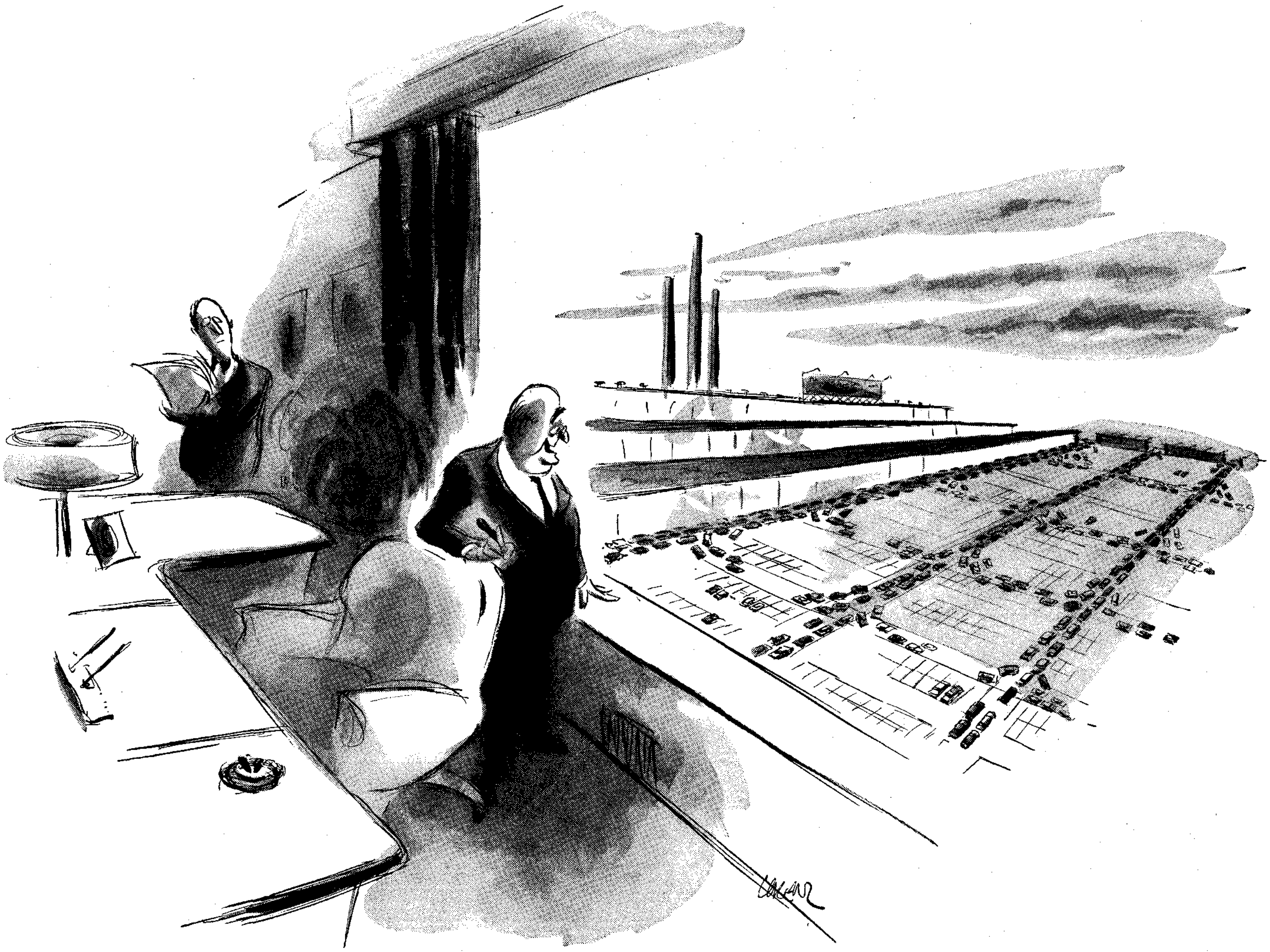
What must be happiness is suddenly found,
Quite pointlessly, by following some small thing
Like the linked arrows of a bird, unguessed-at
In what from the window was one great trackless ground—

Though in the next night, under the silver eyeball
Of the bathed night-mistress, out of the castled west
The confetti's tourbillons again will bluster
And lay our happiness waste-wide with the rest.

—Hilary Corke

• •

This arrangement, I suspect, killed any tendency I might have had toward disciplined scholarship, for it left me with the impression that knowledge comes in ravishments of the mind. The history of Luther gave me a poke in the ribs. I suddenly understood that events happened one after another, stretching away behind me from where I stood, and forward from when I would be no longer standing there. I remember the stunning brilliance of this revelation; if the content now seems a little thin, that is sometimes the way with visions. We looked at pictures and Paul kept a step ahead of me, asking



"There they go—my people, God bless 'em!"

• •

my mind to perform more than it could. He made me look at Michelangelo's Adam lying on a hill in the beginning of the world, and asked me what I saw. I said Adam had nothing on. Paul said that's right, and what else did I see. I said God was dressed in a cloth and carried by angels. Paul said yes, but why was God's arm downstretched and how was Adam's arm lifted? He said for me to look at the picture some more, and again tomorrow if I could not tell today, and to look very quietly—but my mind was screaming with frustration and rage. It is eerie to see nothing where another sees something, and even eerier trying to remember how it was to see nothing after one has seen it. I came across the picture years later and saw the Adam, the weight of the earth still in him, raising his immense shoulders at the crooking of the single finger of the life-giver, and I wondered and could not properly recall what it was I had not seen that September in Fischamend. And we read poems. One day it was Heine, who, Paul said, was a Jew, and the next day it was Christian Morgenstern, who, he said, was not, and here was a poem about a worm, called "The Worm's Confession." Listen:

> Inside a shell
> A worm does dwell,
> A worm of rarest sort,
> Who, whisperingly,
> Only to me,
> Opened his little heart. . .

On the square outside the open window of our upstairs sitting room, a Hitler rally was in progress. The squadrons of White Shirts and Brown Shirts stood in straight rows. Flags flew. A loudspeaker had been set up, and it was carrying a Hitler speech reporting his latest visit to the Duce, in Rome. When Hitler started on the Jews, my father drew the curtains close, though it was midmorning and the day was stifling hot. But I had seen my own friend Mitzi through the curtains, and I cried excitedly, "Mummy, look, that's Mitzi! She's carrying a flag!" I was leaning out between the curtains to wave when my father grabbed my arm so harshly I roared—and there, for a minute, Hitler and I yelled contrapuntally across the peopled, listening summer square until I was rushed into the back part of the house.

After that, as I remember, things got rough. Mitzi came to the upstairs living portion of the house one evening, on the pretext of bringing a message to my grandfather, and found us gathered around the radio. That evening, Willi Weber knocked at the door.

"Hello, Willi," said my Uncle Paul.

"Hello, Paul," said Willi.

"Well, Willi," said Paul, "what do you want from us?"

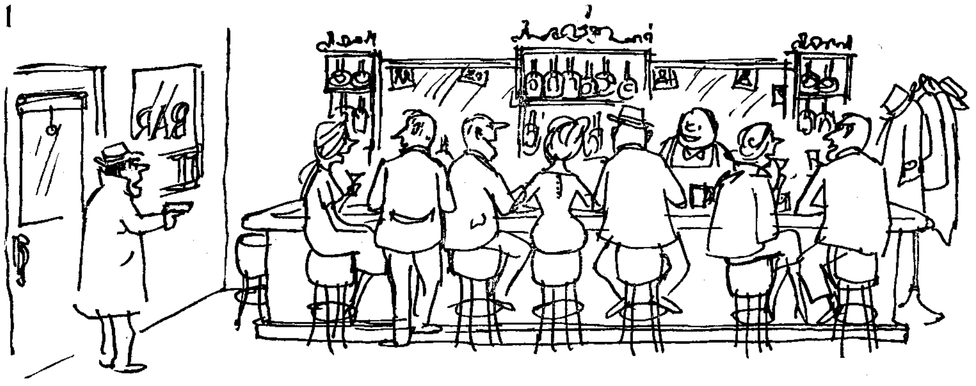
Willi said he had come to borrow our radio for use at party headquarters.

"Help yourself, Willi," said Paul. "I know you will."

Downstairs, some men were calling for my grandfather. A large truck had been backed up to the shop door, and when they had emptied the shop, my grandfather signed a form that said he was happy to contribute his share to the support of the Winter Help Fund of the parish of Fischamend.

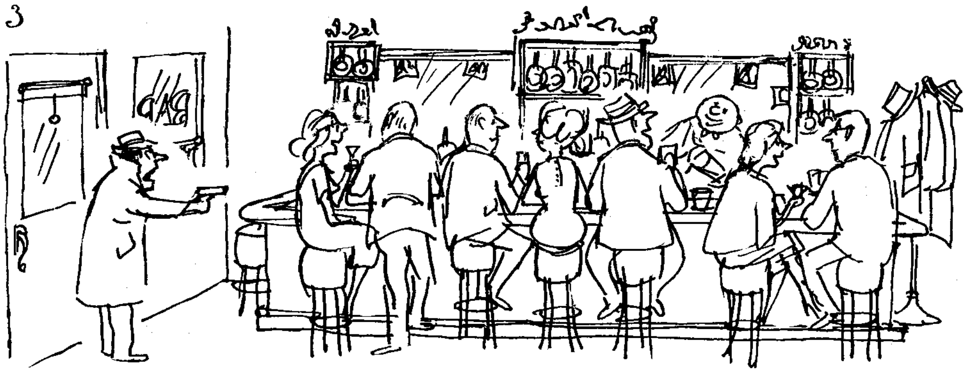
"So what?" said my grandmother when he came upstairs and told us what had happened. "You've been supporting the place for twenty years, giving

1



"THIS IS A STICKUP!"

3



"THIS IS A STICKUP!"

everything away on credit!"

"Pst!" said my father, who happened to be facing the south windows. There were heads appearing above the sill. We looked around. There were heads in the two west windows, also. Beneath the second-story windows, a narrow corrugated-iron ledge jutted out over the lower floor like a little roof. Ladders had been put against the ledge, and boys and girls from the village, wearing their uniforms, had climbed up and were sitting in our windows. They stayed all night. Now and then, one of the boys would swing his legs over the sill and step into the room with us. There were some books they didn't approve of, and possessions they did, and they carried everything portable away.

My grandfather didn't take down the shop shutters the next day. The family sat in consultation around the dining-room table. I remember sitting under the table, playing with their shoelaces and listening: It was clear that we must leave Fischamend, but we had nowhere else to go. The next evening, around dusk, the S.S. boys came and took the three men to the police station next door. My mother and grandmother waited in the room where I slept, leaning out of the window, which was open to the air, because by now every pane of glass in the upper story had been smashed. My bed was pushed against the inside wall and barricaded with a mattress. All night, even while I slept, it seems to me that I heard the two women's voices speaking softly in the darkness.

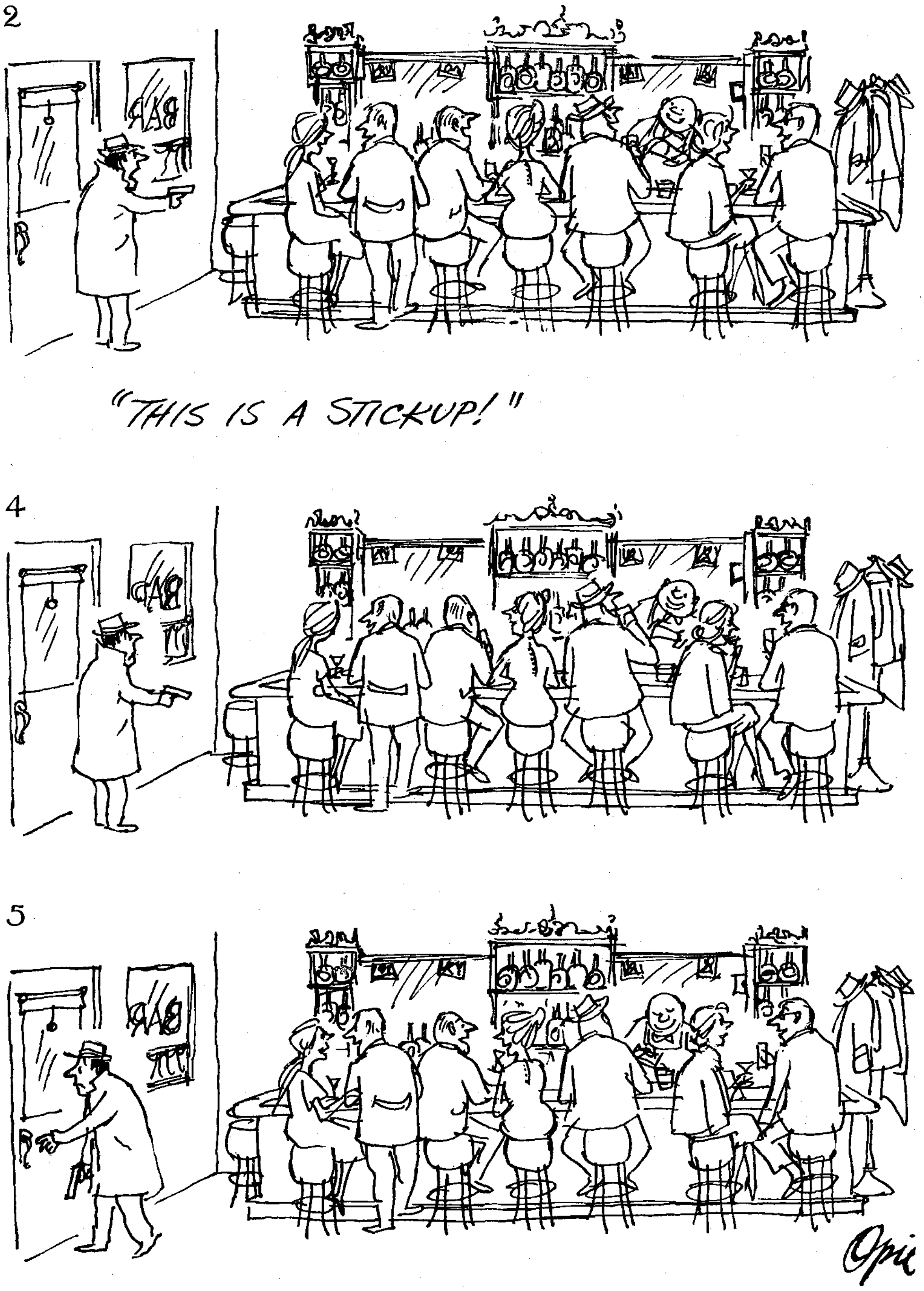
At some point, I was awake, and knew that the men were back and that my father had been slapped and that his glasses had been knocked off and broken. I have a vivid and quite false memory of this brutality, as if I had been a witness.

The lights were on in all the house, and there was much walking and opening and shutting of doors and drawers. I was still half asleep, in the chilly predawn, when my mother dressed me and told me we were catching the early train to Vienna.

By nightfall, we had all been stowed away with aunts and cousins, most of whom had already doubled up on living quarters. I was taken to stay with a school friend called Trude. The two of us danced gleefully in the hallway of the fifth-floor apartment. We were both only children. We were going to have a ball. Trude's mother told us to settle down. She was very nervous because her corset shop had been confiscated that day by the Nazis.

ON November 10th, a Jew named Grünspan assassinated a minor Nazi official on a diplomatic mission to Paris. When the news reached Vienna in the afternoon, school was dismissed. We were told to go home by the back roads. Trude's parents sat beside the radio all afternoon. Toward evening, the doorbell rang, and outside stood an elderly neighbor from across the hall, and his wife, and their immense mahogany sideboard, which they were being made to move into our flat. A couple of uniformed Nazis stood along the banisters. They said to get on with the sideboard, there was more coming. In the course of that night, they forced the five Jewish families in the apartment house to move themselves and their households into our apartment. Our rooms had the grotesque look of usual objects in unusual positions: chairs stacked high on wardrobes, a table upside down on the bed with china, books, and lamps between its legs. The Nazis were playful. One stood at an open window, joking with the guard in the street below. One had discovered the main switch and kept turning the lights off, sometimes for as long as half an hour, then off and on, and off and on. Into the middle of this walked Trude's mother's brother, hoping to hide out because his own apartment was being raided. He was intercepted by the guard at the entrance and taken away. Trude's mother stood in the doorway and wept. All night, heavy baroque furniture bumped on the stairs, and squeaked over the tiles of the hall. I sat down and howled for my mother.

A deeper shade of terror had settled over the Jewish population. I've been told that people who hunger can speak of nothing but food. With us—among the grownups—the subject was emigration. I went with my father around the city from consulate to consulate. He met a friend and stopped to talk. My father said he had heard that the American quota was closed till 1950, but an uncle in Panama was trying to get a visa for us. The friend said that he heard something was doing in the Swiss Consulate, and he was going there to put his name on the list. The subject bored me, and I slipped away to examine one of the



small flat boxes that had recently been attached to houses at street corners, where, behind chicken wire, pages of the newspaper *Der Stürmer* were fixed open for the public to read. Yesterday, I had heard an aunt tell my parents that there was an exposé this week of the private lives of well-known Viennese Jews, and that the grocer's wife had said to her, "But Mrs. Löwy, I didn't know all those famous people were Jews!" The grownups had laughed so hard and so long that I thought it must be one of those loaded jokes. I looked through the chicken wire. There was a picture of an old man with monstrous lips, and another of a very fat woman standing with her feet planted grossly wide apart, but I had no time to make anything of it, for my father came and hustled me away. "Where are we going?" I said, embarrassed to have been caught peeping.

"To the Swiss Consulate," he said. "To put our names on a list."

By the time we arrived at the Swiss Consulate, the waiting line reached into the street. A woman in the front said that she had a chance of going to Hong Kong the day after tomorrow, but if there was any chance of Switzerland coming through she might wait the week, and six voices behind her said at once, "What do you want to wait for?," and told stories of So-and-So and what had happened to him because he waited a day too long.

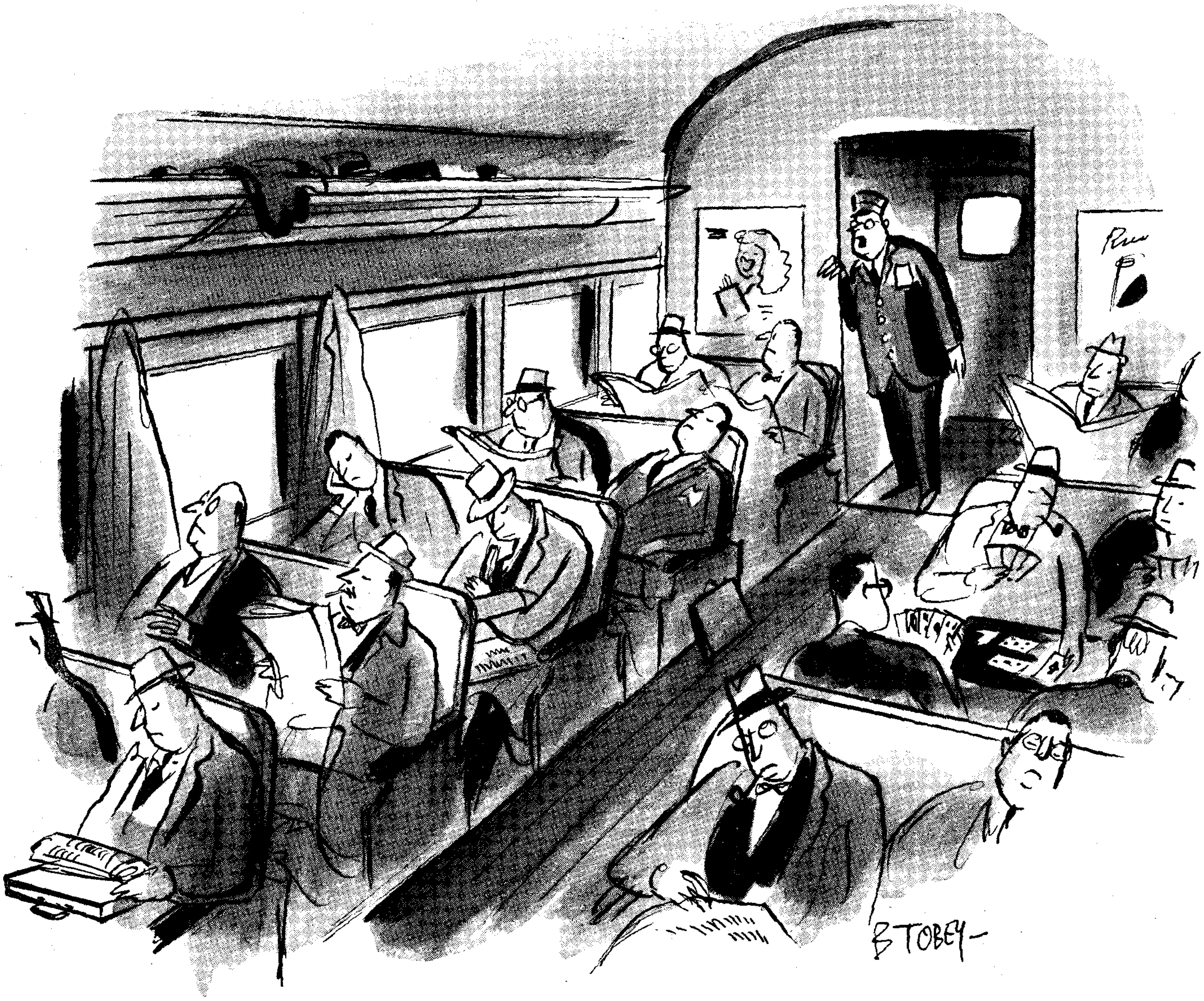
When not sitting in the waiting rooms of consulates and embassies, everybody was going to the classes that had sprung up all over the city. The Jewish professional was scurrying to learn hand skills, to feed himself and his family in countries whose language he would not know. My father, who was the originator of an accounting system for one of the city's large banks, learned machine knitting and leatherwork. The sad little purses and wallets he made turned up in our luggage for years. My mother learned large-quantity cooking. She took a course in massage, too, with Paul, and when they came to see me at Trude's house, they practiced on me. Then Paul went out of town to attend an animal-husbandry school, and I didn't see him again for eleven years.

In December, my father came one day and picked me up and took me to a huge synagogue. What looked like many thousands of parents and children were waiting in the burned-out shell of the hall and all around the galleries. The Jüdische Kultus Gemeinde (Jewish Congregation) was sending six hundred children to England, and because my mother's cousin's fiancée worked for the organization, my name was on the list. I was called to be No. 152 of the transport that left Vienna on December 10th.

As it happens, everyone in my story came away safely. We travelled by outlandish routes. My parents followed me to England within the year, on a married-couple visa: my mother was the cook and my father the butler. My uncle Paul went to the Dominican Republic as a farmhand, and as soon as he was settled brought my grandparents there. They opened a grocery in a small tropical native town.

My father is buried in the East End of London, my grandfather in Santiago. My grandmother lies in a big cemetery in New Jersey.

Except for Liesel, who is with her husband and children in Paraguay, everyone has come to live in New York. Trude is about to open her own corset shop. It occurs to me as I look around twenty years later, with the dust settled, that everyone can be seen to be doing much what they might have been doing without the upheaval of history. All but Mitzi, who came out ahead. In 1958,



"Grand Central Station . . . Sorry!"

• •

my uncle Paul had a letter that threw him into such a passion I was astonished at him. It was from a Vienna lawyer who said he represented Mrs. Karl K——, the former Mitzi ——. Mrs. K. was interested in buying the house belonging to us in Fischamend and reopening the shop. If my uncle would agree to have the accumulated taxes due on the property since September, 1938, as well as the cost of essential repairs, such as the removal of the south wing, which had been wrecked by Allied bombers, deducted from the price offered by Mrs. K., less his own fee, the 4,690.77 Austrian schillings that remained would be transmitted to the United States. A general helpless exasperation made my uncle and my mother finally close with the offer. A year later, they each received the equivalent of four hundred dollars, and Mitzi is mistress of her own house and shop.

My mother sells cakes and cookies over the counter, much as she once sold handkerchiefs and gloves in my grandfather's shop. In the evenings, she goes home and practices Mozart and Bach on the piano. She still believes that someday she will teach me to play.

I, too, under the most unlikely circumstances, did what I was always likely to do. I went to the university. I made my bicycle trips in the English Midlands and the Lake Country instead of the Italian Tyrol, and I got to walk with poets along the Thames Embankment and up Riverside Drive.

When Paul arrived in New York, in 1950, one of the first things he did was look for Dolf in the Manhattan telephone book. He found him, too. Paul went right over to Dolf's apartment, and Dolf was there, writing poetry.

Paul, of course, managed to murder his career. He is working in somebody's back office, counting and filing things. He does this badly and gets shouted at. His hair is thin and his lips are tensed. He married Dolf's sister Suse, and has two sons, Peter and John. I visited them last Thursday. I stood on my head for the boys. When I left, Paul was sitting on a chair between their beds. He was playing a toy mandolin from Macy's fifth floor, and singing the children's song that he has translated and transplanted from the German for them:

On the Hudson River
Swims a crocodile.
With his tail aquiver,
On his face a smile.

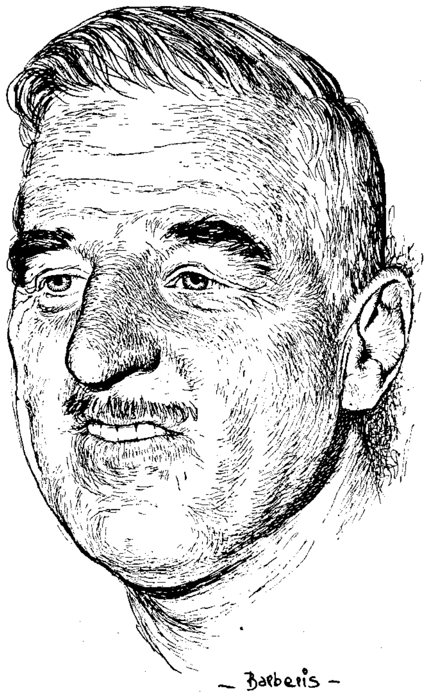
Do not use your gun.
Do not spoil his fun.
Catch him with a broomstick
Baited with a bun.

From time to time, he lays down the instrument and, under the watchful eyes of Peter and John, with no can opener, presses two triangular holes into a nonexistent beer can and out of the larger opening drinks deeply from the nourishing refreshment of the imagination. —LORE GROSZMANN SEGAL

PROFILES

AMBASSADOR

DIPLOMACY, some other claimants notwithstanding, is probably the oldest profession in the world. The first diplomats, as Sir Harold Nicolson has pointed out, were most likely anthropoid apes who divided up the jungle among themselves for hunting purposes—often so ineffectually that they were soon at each other's throats over disputed territorial rights. The apes are credited with having introduced one of the earliest diplomatic devices—diplomatic immunity, which guaranteed an emissary that, whatever else became of him, he wouldn't be murdered. Around 600 B.C., the ambassadors of the Greek city-states theoretically enjoyed the same protection, but actually their lives were always in danger. In those days, diplomacy had other drawbacks, too; ambassadors got no salary and were forbidden to accept presents, under penalty of execution, and their only compensation was a spending allowance, which, in the manner of members of the Foreign Service of the United States today, they considered far from adequate. If a man successfully brought off a mission, the most he could expect was a garland of wild-olive leaves, a free meal in the town hall, and a commemorative tablet; if he failed, he was politically destroyed, if not worse. As diplomacy was further refined, under the Byzantines and the Venetians, it became more ceremonial and more riddled with duplicity. Then, in the time of Richelieu, the French raised the level of diplomatic morality and developed diplomatic methods and procedures—intricate, perhaps, but workmanlike—that have persisted to the present time. But if the forms and trappings of diplomacy have remained much the same since the seventeenth century, the diplomatic strategies of individual nations have varied greatly with historical circumstances. In contrast to the British Foreign Office, for example, our State Department, ever since its creation, on July 27, 1789, by a simple one-page Act of Congress, has been swayed by the vicissitudes of a national foreign policy responsive to the needs of the moment, instead of adhering to a consistent philosophy of government and an enduring set of aims.



John Moors Cabot

Even before 1789, the young nation entered what has been called the Golden Age of American Diplomacy, which lasted through the third decade of the nineteenth century. Every President from Washington himself to Jackson had had some diplomatic experience, and the era was notable for a score or so of brilliant envoys, like Benjamin Franklin and John Jay, who, operating very much on their own, secured recognition for the United States and financial or military support from European nations. Then, in the eighteen-thirties, the United States withdrew into its shell, and for many years this country remained largely aloof from Europe and indifferent to its representation there, its diplomatic "corps" dwindling until it was composed mainly of men who in their youth, as family friends of earlier emissaries, had accompanied them to their posts and had found that they liked the life enough to stay on. As recently as the eve of the First World War, the United States had embassies in only ten nations—elsewhere it was represented by mere legations or consular posts—and even in 1924 the formal diplomatic corps, as distinct from the consular corps, which was somewhat larger, consisted of just a hundred and twenty-two men. In that year, the two corps merged to form the Foreign Service of the United States—a body of career men who fill practically all of our diplomatic positions, except, of course, those ambassadorships that the President sees fit to assign to outside, or "political," appointees. The United States now has embassies in ninety-three countries, and some sixteen thousand Americans and foreign citizens—two or three thousand of them Foreign Service officers and the rest specialists of one kind or another—work abroad for the State Department or for its directly affiliated agencies and deal with everything from atomic matters to crop-rotation schemes and tours of visiting American musicians. Nowadays, almost any nation, no matter how small or how new, is accorded a full-fledged ambassador once we have recognized its existence. The ambassador in each post, who is also known as Chief of Mission, shall, in the language of a 1954 Executive Order, "serve as the channel of authority on foreign policy and shall provide foreign policy direction to all representatives of United States agencies . . . and he shall assume responsibility for assuring the unified development and execution of [all] programs." In general, though an ambassador doesn't get as much chance to improvise policy as he once did, he has a far greater number of intricate day-by-day perplexities to face, the determination of which often demands on-the-spot judgments that can be at least as tough to make as basic policy decisions. An ambassador who once might have sent off his dispatches to Washington every few weeks, or even months, is now in daily or hourly telegraphic or telephonic touch with his superiors at home, and in addition he is apt to fly home fairly often for personal consultations, from which he may return to his post with a new set of directives. The expansion of our need for diplomatic representation has meant that career diplomats move from post to post far more frequently than they used to; whereas a top-ranking man formerly served in only three or four countries in his entire diplomatic lifetime, such a man is now likely to be assigned to at least a dozen posts.

On the whole, diplomatic career men find that their quiet assignments and their exciting ones average out over the years, but there are exceptions, and one veteran officer whose record shows an unusually high proportion of trouble spots is John Moors Cabot, of the Boston Cabots, who, having served through crises in Argentina, Yugoslavia, and China since the Second World War, was named in May, 1959, as Ambassador to Brazil, a country whose at-

"They're all enjoying themselves. There must be something wrong with you!"

mosphere has for some time been one of acute nationalism and economic peril. Cabot was sent to Brazil under unusual circumstances, taking over after Clare Boothe Luce had accepted the post and then immediately resigned it, following an exchange of insults with Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon. The Senator had opposed her appointment, and she had suggested that his brain was addled because he had once been "kicked in the head by a horse." While Mr. Morse had suffered mouth injuries when a horse kicked him in the face at a horse show in Virginia in 1951, it had not occurred to anyone else that he was otherwise damaged, and Mrs. Luce's diagnosis resulted in general resentment against her among his loyal colleagues in the Senate, whereupon she quit. Cabot, who was Ambassador to Colombia at the time, was then proposed for the Brazilian post, and one of the few questions put to him by senators was "Will you have to divest yourself of any interests of an equestrian nature?" Cabot, who looks horsy but isn't, replied, diplomatically, "No, I'm allergic to horses." His appointment was unanimously confirmed.

Cabot's assignment to Brazil is his eighteenth in the three and a half decades he has been a career diplomat. "It is always an emotional experience to leave one post and take up a new one," he wrote to a friend soon after his arrival in Rio de Janeiro. "A new post is something of a tonic, with new people to meet, new things to experience, new problems to face." Actually, Brazil was not altogether new to him, for he had served from 1932 through 1935 as third and then as second secretary at our Embassy in Rio. The atmosphere then, however, was considerably different, and the Cabots—he had recently married the former Elizabeth Lewis—found life gay and easygoing. Beyond the fact that he naturally has far greater responsibilities as Ambassador than he had as second secretary, and that he was faced upon his second arrival in Rio with a far more serious and touchy situation, the mere physical act of moving to Brazil was much harder for the Cabots this time than last. Back in the thirties, when they were young in the Foreign Service, they travelled light, but they have since picked up a great many possessions, and they can't resist taking the bulk of these along wherever they go—a weakness that has earned them a reputation in diplomatic circles for domestic elegance but that has caused them an increasingly severe headache with each transfer. Cabot's letter continued:

> There is a saying in the Foreign Service that three transfers are the equivalent of one fire, and as far as we're concerned that's been the case. Rain, dampness, rough handling, bad packing, insects, pilferage, and a number of other hazards must always be considered, and what made things tough this time was that we didn't know, when we went on leave to Washington in the spring from our previous post in Colombia, that we were going to be transferred. So everything in Bogotá had to be packed for us by other people, and despite all the care that was taken, needless to say, there was a certain confusion. We remembered the ambassadorial residence in Rio as a large, rather pretentious house that has all the charm and intimacy of a railway station, and we knew it would not be a small task to soften its appearance with our personal things and make it a pleasanter place in which to live. As a rule, what we haven't lugged around from post to post we've stored in our home in Washington or in our summer residence, in Manchester, Massachusetts. Since the Rio residence is so big, we had to pull down a lot of stuff from both places. Fortunately, with pictures, books, scrolls, silver, and assorted knickknacks, the place no longer looks so imposingly empty as it did at first.

While Mrs. Cabot assumed most of the burden of getting the Rio house in order, her husband concentrated on paying the courtesy calls expected of a newly arrived diplomat. In this round,

©DANA PERFUMES CORP., 1961

TABU
the 'forbidden' fragrance
TABU
TABU
Dana
PARIS–NEW YORK
PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

DENMARK • FINLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN

Scandinavia

FOUR VACATIONS IN ONE!

For a *fascinating* holiday, easy-to-reach Scandinavia is your best vacation buy. Visit *all four* countries and see as much of each as your time will allow. Majestic fjords, picturesque countrysides, lovely cities, fairy-tale towns, sparkling lakes by the thousands, and—a flower-covered Arctic with its Midnight Sun. Go in May or June—it's SCANDINAVIAN FESTIVAL time—or in September, to see and shop for the latest home furnishings during the DESIGN CAVALCADE.

Lands of Sunlit Nights

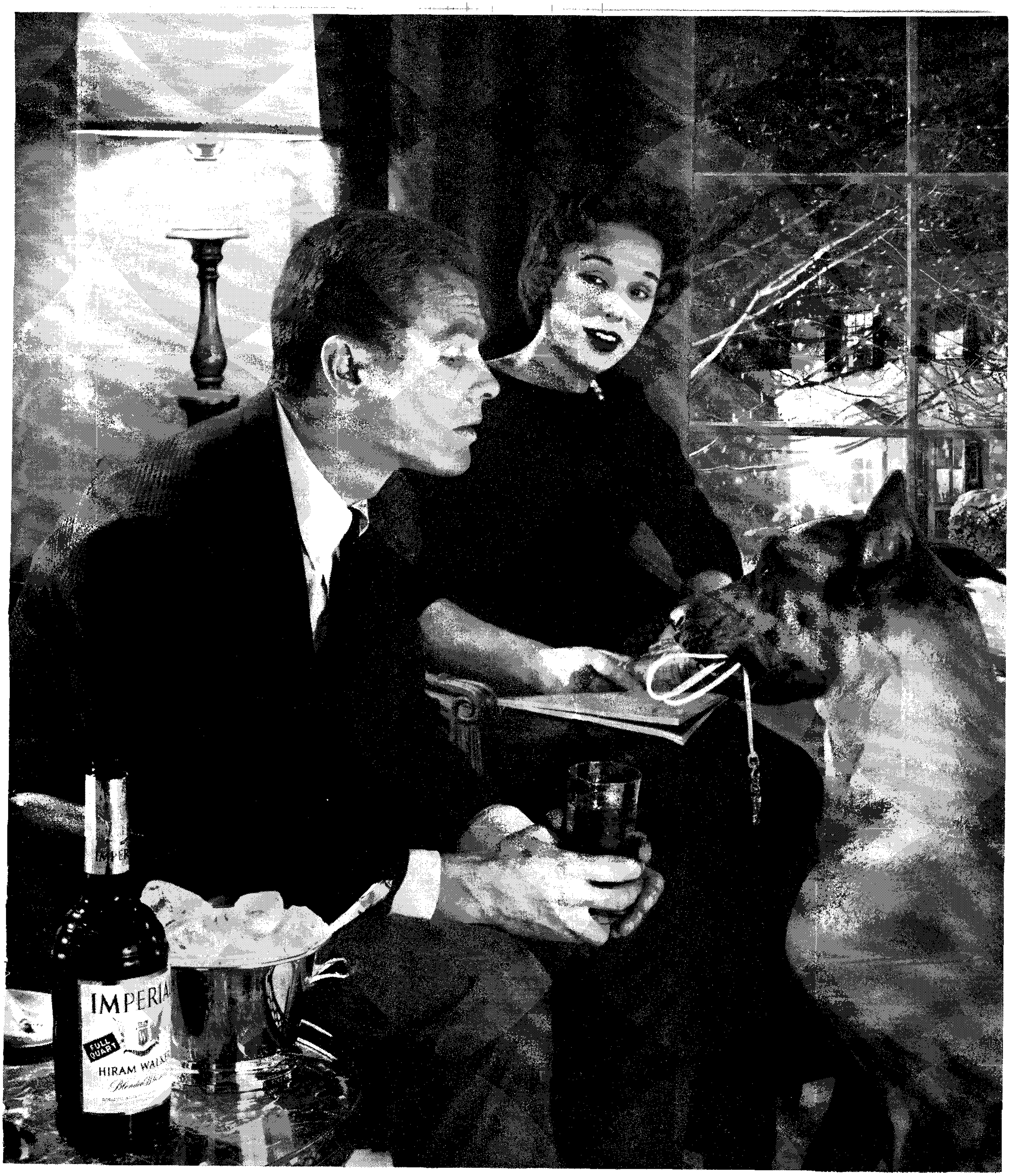
See a Travel Agent. Write:
SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION
Dept. 26, Box 260, New York 17, N. Y.

Lord & Taylor

Oh, to be in New York again now that I've found the briefly jacketed sleeveless sheath. Dacron® polyester and cotton, in black and taupe or olive and putty, sizes 6 to 16 by Craely, 24.95 Spectator Dress Shop, Second Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York

he had to visit about fifty other ambassadors and also pay his respects to perhaps twenty-five high-ranking Brazilian officials. Moreover, he also had to entertain all of them, which, Cabot said, called for "considerable generalship" on the part of his wife. Luckily, Mrs. Cabot has long since mastered the arts of diplomatic courtesy and logistics. Wherever they go, she imports certain American specialties from S. S. Pierce, in Boston, and she makes a point of serving menus that are a mixture of American dishes, French dishes, and the dishes of whatever country she and her husband are in. In each new country, she quickly has to acquaint herself with the social hierarchy—a job that goes far beyond a mere observance of the standard rules of "Protocol, Precedence, and Formalities" that are set forth in the "Foreign Service Manual"—and she is proud of being able to say that she has never seated anyone improperly at the dinner table. In Rio, the Cabots seldom have an evening to themselves; if they aren't entertaining, they are being entertained, by Brazilians or by other members of the diplomatic colony. Cabot doesn't much enjoy rich, formal dinners—his wife says that each week he begins to look green after his fourth—but he realizes they are both unavoidable and, on occasion, valuable. "The social whirl in the old days was a major feature of diplomacy, and this was mainly because the people who created policy were the ones who would naturally circulate socially," he says. "It's still true, of course, though not nearly to the extent it was. Now you have to entertain and go out, but you also have to find time to do what you consider really important—moving around the country and talking to all kinds of people, for instance. These activities keep you awfully busy and make diplomatic life more complicated, but then all life is more complicated nowadays, isn't it?"

Life for Cabot in the nearly two years he has now been in Brazil has been complicated by severer trials than receptions and dinner parties, especially during the last several months, when there was a changeover in administration in Brazil as well as in the United States. With the election last October of Jánio Quadros, as President, replacing Juscelino Kubitschek, and with the election of President Kennedy, Cabot had to deal with the reorientation of American economic and social policy in Brazil. This task was not made any easier for Cabot by his uncertainty over his own future—whether or not President Kennedy would want him to re-


IMPERIAL
FULL QUART
HIRAM WALKER

IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER

Knowledgeable people drink Imperial.

It's a matter of taste (and value).

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

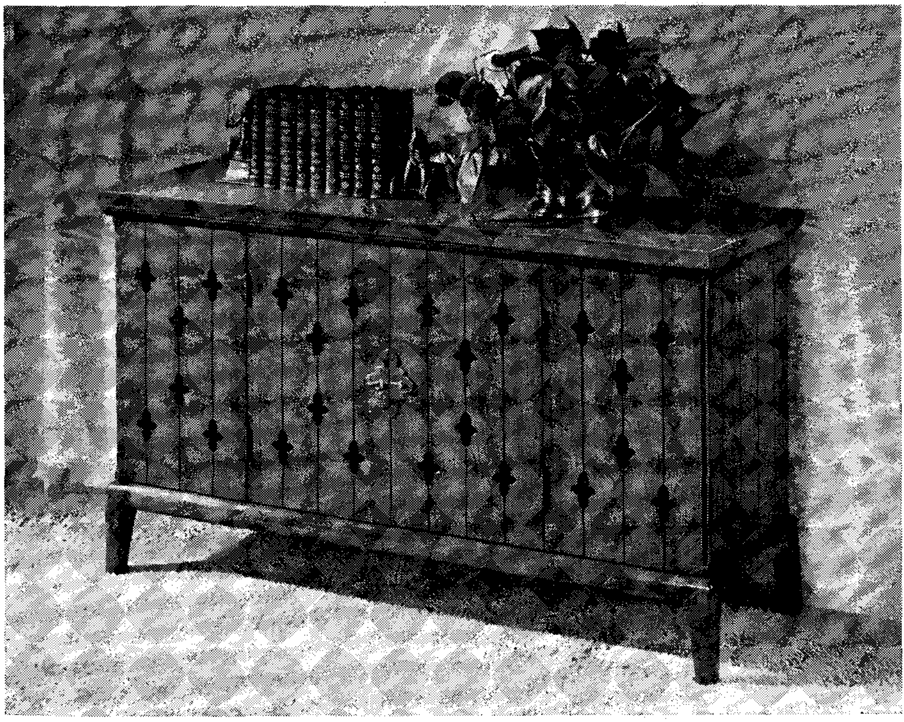
BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS
70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

(*Advertisement*)

DEPARTMENT
OF
ORNITHOLOGY
PROFESSOR

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Wise birds know it naturally! Wise executives know it from experience! No matter what your business is, be sure to feather your nest with quiet, comfortable, inviting Bigelow Carpets. Special designs, colors and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.



CIRCA '60 . . . the smooth contemporary look enhanced by Henredon's distinctive designs and versatile innovations. This beautifully made cabinet is planned to move easily into a living room, dining room or hall. The finish is walnut...the top is lovely, durable flagstone.

Henredon
fine furniture

For booklets showing living room, dining room and bedroom collections, send 50¢ to Henredon, Dept. NY3-4, Morganton, North Carolina.

main in Brazil. There were a number of rumors, in fact, that he was about to be transferred, but finally, in mid-February, the President announced that Cabot, along with a number of other career ambassadors, was being asked to stay in his post indefinitely, and the guess now is that he will be there another year, anyway. During the period of suspense, Cabot was diverted by the truly extraordinary problem of the Santa Maria, the Portuguese luxury liner that was seized by a group of rebels opposing the Salazar regime, in Portugal. After running its wild course, the Santa Maria was finally tracked down at sea by American search planes, and Cabot was engaged in some fast last-minute dickering to obtain permission for United States Navy planes to conduct the ship to the Brazilian port of Recife. When the ship docked, Cabot's staff, with the help of American Navy officers, had to see to it that the forty-two American passengers were safely debarked and that plans were made for their return to the United States. "I've had a lot of strange things to do in my diplomatic career, but this was the first time I had to contend with that sort of tangle," Cabot remarked afterward. "We were negotiating in some pretty murky political waters, and the switchover of regimes in Brazil didn't make things any easier."

Cabot has a natural proclivity for involving himself personally in the problems of a country he is in, and he has done so right along in Brazil. Early in 1959, nationalist pressure had brought about the seizure by the Kubitschek government of an American-owned power plant in the town of Pôrto Alegre, and additional seizures have since been threatened, accompanied by insistent agitation to resume diplomatic and commercial ties with the Soviet Union and, now, with Communist China as well. Even before Cabot was through observing his initial diplomatic amenities, in the spring of 1959, he began delivering public speeches aimed at correcting the deteriorating relations between Brazil and the United States, and the results he achieved undoubtedly had a lot to do with President Kennedy's decision to keep him at his post. Cabot has successfully resorted to this direct approach on several occasions in the past; over the last decade he has acquired the reputation in the State Department of being a singularly effective grass-roots diplomat. Though he retains many of his Bostonian ways, he is not one of those Cabots who communicate only with God, and in every country where he has served, he has made it a point to

Captured in glass—the delicate touch of a Japanese landscape. Exquisite line—intense color—exciting texture in a gossamer drapery fabric Thorp calls Midseason. This is Fiberglas*, the fabric you can choose for beauty alone without giving a thought to its care. It's perfectly washable . . . never, never needs ironing . . . can't shrink, stretch or sag . . . sun-loving and fire-safe, too, because it's glass. Available at all Thorp showrooms through your decorator. In New York, $6.75 a yard.

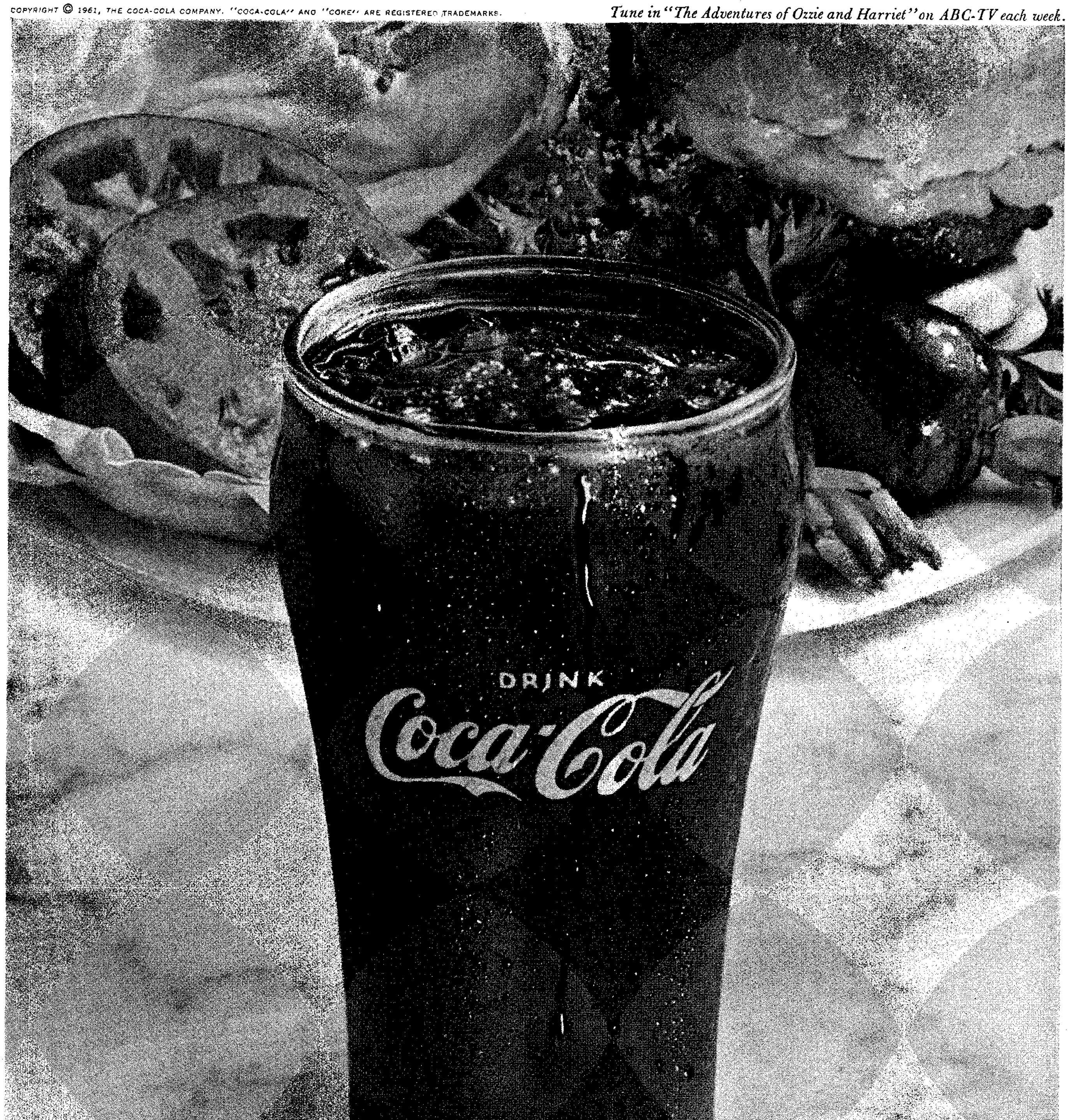
*Owens-Corning's Trademark

OWENS-CORNING
FIBERGLAS
makes the glass yarns, not the fabrics

See more of the latest window fabrics in the Fiberglas Fabric Center, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street.

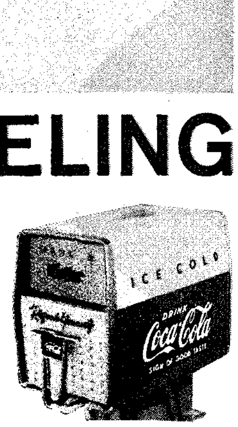
COPYRIGHT © 1961, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS.

Tune in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" on ABC-TV each week.


DRINK
Coca-Cola

Enjoy that **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**

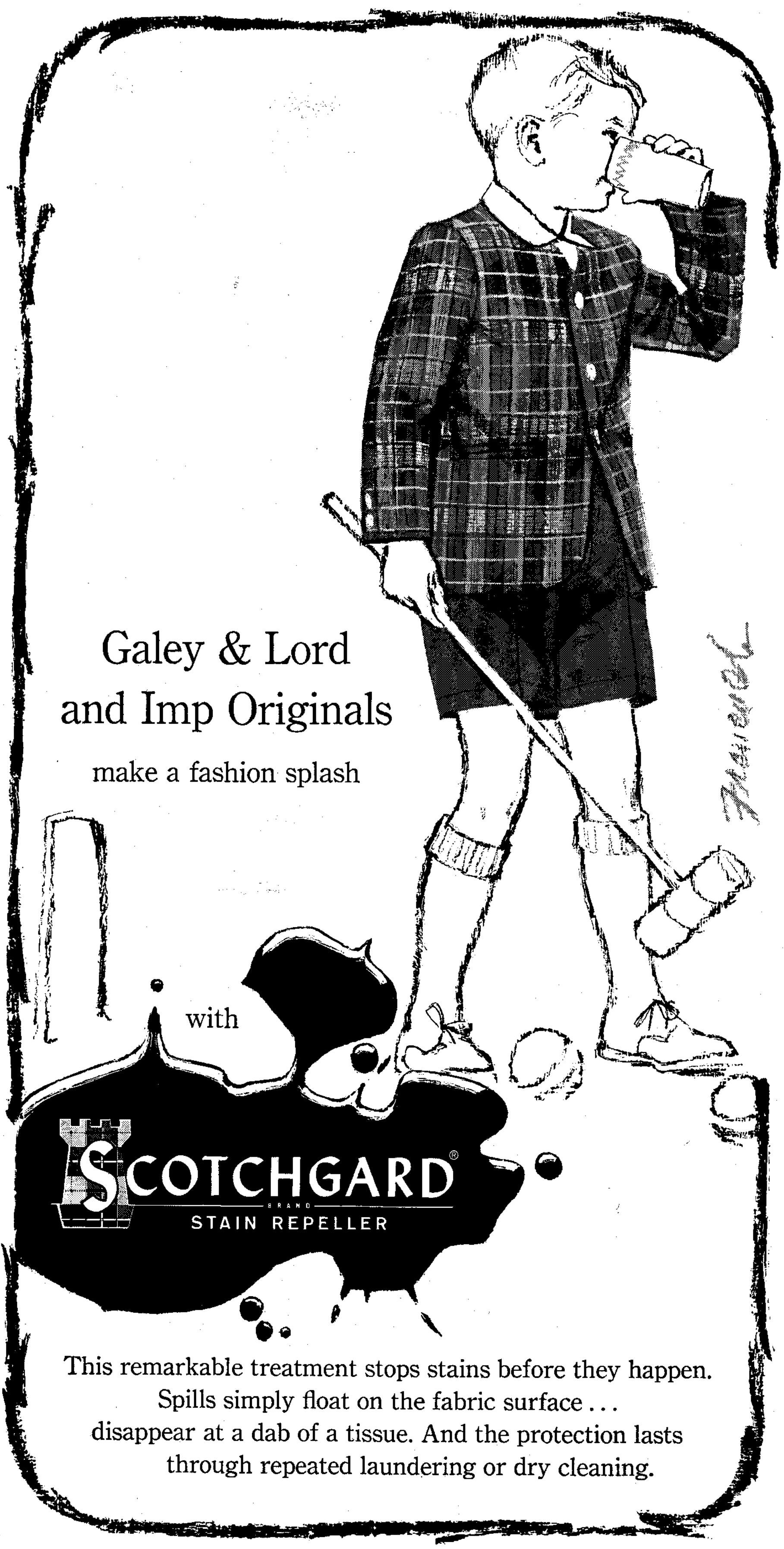
you get from Coke! Put zing in your busy day and more zest in your meals with ice-cold Coca-Cola at your favorite fountain. Coca-Cola refreshes you best!


ICE COLD
DRINK
Coca-Cola
SIGN OF GOOD TASTE

get about and talk with as many people as possible; besides making speeches before formal groups in the principal centers of the country he is stationed in, he beats around the countryside, answering questions at informal gatherings of average citizens, who, he finds, are invariably both puzzled and vastly misinformed about what the United States is up to. Cabot believes that almost everything a nation as big and powerful as the United States does is bound to be subjected to the closest scrutiny abroad, and that it is best to meet any criticisms and doubts openly and head on.

Cabot, who is fifty-nine years old, is the only member of his immediate family ever to have chosen a diplomatic career (Henry Cabot Lodge is his fourth cousin once removed), and by doing so he broke a tradition in which practically all Cabots became merchants or industrialists or doctors. He is in the fortunate position of benefiting from a family fortune that provides him with a private income of generous proportions—something that an ambassador needs nowadays unless he is willing to limit his entertaining to the modest sort made possible by his allowance from the State Department. As an ambassador—or Career Minister, to give him his official Foreign Service title—Cabot gets a salary of twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, and his so-called representation allowance in Brazil is eight thousand dollars a year, which is fairly high as these things go, yet is scarcely adequate for the amount of entertaining he has to do. Cabot's money does not come, as some Latin-American critics of United States policy have charged, from the United Fruit Company, of which his older brother Thomas was once president, but from the Cabot Corporation, the world's largest producer of carbon black. The company, which has annual sales of sixty million dollars, was started back in 1882 by Cabot's father, Godfrey Lowell Cabot, who has just turned a hundred, and who, until he began to decline in health a few years ago, walked spryly every day, rain or shine, between the family's Boston home, at 242 Beacon Street, and his office on Franklin Street, two miles away. Thomas Cabot now runs the business, and though John was never interested in it as such, he hasn't objected to sharing in its profits.

Despite having rejected a typical Cabot career, the Ambassador remains unquestionably a Cabot in manner and appearance. He is tall—six feet three—and rangy, and has a long, rather bony

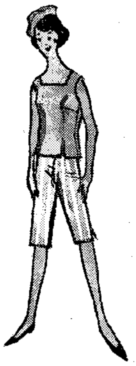


Galey & Lord
and Imp Originals
make a fashion splash
with
SCOTCHGARD® BRAND
STAIN REPELLER
This remarkable treatment stops stains before they happen.
Spills simply float on the fabric surface . . .
disappear at a dab of a tissue. And the protection lasts
through repeated laundering or dry cleaning.

Imp Originals plays plaid jacket to solid-color shorts. Dacron* polyester/cotton blend, shielded from stains by "Scotchgard" Repeller. Stone-blue and berry tones; toddler 2 to 4; regular 3 to 6. About $13. Macy's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Meier & Frank, Portland; L. Strauss, Indianapolis.

*Reg. T.M. ©1961 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.

3M COMPANY



Fleischman stripes Strawberry Pink and Classic Blue Denim with clear White for new Biarritz Sunabouts. Crisp sophisticates in wrinkle-free "Endowed" Denim by
McCAMPBELL

right: back-buttoned Target Sundress about $16
above: Knee Pants about $8
Back-buttoned Overblouse about $7

WOODWARD & LOTHROP Washington, D.C.
MARSHALL FIELD Chicago
J. W. ROBINSON Los Angeles

Ask any policyholder of ours what he or she thinks of our policies, our representatives, our company. If you conclude the answer is prejudiced—too favorable, too many superlatives—then ask any of our competitors. It's a matter of great satisfaction to us that our competitors speak as well of us as do our policyholders.

Benefit is our middle name

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

face, with a long, thin nose beneath a lofty brow. He wears a carefully trimmed mustache on a broadly curved upper lip that is often raised in a toothy smile but seldom in a hearty laugh. His bouncy movement and exceptionally long legs suggest a tennis player, and, in fact, he is one, having won trophies in club tournaments in a number of the capitals to which he has been assigned. On the court, he dresses in flawless, formal white. Elsewhere, he dresses well but casually, fancying white shirts with button-down collars and soft-colored suits and ties. While the State Department is more tolerant of informality these days than it used to be, Cabot occasionally carries the new tendency to a point that embarrasses some of his more conservative confreres. One Foreign Service officer recalls an evening in Washington when he and his wife were to meet the Cabots at the Sulgrave Club for dinner before they all went out on a bowling date. "There was some question about how to dress, and I compromised on a brown flannel suit and a pair of rubber-soled sports shoes," this associate says, "but when we got to the club, Jack came striding in with the dirtiest pair of tennis shoes on I've ever seen, along with an old pair of slacks and a sports jacket. Eyebrows went up all over the dining room, but, being a Cabot, he didn't mind at all."

If being a Cabot makes it easy for the Ambassador to disregard censure, there are times when it weighs him down. "Jack is proud of his name, of course, but he wears it and his background as both a sceptre and a scar," another of his diplomatic associates has said. "There's nothing ostentatious about him, and he's not any kind of a snob, or even an iota snooty. In fact, he's extremely gregarious and friendly, not to say a bit Saint Bernardish. He can't help what he is, though. Just being a Boston Brahmin has made him give quite a lot of people the impression that he's a stiff fellow. It's something he's fully aware of, and he fights it all the time, but no matter how hard he fights, he can never convince some people that he's anything but an inbred New Englander. You can take one look at Jack and listen to him say five words, and you know he couldn't possibly be from one of the rectangular states. The historical state is obviously his home. He would never get into a club in Peoria." Another Foreign Service officer who admires Cabot's zeal for roving about but who isn't convinced that he ever gets to know people really well, or that people get to know him, says,

There are four fine Chryslers: Newport, Windsor, New Yorker and the most powerful of all—300/G.

300
G

SAND BLASTER

Point the 300-G down a sandy trail well off the beaten track.

Stop it. Start it again . . . just for the boot you'll get out of it!

The "G" will blast up a veritable "sandstorm" around you . . . plus a deep-throated growl that tells you this is no mild-mannered car when it has a job to do! This tiger is fitted out with a superb suspension design that gives you track-sure handling on roughest terrain and "hairiest" turn.

Its walloping getaway stems from a ram-induction powerhouse. 30-inch manifold tubes ram fuel and air into the chambers with incredible velocity. You get ground-missile acceleration. And you feel it when the "G's" wrap-around leather bucket seat gives you a spine-tingling belt in the back!

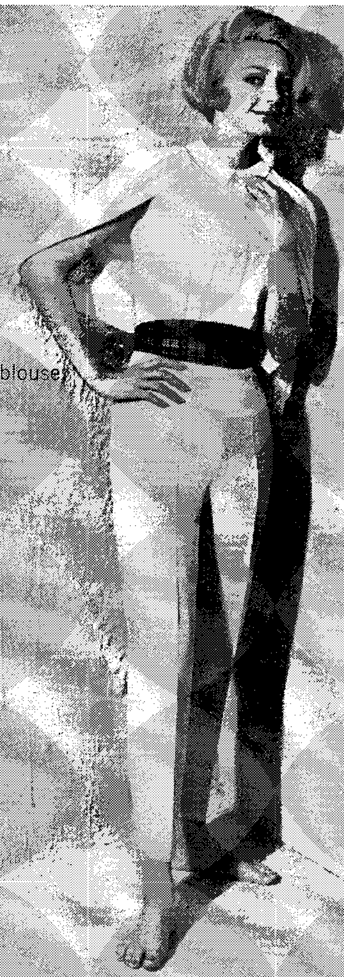
Talents like these, inherited from its spirited sire, the 300-F, prompted Tom McCahill, dean of automobile experts to say:

"As a Gran Turismo competitor nothing can come close to this hell-for-leather product!"*

Orchids like these are rare. But then the "G" (be it hardtop or convertible) is admittedly a rare kind of car for a rare kind of man.

***Article on 300-F in Mechanix Illustrated, May 1960.**

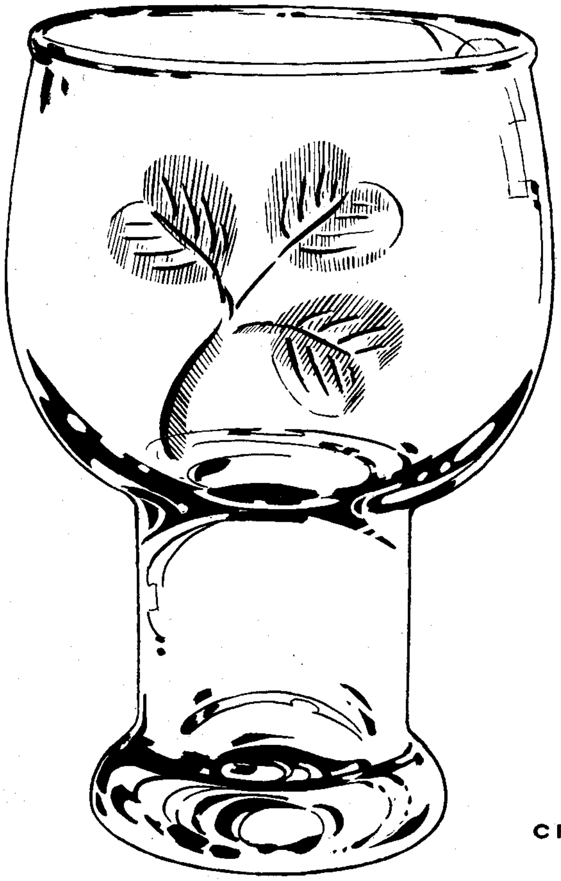
CHRYSLER 300/G



DENIM DANDYS

For the first time—
tapered, well-tailored DENIM slacks.
All cotton in faded blue, navy,
or oyster white denim.
Sizes 10-16 **11.95**
Shown with a white cotton sleeveless blouse.
Sizes 10-16 **7.95**
PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



8 CHEERS FOR THE IRISH

Looking for the newest in beer goblets? Here it is in crystal clear glass with hand-engraved shamrocks. Not just for adults, it's so right for colleens and their lads when serving sodas and "black cows." The luck of the Irish holds true :

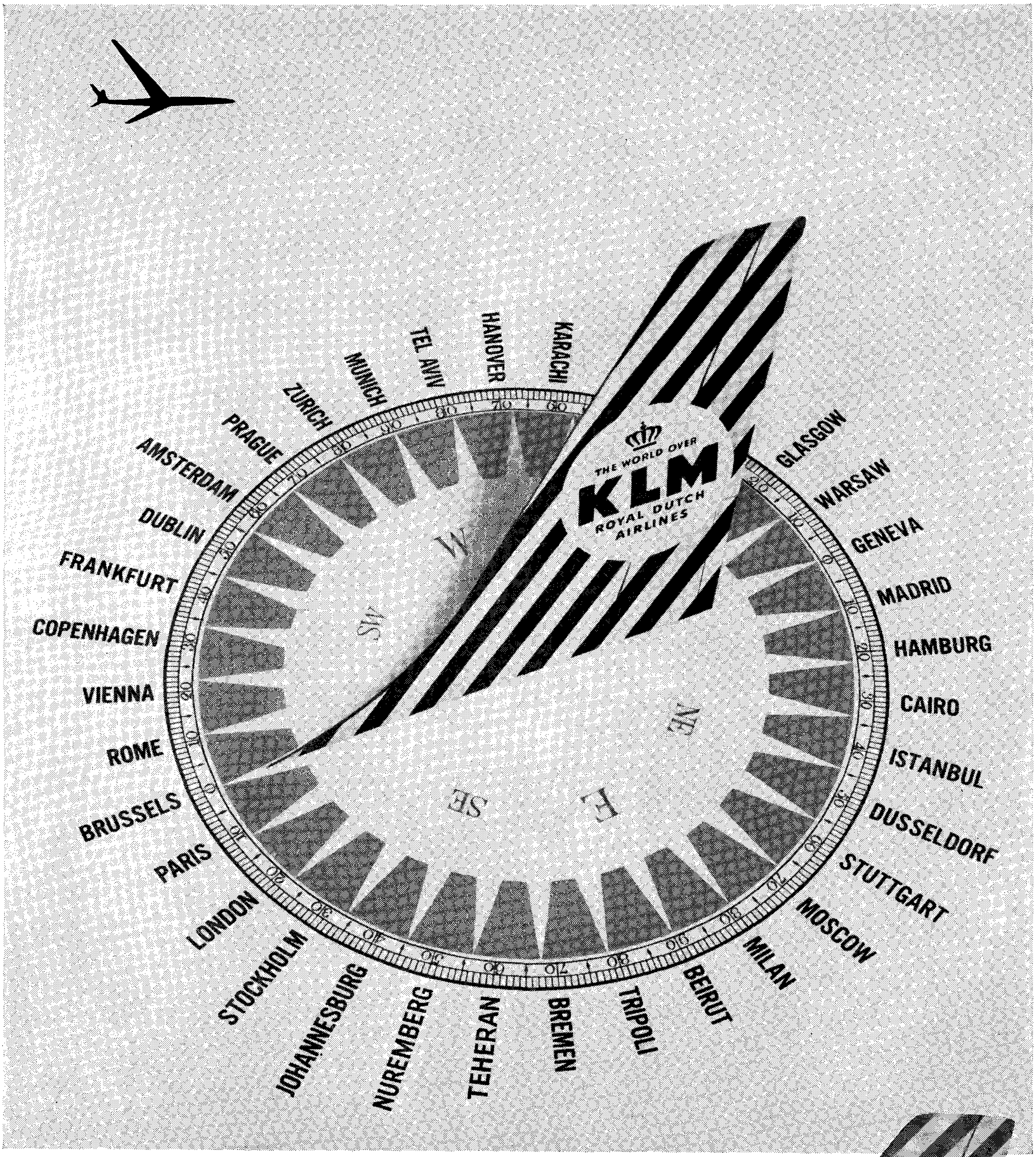
8 Shamrock Beer Goblets ONLY $7.50

Please add 75¢ shipping charge.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.
Tel. COpley 7-9100
FROM OUR SECOND FLOOR GIFT SHOP

"I could never get over the feeling, whenever I went to see him, that I ought to have my cap in my hand." And an American businessman in Scandinavia, recalling that he first saw Cabot at a Sibelius festival in Helsinki a number of years ago, recalls, "He was sitting with his head tilted up, his long nose in the air, his lips pursed, his mustache aquiver, and my first instinct was to sock him in the jaw. The more I came to know him, the more I realized he really wasn't the way he looked and acted, and the better I liked him. It was a strange thing, though—as we got to be good friends, I switched from calling him 'Mr. Cabot' to 'Sir,' and ended up with 'Mr. Ambassador.' "

The members of the Cabot clan, who, according to the Ambassador's wife, "are many, tight-knit, and passionate about each other," are his staunchest admirers but also his severest critics. His brother Thomas, who prefers sailing and mountain climbing to tennis, says, "Jack has struggled hard against both clumsiness and shyness, and thirty years of being in the public eye and being forced to make speeches have had an obvious impact. Even though he's not a finished speaker and often sounds bored, he gets through to his listeners, all right. He has a good sense of humor but often doesn't understand the sort of thing that lots of other people consider funny. He's always thoughtful and reflective, and I think he is gifted with shrewd insight when it comes to why and when men's minds are for you or against you." Being a notably successful analyst and interpreter of foreign developments—among his major accomplishments for the State Department may be listed his prediction, in 1947, that a break between Tito and Stalin not only was possible but perhaps ought to be promoted, and his carefully documented account of what was happening in Shanghai in 1948 that would cause the Kuomintang to lose China to the Communists—Cabot has grown so used to airing his views that he has been known to follow up his reports to Washington with long letters to members of his family in which he explains what he thinks not only about the country he happens to be in but also about countries where he has previously been or hasn't been yet. He was stationed in Guatemala in 1939, and when war broke out in Europe that September, he immediately began to write letters home fervently advocating American entrance at once on the side of the Allies, and warning of the disaster that he foresaw if this country remained neutral. His words are more effec-


KARACHI
HANOVER
TEL AVIV
MUNICH
ZURICH
PRAGUE
AMSTERDAM
DUBLIN
FRANKFURT
COPENHAGEN
VIENNA
ROME
BRUSSELS
PARIS
LONDON
STOCKHOLM
JOHANNESBURG
NUREMBERG
TEHERAN
BREMEN
TRIPOLI
BEIRUT
MILAN
MOSCOW
STUTTGART
DUSSELDORF
ISTANBUL
CAIRO
HAMBURG
MADRID
GENEVA
WARSAW
GLASGOW
THE WORLD OVER
KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES
W
SW
SE
E
NE

WHEREVER BUSINESS TAKES YOU... FLY KLM

KLM makes it a small world indeed, with routes linking 108 cities in 77 countries. The most advanced aircraft—Royal 8 Jet and DC-7C—across the Atlantic from New York, Houston, Montreal, Mexico. Flawless Dutch service every moment, everywhere. Remember, professionals plan better trips, so see your travel agent or call KLM. IT'S A TREAT TO GO DUTCH!

KLM, 609 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

THE WORLD OVER
KLM
ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES

tive on paper than when spoken at the conference table or in the drawing room. "Even in the bosom of his family, Jack can sound stuffy as hell when he starts talking," Ralph Bradley, a retired businessman who is married to Cabot's sister Eleanor, says. "You ask him 'Jack, what about this or that?' and he immediately mounts a rostrum, clears his throat, puts on his judicial wig, ties it to his left ear, and begins. He'll give you all the pros and cons of a situation, and then he'll come out and say what he really thinks. It's probably all part of clarifying the issues in his own mind, but it can be awfully protracted. Yet he's wonderfully objective, and that's his strength."

Cabot's analytical approach is not confined to assessments of the international situation; it also extends to the problems of being a diplomat and to the nature of diplomacy itself. Seven years ago, at a meeting of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, in Boston, he delivered a speech called "Why Diplomats Don't Behave Like Human Beings," which was afterward much quoted in the State Department, and which contained these passages:

> I hope I will be able to show you that we don't behave as we do because we like to be stuffy. We often sound stuffy because we have learned that anything else may spoil the job we are trying to do. . . . When foreign affairs had not yet become a matter of crucial national interest, our diplomats used to be criticized for wearing striped pants and spats while they pushed cookies at pink tea parties. I haven't seen a pair of spats in our Service for over twenty years, and as for the rest of it, I hope there is a special corner reserved in the nether regions where in the hereafter our critics will be forced to attend *all* the social activities of which they so glibly complain. . . . Diplomatic problems might . . . be simpler if they were of the here today and gone tomorrow type, like the ordinary headache. Unhappily they seldom are. Nations may quickly forget the wrong they have done others, but they never forget the wrongs others have done them. . . . Decisions made, an imprudent act committed, precedents established, an indiscretion published even decades ago may arise today to plague the diplomat. Impatient citizens may inquire: Why didn't you do that? Why be so namby-pamby? Why don't you tell some of these foreign slickers off? They forget that every decision tends to point inexorably the path to the next. . . . Diplomats often do not have a choice between good and bad decisions. Many diplomatic decisions must be between what is bad and what is unthinkable. . . . In many diplomatic questions one is dealing primarily in imponderables—in rivalries, suspicions, jealousies, sensitivities, piques. . . . There is often no way of knowing precisely what the people you are dealing with are thinking, or what their real objectives are. . . . A diplo-

ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 St. James's Street, London
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

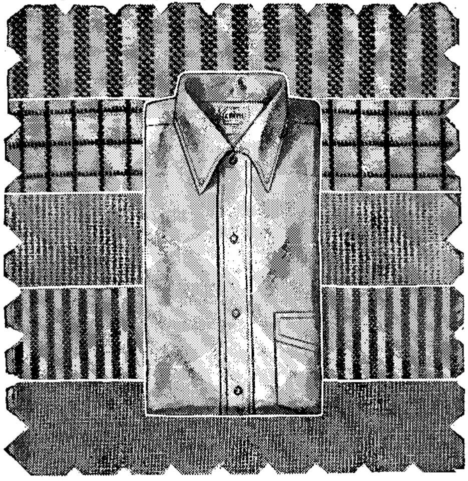
SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE CUTTY SARK THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

J. PRESS SHIRTS

From only select Combed Cotton fine count shirting fabrics J. PRESS Shirts are cut fully, proportioned perfectly and sewn carefully with slow running needles. Many thousand dozens of our Button Down Collar Shirts have been worn and approved by 59 years of J. PRESS customers.

All are coat style with broad back pleat, button down collar points and back, button flap pocket and button cuffs. Entirely exclusive — J. PRESS Shirts *cannot* be obtained elsewhere.



Combed Cotton Broadcloth.
Plain White or Blue. $6.75
Combed Cotton Oxford.
Plain White, Blue or Lime. $6.75
Pullover style. White or Blue. $7.00
Brushed Cotton Fine Herringbone.
Cream-White. $7.50
Block Stripe Combed Cotton Oxford.
Blue, Olive or Old Gold on White. $7.50
Fine Cotton Oxford Tattersalls.
Navy and Marine Checks on White or Black and Red Checks on White. $7.50
Hairline Combed Cotton Madralyte.
Pale Blue, Gray or Tan on White. $7.50
Candy Stripe Combed Cotton Madralyte.
Blue or Gray on White. $7.50
End and End Madras.
Pale Blue only. $7.50

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York Street, New Haven, Conn. State collar and sleeve size. Add 60c for mailing. Send for Color Illustrated Brochure.

CURRENT EXHIBITS

Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
March 8th & 9th
Columbus
Deshler-Hilton Hotel
March 6th & 7th
Dayton
Van Cleve Hotel
March 10th & 11th
Detroit
Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel
March 6th & 7th

Indianapolis
Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel
March 8th & 9th
Louisville
Brown Hotel
March 10th & 11th
Toledo
Commodore Perry Hotel
March 3rd & 4th

Exhibit Dates For 31 Other Cities On Request.

Since 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.
262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

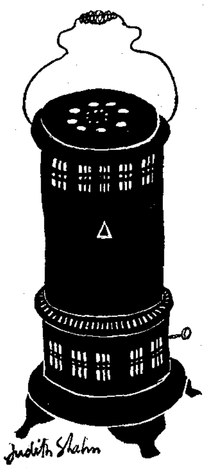
I. MAGNIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

A flower print as vivid and color-rich as a Gauguin painting . . . our beautiful cotton dress by Marjorie Michael to bloom now and in the summer months ahead, yellow-and-green or turquoise-and-lilac on white, 8 to 16 sizes 59.95

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

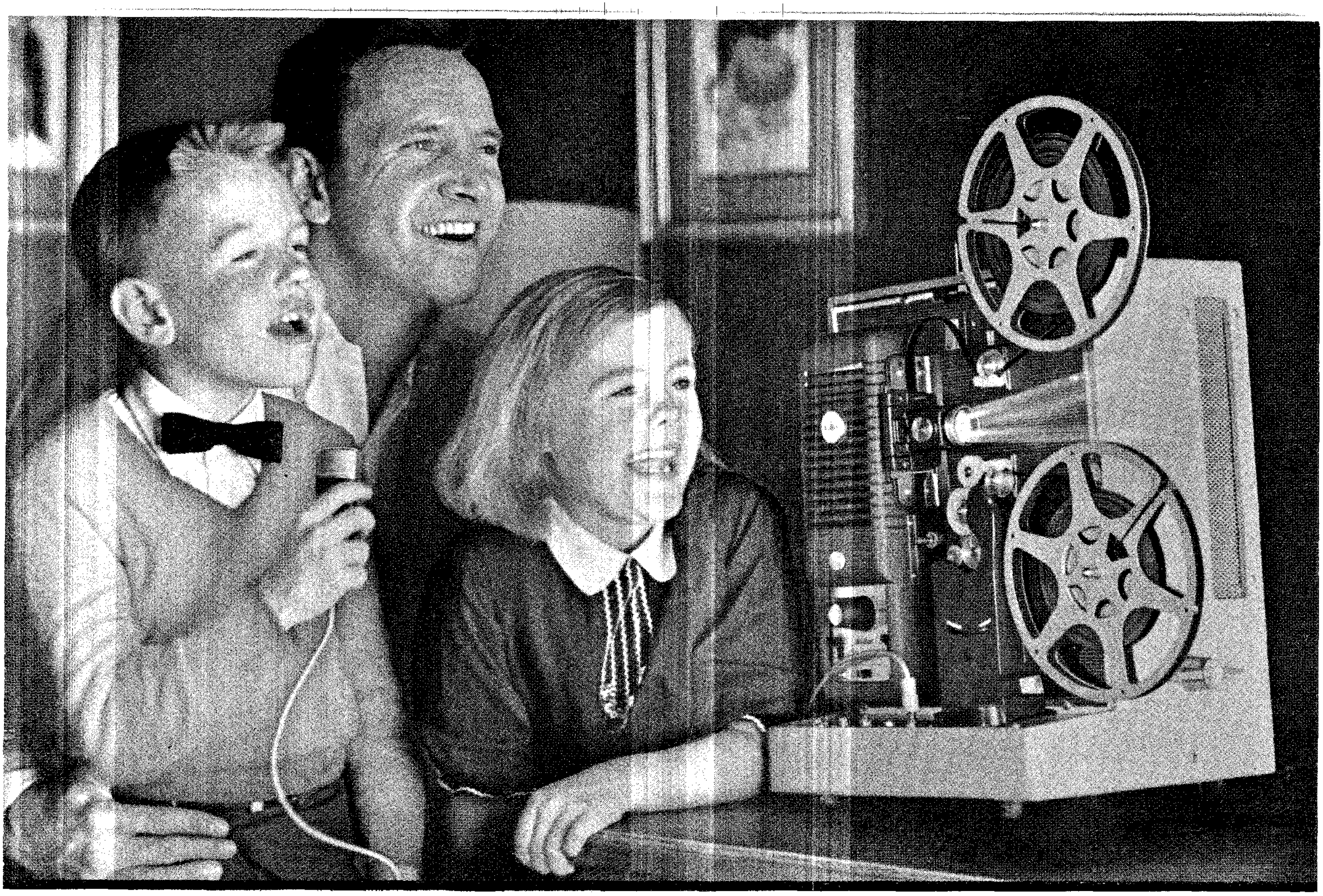
mat . . . must seek to act wisely on the basis of his forecasts—and he must never forget to have his rubbers and his raincoat handy even when the diplomatic forecast is "fair." . . . When a diplomat gets hit by critical mudballs, it is practically impossible for him to make a real reply. . . . Obviously, in a name-calling contest with his critics, a diplomat hasn't a fair chance to get his story before the public. . . . He cannot betray confidences. He cannot reveal secret information, often obtained from secret sources. He cannot cackle in triumph over a good deal he has made, or his opposite number in another country will be on the spot, and he will pay plenty when he next tries to negotiate.

Notwithstanding Cabot's dissertation on the restraints imposed upon a diplomat's tongue, he has a reputation in the State Department for blunt speaking. "If he believes in something, he speaks up, and he doesn't care where the chips fall," one of his friends there says. Significantly, his candid talk to the ladies in Boston was made right after he had been eased out of his biggest job to date—that of Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs—and was in a state of diplomatic limbo, with his appointment as Ambassador to Sweden still unconfirmed. In the same speech, by obvious implications, he criticized Senator Joseph McCarthy, who was then riding high as a foe of Communists and was not exactly the safest target for a Foreign Service man to go after. Cabot's admirers believe that he could not have spoken otherwise—that his frankness is not an acquired characteristic but a family trait.



CABOT was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on December 11, 1901. He had two brothers (the elder, James, died in 1930) and one sister, all older than he. "Jack was very much the youngest of the family—an inward-turning boy who at the age of four already had an uncanny knowledge of geography," his sister recalls. "He was always waking me up in the middle of the night to ask if I knew the depth of the Mozambique Channel, or something equally ridiculous." Cabot's mother was the late Maria Moors Cabot, in whose name and memory, at his instigation, his father has endowed several journalism prizes awarded annually by Columbia University for the promotion of friendship between Latin America and the United States. A gracious, gentle woman, Mrs. Cabot liked to ride around town in her electric car wearing a hat of ostrich plumes, and in the big family home she enjoyed showing off to her guests her son's surprising familiarity with remote spots on the globe. Her husband was a far more formidable character. An ardent and sometimes domineering ascetic who abominated smoking and drinking—and still does—he wouldn't permit either in his house. Indeed, as a prominent member of the New England Watch and Ward Society, he crusaded vigorously against vice in all its forms, which for him included cardplaying. "Growing up as the son of a man who rides forth against sin is an experience you don't forget," Cabot's brother Thomas says. "Jack's memory of it may be a little blurred, though, because he was out from under Father's influence more. He's never smoked much, but though he's not what you'd call a drinker, I'd say by now he's pretty used to those two highballs before dinner." Cabot *père*, for all his idiosyncrasies, has been in many respects a most remarkable man, who did not limit his activities to crusading against Bostonian corruption, or even to building up a successful business. One of the earliest advocates of aviation in America, he learned to fly at the age of fifty-two and, as a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, piloted his Burgess-Dunne seaplane on patrol around Boston Harbor during the First World War.

In comparison to all this, anything the Cabot sons did was very likely to seem pale—at least, in the beginning. Certainly the youngest Cabot didn't get off to a brilliant start. A schoolmate of his at Browne & Nichols, a private preparatory school in Cambridge, remembers him as "an awkward, pudgy kid who was so unkempt that some of us took soap and water one day and washed his face and hands." Cabot may not have made much of a mark at school, but he showed at least one sign of breaking away from the sobering influence of his father: he raided some nearby celery patches with a friend, Robert Bradford, who later became Governor of Massachusetts. Possibly in another attempt to escape, he applied for Annapolis, but when he was accepted, he changed his mind, and, in the fall of 1919, duly entered Harvard. Everyone in Cabot's family agrees that he "matured late," and it wasn't until his college years that he began to spruce up and wonder what was going to become of him, since he had already decided he didn't want to spend his life promoting the fortunes of



NEW KODAK SOUND 8 PROJECTOR

Now add sound to your 8mm movies!

The sound of children's songs and laughter and chatter . . .

Background music that fits right in with your travel and vacation movies . . .

The voices of the whole family at parties and holiday get-togethers . . .

You can add them all to *all* your movies, new or old, with the exciting new Kodak Sound 8 Projector.

Making your own "talkies" is as easy as this: Ask your dealer to have Kodak Sonotrack Coating added to the edge of your processed film. Then you simply project your striped film with the Kodak Sound 8 and record your commentary and music *right on the film.*

If you're recording voices, you use the microphone that comes with the projector. If you're recording music or special sound effects, simply use your record player or tape recorder. (A phono connector cord also comes with the Kodak Sound 8. This remarkable 8mm projector comes to you *complete.*)

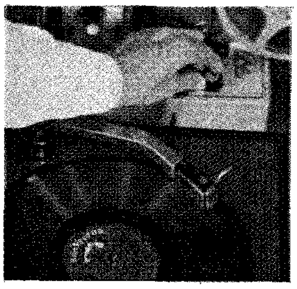
To edit the sound track at any time, you simply erase by reversing the film, and then re-record. What could be easier?

Because the Sound 8 Projector is made by Kodak, you can be sure of brilliant screen images, as well as quality sound. See—*and hear*—the Kodak Sound 8 Projector demonstrated at your Kodak dealer's. You'll like what you see and hear, including the price—less than $350, or as little as $35 down.

Price is subject to change without notice.

You be the narrator. Add a new note of realism—a new dimension to your movies—by adding a running commentary. You can record the whole story of your vacation while it's still fresh in your mind, give your guests a guided tour.

See your dealer for exact retail price.



Your own record player or tape recorder can be used to add music or sound effects. The Kodak Sound 8 Projector gives you *brilliant* fidelity. And Kodak's Alfenol magnetic head will record for countless hours without loss of sound quality.

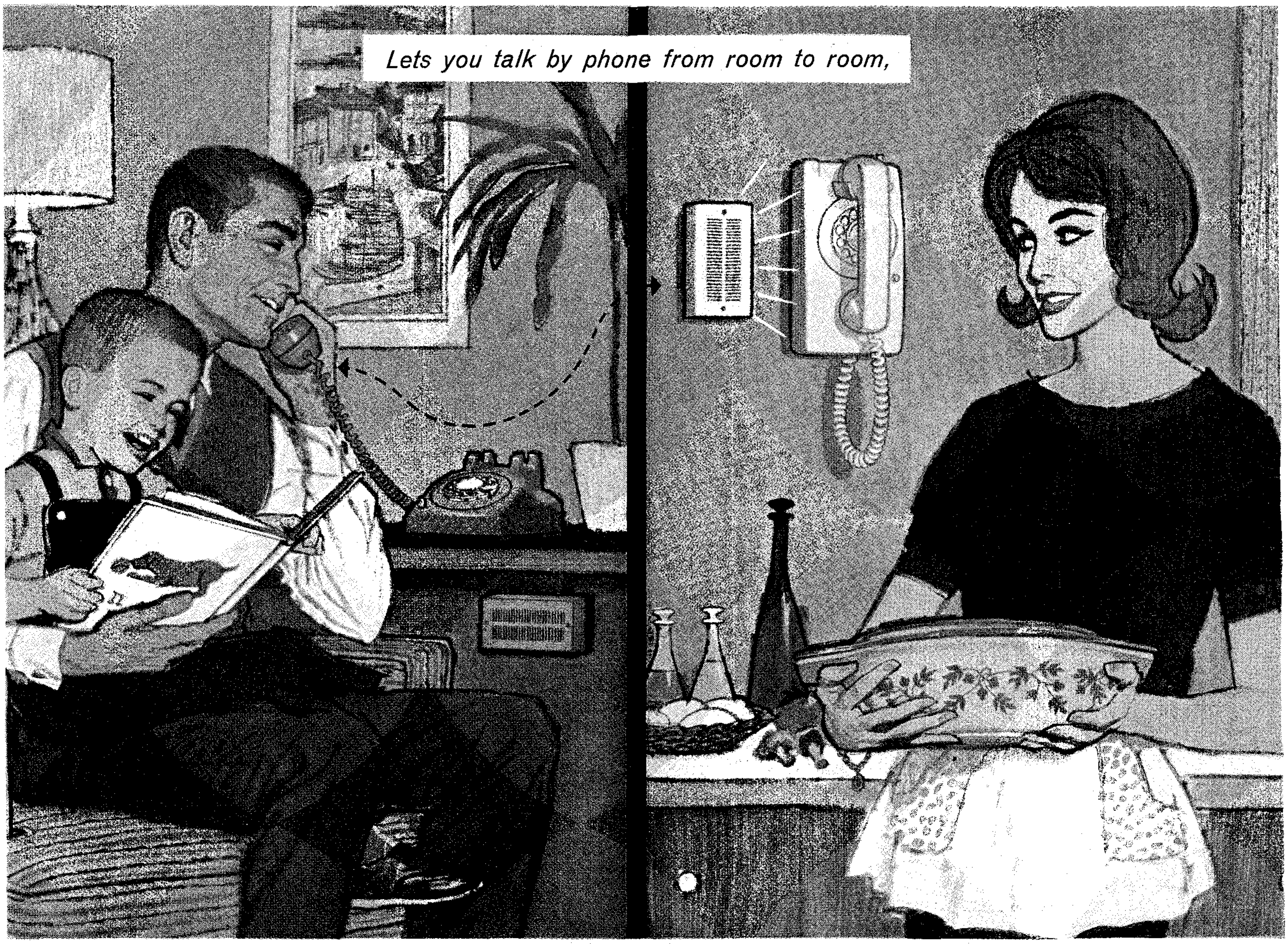
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

The Bell Telephone System announces a unique new

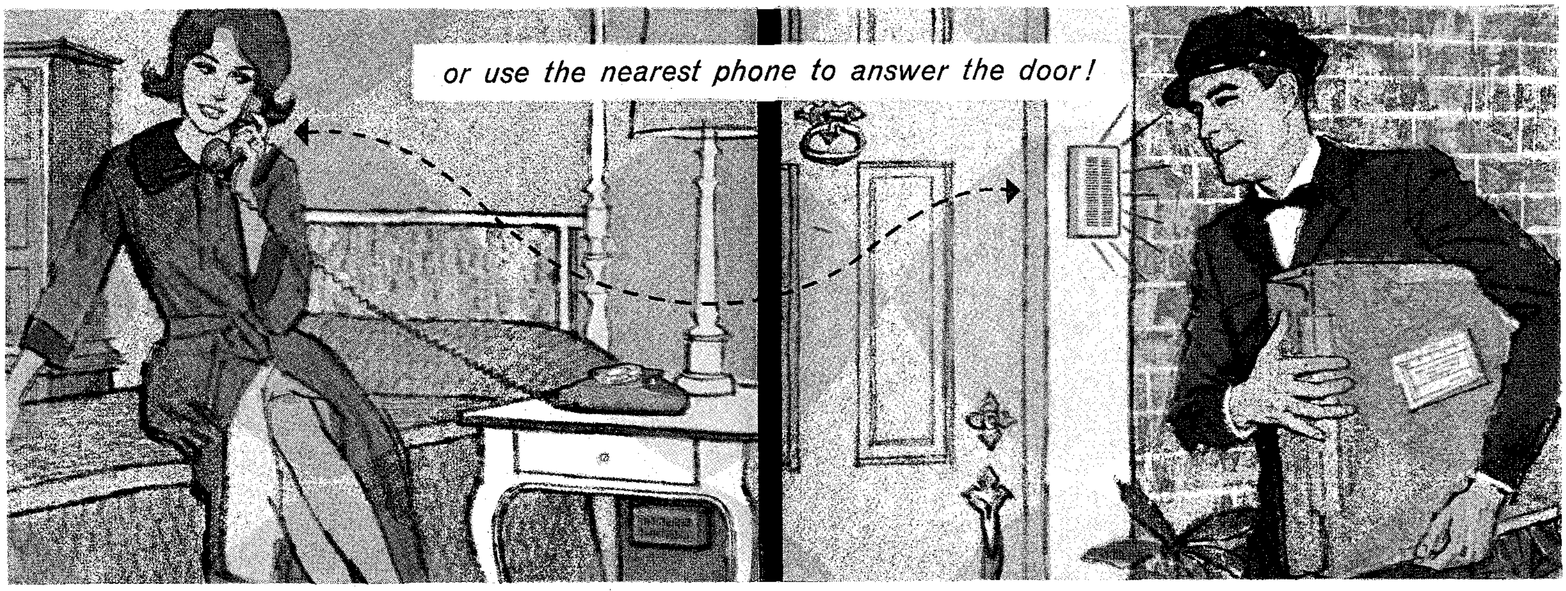
Lets you talk by phone from room to room,



To call someone, just pick up the nearest phone.

The person called can answer "hands free."

or use the nearest phone to answer the door!



When the doorbell rings, answer it over the nearest phone.

The visitor hears and talks to you over a small speaker.

Home Communications Service

HOME INTERPHONE

Now your family can use telephones for communicating inside the house as well as for calling outside.

This new service—a creation of Bell Telephone research—is called Home Interphone.

It's a new development that every homeowner should know about, because it offers, at reasonable cost, some remarkable benefits in convenience and security as well as ease and simplicity of operation.

What you can do with Home Interphone

You can talk by phone from room to room—a use that's certain to save the whole family time and steps, day in and day out.

If you have a question, or want to find someone, or call the family to dinner, just reach for the nearest extension phone and turn a button to the Home Interphone line. Then talk.

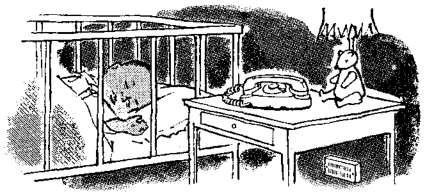
Your voice is heard throughout the house. It's quietly broadcast from little speakers neatly mounted near each phone.

The person you call can answer "hands free" if desired, without lifting the receiver. A tiny microphone hidden in each phone transmits replies, even from across a room. This is especially helpful when the person being called is busy in the kitchen or the basement workshop.

You can answer the door from the nearest phone. A small, attractive microphone-speaker unit by the door carries your voice to your visitor, and picks up his replies, which you hear on the phone you are holding.

When you're ill, or alone, or dressing, Home Interphone lets you answer the door safely, easily and without embarrassment.

Just by picking up a phone you can do all this, too



Check on sleeping infants. By putting the crib near a phone, you can check on whether a baby is restless from any other phone in the house.

Call a person to the phone. If an outside call comes in, for a daughter perhaps, you can hold that call and page her throughout the house. She takes her call on the nearest extension.

Those who are ill can summon help. With a phone nearby, a person confined to bed can quickly and easily get assistance.

Keep track of playing children. If you have a phone in the recreation room you can check on children playing there—or call one if necessary.

And there are other uses, too. Home Interphone is extremely versatile. With experience and experiment, you'll find many additional uses in the way your family lives.

Phones located to serve you best

Up to five telephones can be connected in a Home Interphone arrangement. Where they are put depends on the needs and habits of your family.

A typical arrangement might include phones in the kitchen, the den or family room, the master bedroom, a teen-ager's room, and perhaps a basement workshop.

The telephones can be in your choice of attractive colors, with speakers to match. And you can choose also from three telephone styles—the familiar wall and table models, or the popular new Princess phone, small in size with a dial that lights up.

Bell maintenance, of course

Like all Bell System services, Home Interphone is designed and built for the utmost dependability. Your regular monthly service charge covers any repairs that might be necessary as a result of normal use. Maintenance is done fast by skilled Bell Telephone technicians.

You'll find that Home Interphone makes the telephone more useful and convenient than it has ever been before, and does so at a modest cost.

How to order

To have Home Interphone installed in your home—or to find out more about it in terms of your family's own way of life—just call your local Bell Telephone Business Office, ask your telephone man, or mail the coupon below.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
Dept. F, Rm. 516-A
195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Please send me additional information about Home Interphone.

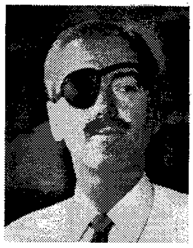
Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City or Town__________Zone____State_____

Telephone__________________________

Lady Hathaway's guide to Liberty Prints



THESE seven sprightly shirts got their blossoms in England, where daffodils and primroses are as common as April showers.

Hence the heavenly colors—printed for Lady Hathaway at Liberty's, the great and famous fabric house on London's Regent Street.

When Sir Arthur Liberty began printing fabrics in 1875, his friends Whistler and Rossetti were full of fascinated advice. Which may explain why Liberty Prints are still the most exquisitely colored, the most *romantic* in the world.

The fabric itself is an airy, all-cotton lawn. And Lady Hathaway tailors it with the same cunning and care that go into Hathaway's famous shirts for men.

Price: about $12 a shirt.

For store names and for our *Handy Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write to Lady Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

- English roses with Lady Hathaway's new collar, which feels soft and looks superbly smooth.

- Notice how precisely the pattern is matched across the front—a Lady Hathaway hallmark.

- This packable print weighs a cool 3 ounces, thanks to the gossamer fabric that Liberty uses.

- You can also have this shirt in heathery shades of blue. Or in compatible lilacs and browns.

- Unseen virtues: tidy little darts nip in your waistline, and a soft pleat runs down the back.

- Convertible collar. Wear it safely buttoned —or dashingly *un*buttoned like the girl below.

- Here is Liberty's *liveliest* print of the year. It comes in a summery sleeveless style, too.

carbon black. He studied hard at Harvard, and did well, but he doesn't seem to have made any positive impression on his classmates there, either. "We never thought he'd be more than the nice son of an extraordinary father," one of them said recently. Cabot himself isn't sure exactly when he decided to enter the Foreign Service. "I wanted to be different," he says, "and I suppose the fact that no Cabot had ever chosen statecraft as a profession had something to do with it. Basically, though, I think I just fell into it—like stepping on a slippery rock and falling into the water. Two years at Oxford, after Harvard, did the trick, I guess. I grew a mustache and became interested in modern history, so I decided, I suppose, to become part of it." Years later, in a Harvard anniversary classbook, Cabot wrote, with a trace of diplomatic irony: "I joined one of those dying professions in 1926; the telephone and the like had doomed it, and I wore out my striped pants several years ago trying ever more breathlessly to keep up with it. I entered the Foreign Service October 1, 1926, spent six months in Foreign Service school, and then, since I was studying French and knew no Spanish, was naturally sent as vice-consul to Lima, Peru."

Cabot has described his first post as "a vice-consul's dream." He was one of "three Foreign Service colts in training" there, he says, adding, "We were young and frisky and out to save the world. So we saved young sailors who had drunk too much and were interested in sowing their oats, as we were. I brought along a little Buick roadster and we used to go tearing up into the Andes exploring new roads that had just opened up." When he wasn't rescuing befuddled mariners or roaring about in his Buick, he issued visas, validated passports, wrote commercial reports, and performed the other routine chores that are the lot of a Foreign Service colt.

After eighteen carefree months in Peru, Cabot was transferred to the Dominican Republic, then called Santo Domingo, where he found himself in the middle of a musical-comedy political situation. Rafael Trujillo, who was then head of the National Guard, had engineered things in such a way that a garrison under his command in the city of Santiago was fomenting a revolution and a garrison under his command in the city of Santo Domingo (now Ciudad Trujillo) was opposing it. In this way, Trujillo, who actually favored the revolution, managed not to show his hand. Cabot darted back and forth be-

See Italy first
RAVELLO

ANY SEASON IS HOLIDAY SEASON IN ITALY

Great mountains with lots of snow for winter sports . . . sunny beaches and sparkling lakes for summer relaxation . . . natural and man-made beauty everywhere . . . picturesque villages and magnificent cities . . . art collections unique in the world . . . Fashionable shops with exquisite products of the local handicraft . . . superb cuisine and delicious wines . . . a gay social life, cultural events, folklore . . . it's all there!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!

ENIT

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.
Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.
Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Avenue, New Orleans: International Trade Mart, San Francisco: St. Francis Hotel

tween the two cities, acting as a delaying diplomatic force of one, and succeeded in keeping the garrisons from clashing until the tension had subsided somewhat. "The Santiago garrison finally marched on Santo Domingo," Cabot says, "but by then the atmosphere had calmed down a bit. Even though there was a certain amount of shooting, it wasn't as serious as it might have been earlier, when the crowds were out and angry."

In December of 1930, having helped for the moment to preserve the peace in Santo Domingo, Cabot was sent as third secretary to the American Embassy in Mexico City, where he met his future wife. Her father, Herbert Lewis, had been a mining man and a real-estate operator there until his death, in 1922. After attending Vassar and the Sorbonne, Elizabeth Lewis had returned to Mexico City to become social secretary to the current Ambassador, J. Reuben Clark, and his wife. She and Cabot were married in Mexico City on April 2, 1932. Cabot's family in Boston had been a trifle shocked to learn that he had become engaged before they were given an opportunity to look the girl over, and the fact that they still had not seen her when he married her did nothing to reassure them, but they comforted themselves by observing that he was thirty years old, so it was about time. After the wedding, the bride and groom sailed for France, where they took a motor trip and Cabot introduced his wife to the joys of wandering about in old churches—a hobby of his that has persisted to this day.

Mrs. Cabot has the reputation in the Foreign Service of being the perfect diplomat's wife. Many career men have been held back, and some have even resigned from the service, because their wives proved unable to stand the strain of perpetual transfers from one strange city to another, and of the never-ending social obligations they are burdened with. Mrs. Cabot says, "The important thing for a boy in the Foreign Service is to catch the right girl early enough and ask her, 'Do you think you could stand this?' If she thinks she can, and she *can*, it'll be fine. It's a lovely life, you know, but it's important to start young and bend with the years, as we did. You see beautiful things, and you're always meeting old friends and making new ones wherever you go. It's a tight little society, this family of diplomats. In a way, it was much better years ago, when we had to find our own houses, and go into the market place to do our own shopping, and depended on our longer-

Kermit
Lord & Taylor

French air—
our own sailor
dress—white spring!
Arnel triacetate
sharkskin, sizes
3 to 6x, 10.95
7 to 12, 12.95
Young People's
Floor, the Seventh
Lord & Taylor
New York

Little Taylors

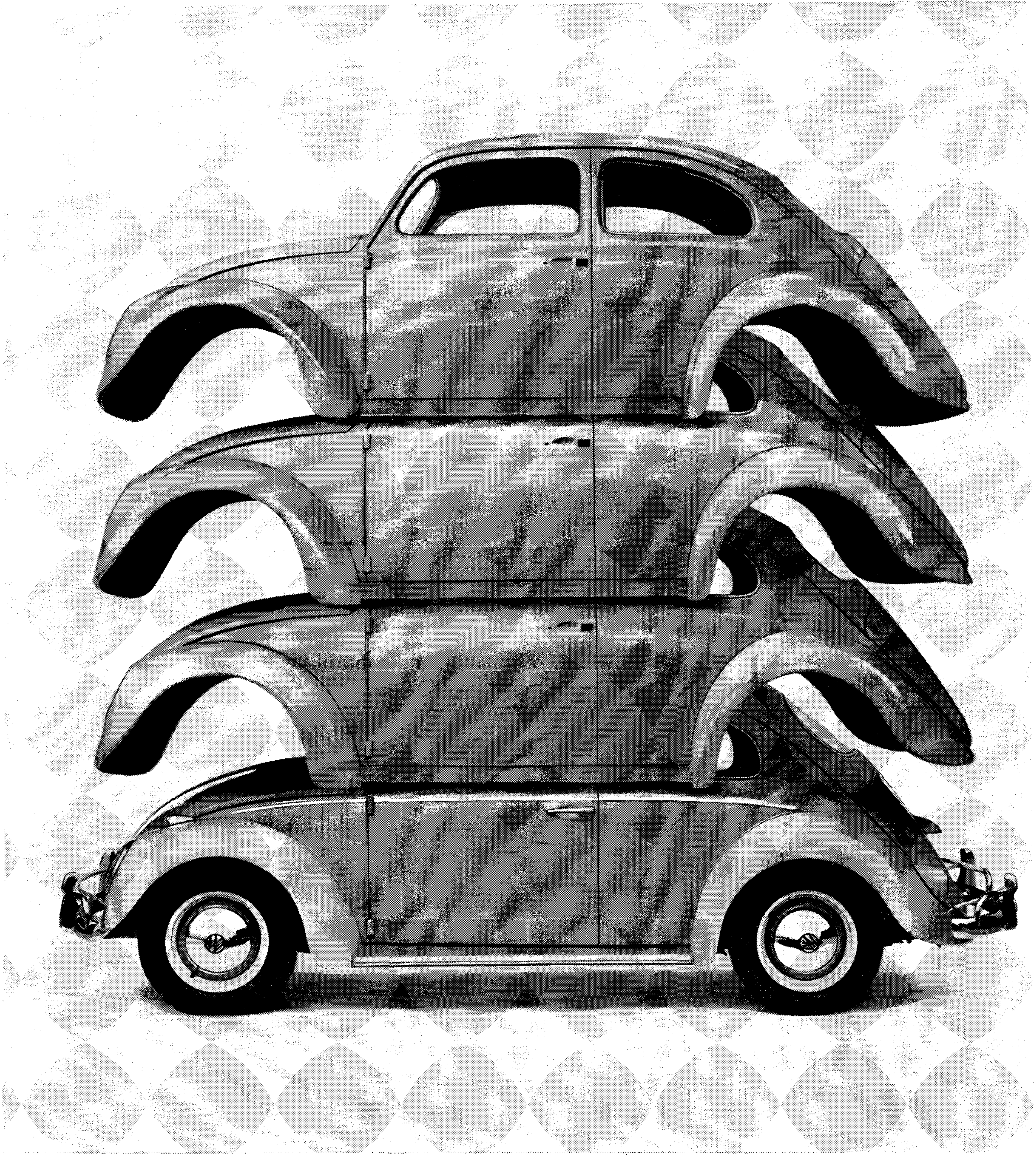
Chef's Salad

Villager dressing with a most remarkable flavor, compounded of selected vegetables. Sleekly stylized carrots, peas, beans, and other delicacies, in colors that never grew, are scattered lavishly over white combed cotton. The shirtdress is still The Shirtdress. Green, Pink, Orange, Lilac. Sizes 8-16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops.

The Villager
T.M.REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York



© 1961 BY VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Volkswagen overdoes it again: 4 coats of paint.

Why four coats of paint when three would be more than enough?

For the same reason that we finish the inside of the Volkswagen door jamb like the outside of the car. And seal the underside of the VW so that it's more like a ship's bottom than a car bottom.

Who'll know the difference? We will.

Let's get back to that paint job.

First the VW is literally submerged in paint; bathed in it. Then baked, and sanded. Coat No. 2 is sprayed on. Baked. Then every visible inch is sanded by hand. Coat No. 3: sprayed on. Baked. Fully sanded again. Coat No. 4: sprayed on. Baked. Whew!

Incidentally, the fourth coat is an extra dividend the factory declared back in November. It gives the Volkswagen finish even more transparency and depth. (You don't look *at* it; you look *into* it.) And, of course, it's still another protective coat against the weather.

This is the sort of excess that makes a Volkswagen a Volkswagen.

Only the look is priceless

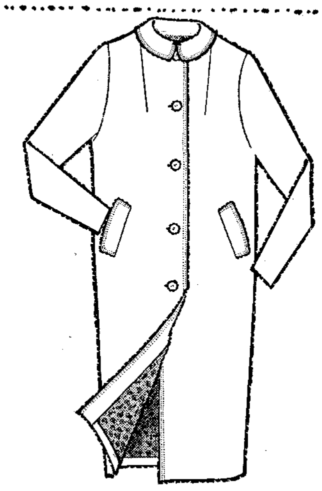
David Crystal's newest: creamy Dial broadcloth of Arnel triacetate and cotton. Arnel makes it creaseless, machine-washable, lightning to iron—pleats and all! Beige, black, green, blue; 8-18; about $25. Best & Co., N. Y.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, California & Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
contemporary fibers

established neighbors, whether they were diplomats or not, for help. We learned by osmosis. Now we have American residences and American commissaries, and we all live on top of each other too much. There isn't nearly the fun and adventure there used to be."

THE Cabots had hoped to return to Mexico after their honeymoon, but even before they sailed for France, Cabot got word that he had been transferred to Guatemala. Then, the day before the couple were scheduled to leave Paris for the new post, he received a cable informing him that he was being sent to Brazil instead. "I handed Elizabeth a cognac before I told her, and that's been the signal for startling news ever since," Cabot says. In Brazil, the Cabots established their first home, and their first two children were born there—Marjorie Moors Cabot, who is now twenty-eight and married to a Mexican public servant, and John Godfrey Lowell Cabot, a twenty-six-year-old graduate of the Harvard Business School, who works for the Cabot Corporation. The Cabots have two other children—Lewis Pickering Cabot, twenty-three and a student at Harvard, who was born in The Hague, and Elizabeth Tracy Cabot, eighteen and a student at Vassar, who was born in Washington.

It was also in Brazil that Cabot learned how to be a mobile diplomat. When the Cabots arrived in Rio, the Ambassador was an old-timer named Edwin Morgan, who had been there since 1912. He had not only created excellent relations between Brazil and the United States but become something of a power in the country. "Morgan was one of the most unusual men I've ever met," Cabot says. "Everyone confided in him. He seldom bothered to report to Washington. The only trouble was that since he did everything himself, he wanted the rest of us to keep out of his way. The night we arrived in Rio, we attended a party at the Embassy, and when I walked into the office the next morning, Morgan roared, 'What are you doing here?' I thought it was the end of my career. Then he said that his orders to me were to go around and meet people, and not to come back until I could tell him something about Brazil that he didn't know. Over the succeeding months—except now and then when I'd slink into the Embassy to help out with some paperwork—my wife and I wandered all over Brazil. It was wonderful not to live in a glass house. The minute any Bra-



Denim Raincoat

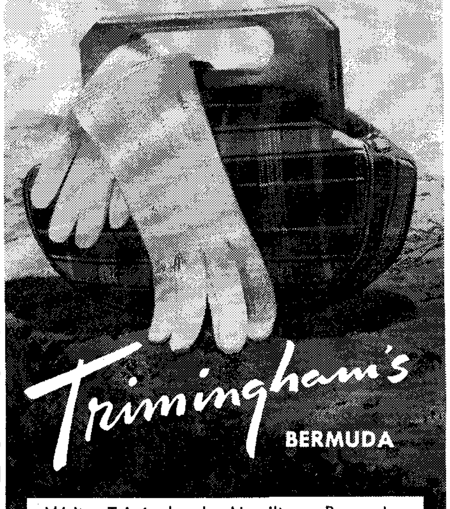
Blue denim takes to showers like a duck, brightens things up with a red paisley lining. (May also be worn without the showers.) Modeled after the Ladybug look, by John Meyer of Norwich, it has a pan collar, cheerful red stitching, ocean pearl buttons. 8 to 16. $17.95

ORDER BY MAIL
add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

Ladybug
Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

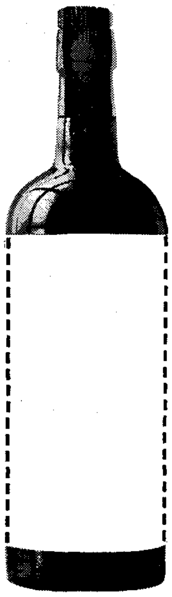
By mail from Bermuda
Indian Madras Handbags. Authentic hand-loomed, vegetable-dyed, blended patterns. 8-inch Bermuda cedar handles. Made in our workrooms. State colourings you prefer. $6.80 postpaid.

Luxurious English Doeskin Gloves. A Trimingham specialty. White shortie slipons with dressmaker stitching. They wash beautifully. In quarter sizes 6 to 8. $2.95 postpaid.



Write Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-5. Send for illustrated catalogue and colourful Bermuda folder.

"The Antiquary"
De Luxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
at last I have found it
Jno Hardie Limited EDINBURGH
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Tomi Ungerer



The nation's leaders prefer

"The Antiquary"
DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 86.8 PROOF

B Altman & Co

urbane

Toni Owen separates in beautifully mannered wool jersey knit. Navy, grey or black, 8 to 16. Jacket or skirt, each 13.95

Altman separates, third floor

Fifth Avenue, Manhasset, White Plains, Short Hills,

MU 9-7000

zilian said, 'Come upcountry with me,' we jumped at the chance. We took a three-week trip down the Paraná River to Paraguay in a dinky little river boat, stopping at every river town. The food was bad, but we didn't care. When I got back to Rio after that jaunt, Morgan smiled at me for the first time."

Morgan retired in the spring of 1933 but remained in Brazil as a private citizen. "After he and his successor, Hugh Gibson, had taken one look at each other, they decided to dislike each other cordially," Cabot recalls. "Since Morgan had a lot more contacts there than Gibson had, he became a kind of *alter* ambassador, and all of us at the Embassy were caught in the middle. It couldn't have been more embarrassing. The broken crockery was all over the place." When Morgan died, in 1934, things were more placid. Cabot now spent his time mostly at his desk, busy with such mundane matters as analyzing the Brazilian budget, working out details of the Brazilian debt settlement with the United States, and negotiating on tariffs. Still, Rio in the early thirties, the Cabots agree, was "one of the happy hunting grounds of prewar living." Carnivals lasted four days and four nights, and became gay costume parties during which the whole population, including the diplomatic colony, mingled on the Avenida and danced.

In 1936, after four Latin-American assignments in a row, Cabot got his first professional taste of Europe when he was sent to The Hague as second secretary. Life was now growing much more serious; he arrived in Holland just after the German reoccupation of the Rhineland and left just before Munich. Watching the interplay of forces, Cabot reported extensively to Washington on the political picture—the Dutch Nazi Party was a nuisance—and on tax and trade matters that were affected by the touchy monetary situation, but he also found time to play in several tennis tournaments. The Hague was a pretty staid place, and the Cabots were looked upon as a gay young couple from another world, who knew how to throw good parties and make exotic Latin drinks. "I can still see Queen Wilhelmina at a wedding party for her daughter, sailing across the room like a full-rigged ship for another one of our rum cocktails," Cabot says. "But the light moments were getting fewer and fewer."

In the late summer of 1938, Cabot was sent to Stockholm for what he thought would be a few weeks of filling in for someone else; it turned out to be

frosted strawberries

Albert Weiss

designs these distinctive pins of ruby aurora with tiny mock emerald leaves...to be worn separately or as a pair on your spring ensemble.

available at

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE • WHITE PLAINS
MANHASSET • SHORT HILLS

and other fine stores everywhere

prices plus tax

YOUR OPEN GATEWAY to the WONDERS of WINTER

Hotel Queen Elizabeth

From Montreal's new Queen Elizabeth Hotel it's only a stroll to theatre, business and financial centers —only an hour from winter sports thrills in the majestic Laurentians. Home of the distinctive Beaver Club, the Hotel offers five great restaurants, TV and radio in every room, underground access to free garage and to major rail and air terminals.

FAMILY PLAN • FREE GARAGE

Single from $9 • Double from $13

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL
HILTON RESERVATION OFFICE
LONGACRE 3-6900 IN N. Y. C.
or any Hilton Hotel-Carte Blanche welcome

A CNR HOTEL — OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay—Imaginary Island in the Sun

Better than air conditioning—cooling off Cotton Cay style

This beautiful waterfall lies right outside the Pepperell family's island abode. And it provides them with a major source of satisfaction. Susan and Vincent swim in it; while mother (a *civilized* beachcomber!) regards it as a most satisfactory washing machine for the family's wash-wear sports clothes. Which are tagged Pepperell, of course!

Her reasons are many. She knows these fabrics will live up to what the tag promises. They will machine-wash. They won't fade, shrink, wilt, or wrinkle. Need just a touch of the iron. And they're 'Sanforized Plus' for good measure.

She knows, too, these fabrics are impeccably styled in exotic, new island colors and textures.

Moreover, she has utter confidence in the Pepperell name. And why not? This is the famed New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years!

Pepperell
wash·wear
cottons
CHARTERED

Don't deny your skin the air to breathe

LET your skin breathe like a child's—through Invisible Veil. And never again stifle it beneath a blanket of make-up. At a single diaphanous touch of Invisible Veil face powder, every line and blemish seems to vanish and the most marvelous change comes over your complexion. It appears under a spell, not a powder. For all you see is beauty. Invisible Veil powder will neither mist nor fly about. In twelve irradiant shades blended for you by Elizabeth Arden. *French Bouquet Box 5.00 and 3.00; Napoleonic Compact of compressed powder 5.00 and 2.50.*

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

a six-month stint. As the ranking secretary of the Stockholm Embassy, he kept reporting on the growing war menace, and as a tennis enthusiast he played against the late King Gustavus V in doubles matches. "Since the King had a former Davis Cup star for a partner, I wasn't on the winning side very often," he says. "Anyway, it was good protocol to lose." By this time, Cabot had discovered the existence of a global diplomatic set, whose members would keep bumping into each other as they travelled about the world. "Diplomats are more aware than most people of the value of carefully exchanged confidences," he says. "You've got to give in order to get, of course, and be very discreet in your indiscretions, but if you're careful, you'll find in the long run that you get more than you reveal." In Stockholm, for example, Cabot ran across a diplomat from a Latin-American country whom he had known for some time, and this man passed on to him a detailed account of how the Nazis were getting a large amount of oil out of Mexico. He relayed the story to Washington and was commended for it. However, it didn't cause nearly the sensation around the Department that another of his reports did—a little essay on Swedish nudist magazines, accompanied by some samples, that he sent home as part of a sociological survey. "It's easily the most widely read report in my dossier," Cabot says.

In the spring of 1939, Cabot once again received word that he was being transferred to Guatemala. This time, the transfer went through, and he remained in that country for two years. At that time, Guatemala was governed by the dictator Jorge Ubico Castañeda, and when war broke out in Europe, Washington feared that, because of the existence of a powerful Guatemalan German colony, he would prove to be pro-Nazi. "I wasn't convinced this would necessarily happen," Cabot says. "There's one thing a dictator wants to be, and that's master in his own house. Well, in time, Ubico let us know that he was fed up with the Nazis in his midst and was willing to hand them over to us. We didn't give him a chance to change his mind. Within forty-eight hours, we had dispatched a ship to collect them. Ubico was a bit taken aback at our promptness, but he stuck to his word and rounded up a hundred Nazis, and we carted them off for internment. It was that sort of operation that broke the back of the Nazi Fifth Column in Central and South America."

Cabot passed the war years in Wash-

IMPERVION*
by Macintosh

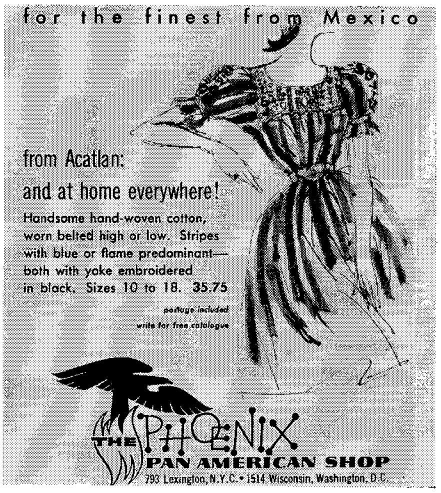
London-tailored of finest Egyptian cotton, IMPERVION provides the highest degree of water-and-stain repellency. Needs no re-proofing—even after repeated washings or dry-cleanings. Attractive off-white color, **$49.50.** Scarf-hood, **$3.95.** *Trademark

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.

DORSET Cafe
LUNCHEON • DINNER
SUPPER

Gay, sparkling surroundings...
popular gathering place for Cocktails
and After-Theatre Suppers.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off Fifth Ave. *CI 7-7300*
A Bing & Bing Hotel • Member Diners' Club


for the finest from Mexico

from Acatlan:
and at home everywhere!

Handsome hand-woven cotton, worn belted high or low. Stripes with blue or flame predominant—both with yoke embroidered in black. Sizes 10 to 18. 35.75

postage included
write for free catalogue

THE PHŒNIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
793 Lexington, N.Y.C. • 1514 Wisconsin, Washington, D.C.

Express-o to London...

6½ delightful hours of Italy via Alitalia non-stop Jet

On most airlines coffee is coffee and flying is flying. When you fly with Alitalia, coffee is Espresso and flying is especially Italian in every detail. You're served a sumptuous meal with vintage wines by an expert steward with years of European catering experience. You relax in a lush Italian atmosphere of glove leather seats and panelled walls highlighted by original Italian paintings. It should convince you that the best way to London is the Italian way. Alitalia's Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jets whisk you non-stop from New York to London. Then you're right next door to anywhere in Europe — Scandinavia and the North Countries . . . or for seeing modern Europe at its best continue on by Alitalia Jet to Milan. Or Rome — the treasury of antiquity and the Renaissance . . . always the classic gateway to Athens, Tel Aviv and other Near Eastern cities as well as Africa and Asia. Most connections throughout Alitalia's European network are by Caravelle Jet.

Your Travel Agent can give you complete details on Alitalia's Winged Arrow Service to Europe, Africa, the Middle and Far East.

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

Voici!
DENISE DARCEL

Chanteuse!

Comedienne!

Coquette!

Hers is the whole world of l'amour. With the flick of an eyelash, the turn of a phrase, the lilt of a Gallic lyric, Darcel enchants, amuses, enthralls. She makes free with her unique brand of magic at 9:30 and 12 nightly except Sunday. Emil Coleman and his orchestra.

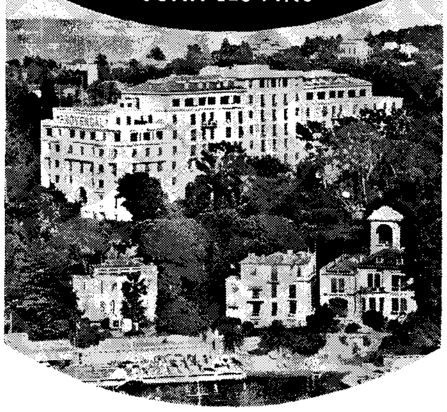
OPENING MONDAY, MARCH 6

EMPIRE ROOM OF THE
WALDORF·ASTORIA
EL 5-3000 A HILTON HOTEL

ington, first as Assistant Chief of the Division of American Republics, then as Chief of the Division of Caribbean and Central American Affairs. They were rewarding years in some respects, but in others they were as frustrating as any in his career. Specifically, he became beyond doubt the most unsuccessful road builder in the government's history. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, when the Army was afraid that the Japanese might try to seize Lower California, it wanted a thousand-mile highway built from the Mexican border down to the tip of Lower California. Cabot was put in charge of this project. He went ahead and made all the necessary arrangements, and then, just as the digging was about to get under way, the Army decided that the pressure was off and the road wasn't necessary. "We had to apologize to the Mexicans," Cabot says. "Fortunately, they were very nice about it." When the German submarine campaign was at its height, the Army demanded a fifteen-hundred-mile road from northern Guatemala to the Canal Zone. "At the last minute, the Army backed out on that one, too," Cabot recalls. "Once again, there was considerable explaining to do." Still another Cabot project that the Army nipped in the bud had to do with quinine. When the Asian supply was cut off by the Japanese, he began negotiations with several Central American countries to grow the stuff, but then Atabrine came along and the Army called the deal off. He made the best of the fiasco by arranging to have Manila hemp grown in Costa Rica and Honduras, and rubber in Guatemala, which also agreed to export mahogany for PT boats. "There were times when I felt I was more of a produce-and-marketing man than a diplomat," he says today.

In 1944, Cabot attended the Dumbarton Oaks Conference as an adviser on Latin-American affairs, and shortly afterward he was senior adviser at the Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace, in Mexico City, where the Act of Chapultepec, setting up a system of hemispheric defense, was proclaimed. He then attended the San Francisco Conference, again as an adviser on Latin-American affairs, and while there he received word that he had been appointed as Counsellor of Embassy at Buenos Aires. In his autobiographical sketch for Harvard, he notes that the appointment came through "just as the dead cats were really beginning to fly;" that is, when the big fight between Ambassador Spruille Braden and Juan Perón, the Argentine

THE FRENCH RIVIERA'S
HOTEL
Provençal
JUAN-LES-PINS



Beautifully situated between Cannes and Nice. 250 rooms with private bath and shower, modern bar, dinner and dancing on the terrace with Marcel Bianchi Orchestra. Private beach with snack bar, tennis and golf. New Night Cap Room, also exclusive Boutique and Beauty Parlor. 30 minutes from Nice Airport. Open from Easter to October.

Dorothy Jay Gould, *Owner*
See Your Travel Agent. Represented by
OLIVER-KERMIT HOTEL ASSOCIATES, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
YU 6-1800

FRANCE · SWITZERLAND
GERMANY · LIECHTENSTEIN
LUXEMBOURG · BELGIUM
ENGLAND · SCOTLAND · WALES

1961 GRAND TOUR OF BRITAIN AND EUROPE

9 countries · 62 days

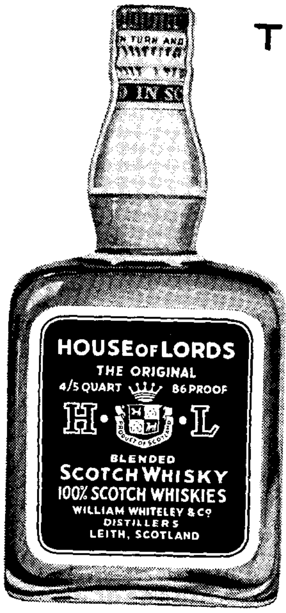
Sail June 30 from New York on s.s. Rotterdam, return Aug. 30 on s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam. $2,122 complete, including round-trip 1st class passage, chartered motorcoach, 1st class hotels, meals, tips, taxes, etc. Escorted again this year by Mrs. Raymond L. Dickinson. *See your travel agent or*

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 East 49th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y. MU 8-0185

PORTRAITS, INC.

EXHIBITION: PORTRAITS BY
GORDON AYMAR • MAR. 1-18

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK


HOUSE OF LORDS
THE ORIGINAL
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
H·L
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
WILLIAM WHITELEY & Co
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND

The light Scotch that's becoming the heavy favorite ...with both sides of the house

It's "HIS and HER Time" all over America...when both settle down around HOUSE OF LORDS and agree it's the best decision of the day. Wonderful scotch. Try it at your house!

HOUSE OF LORDS

the 'HIS and HER' scotch

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © 1960

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V. S. O. P.

All Cognac is brandy, but not all
brandy is Cognac . . . and
only *some* Cognac is V. S. O. P.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V. S. O. P.

Rare, indeed, is the superb quality
that distinguishes Remy Martin
V. S. O. P.—Very Superior Old Pale.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V. S. O. P.

No Cognac of lesser quality than
V. S. O. P. is permitted
to bear the Remy Martin label.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V. S. O. P.

In 110 countries, all over the
world, this is the
Cognac of connoisseurs.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V. S. O. P.

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
E. REMY MARTIN & C°
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Remy Martin
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

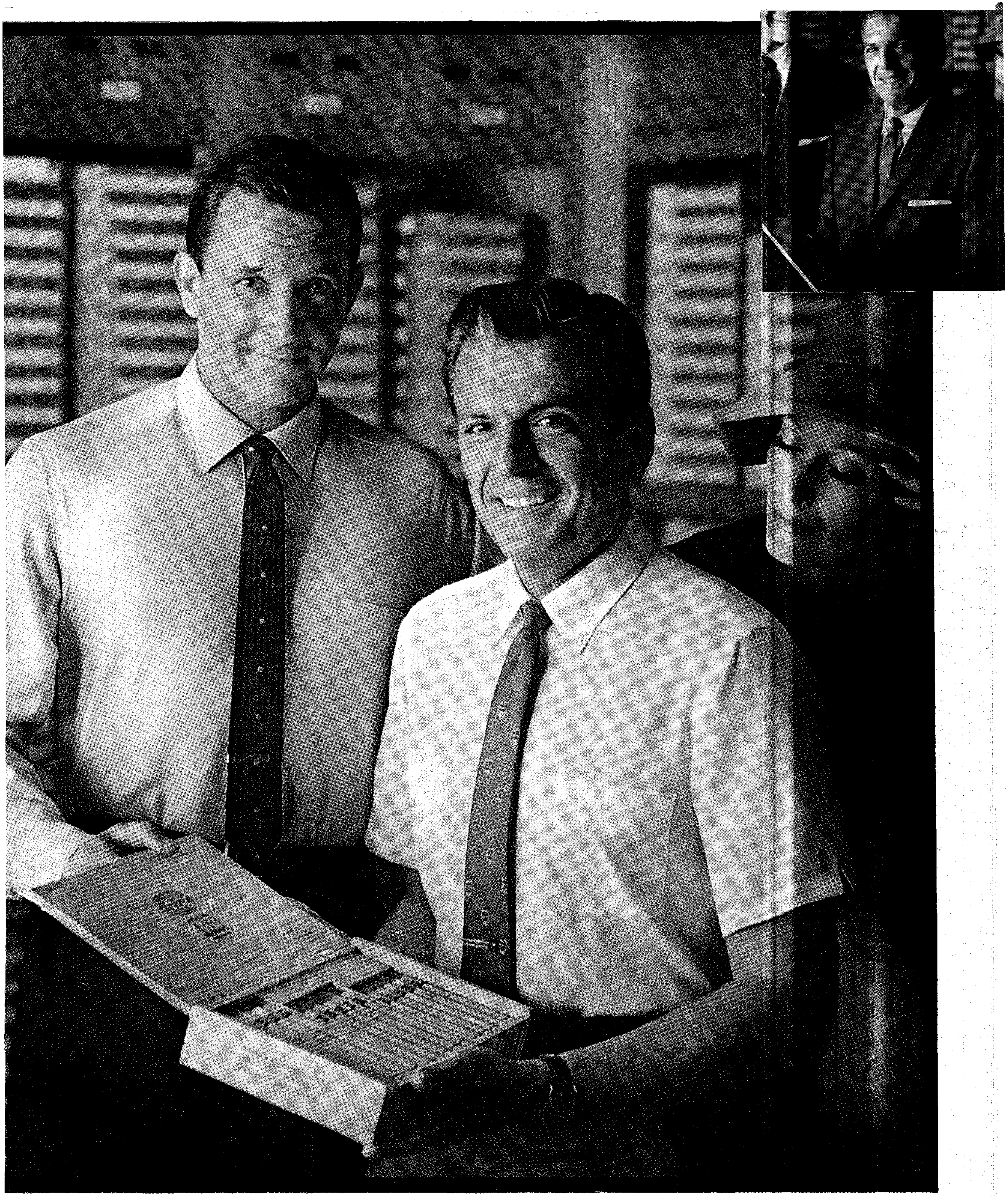
80 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

dictator, was starting. At the time, Perón was widely accused of harboring Nazis, and Braden set out not only to clean up the Nazi situation but to oppose the Perón regime and encourage its domestic enemies. "Braden soon discovered that Perón had a good many more Nazi friends than we supposed and had no intention of getting rid of them at our behest," Cabot explained recently. "Naturally, I never held any brief for Perón, but it's my belief that the moment we do anything to antagonize a ruling faction, especially in Latin America, we just help keep it in power, and I don't think Perón would have lasted as long as he did if Braden hadn't kicked up such a fuss. Yet, as I look back on it, it was one of the most interesting things I've seen, because Braden was so forceful and magnetic that by breaking all the rules he almost won the hand."

In the late summer of 1945, after thoroughly antagonizing Perón, Braden went home to become Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs, and Cabot found himself temporarily in charge. He remained chargé d'affaires in Buenos Aires for eight months, during which the Perón and the anti-Perón forces were fighting it out. "There I was," he recalls, "having to implement a policy of forcing the issue that I didn't altogether believe in myself, with the situation getting more out of hand all the time. Scarcely a day passed without a riot. The odor of tear gas was ubiquitous. In October, there was a brief revolution, which for a while looked as if it might end Perón's career, but unfortunately the anti-Peronistas missed the boat. I remember trying to persuade them to get a wiggle on, but they simply lacked sufficient leadership. Perón quickly staged a counter-*Putsch* and was back in power within ten days, producing a new situation, in which it was pretty clear that a violent reaction against American interference had set in. I started trying to impress this on Washington. As a matter of fact, we were making considerable progress toward the original Braden goal of trying to get rid of Nazi influence in business and cultural circles, and had even managed to get some dangerous Nazis deported, so it was embarrassing to have the State Department continue its broadsides against Perón. It's true that the Argentinians were working both sides of the street, but they had actually begun to round up Nazi spies. Perón won overwhelmingly in the elections of February, 1946, and, again, that altered the picture consider-

Excello TISSUE OXFORD
can be found at these stores:
NEW YORK CITY & VICINITY
Weber & Heilbroner & Branches
Gimbels & Branches
ALBANY, N. Y. • McManus & Riley
ATLANTA, GA. • Muse's & Branch
BALTIMORE, MD. • Hecht-May & Branches
Hochschild, Kohn & Branches
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. • J. Blach & Sons, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS. • Wm. Filene's Sons Co. & Branches
Kennedy's & Branches
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. • Arcade Men's Shop
CHARLOTTE, N. C. • J. B. Ivey & Co.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN. • Hardie & Caudle
CHICAGO, ILL. • Lytton's & Branches
CINCINNATI, OHIO • Mabley & Carew Co.
Burkhardt's
CLEVELAND, OHIO • The Halle Bros. Co. & Branches
COLUMBUS, OHIO • The Union Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS • E. M. Kahn & Co., Inc. & Branches
Reynolds-Penland Co., Inc.
& Branches
DAYTON, OHIO • Barrar, McCray & Trick
DENVER, COLO. • The Gano-Downs Co.
Robert Wilson Co., Inc.
Denver Dry Goods Co., Inc.
DES MOINES, IOWA • Younker's & Branches
DETROIT, MICH. • J. L. Hudson Co. & Branches
EL PASO, TEXAS • The White House
Union Fashion
FORT WORTH, TEXAS • Washer Bros.
A. Davis Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. • L. S. Ayres Co., Inc.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. • Levy's
KANSAS CITY, MO. • Palace Clothing Co.
Macy's & Branches
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • Bullock's Inc. & Branches
LOUISVILLE, KY. • Rodes-Rapier Co., Inc.
MADISON, WISC. • Spoo & Son
MILWAUKEE, WISC. • Milwaukee Boston Store
& Branches
Toepfer & Bellack
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. • Juster's
Liemandt's, Inc.
NASHVILLE, TENN. • Joseph Frank & Sons, Inc.
NEW HAVEN, CONN. • Gentree Ltd.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. • Maison Blanche
Porter's
NOGALES, ARIZ. • Bracher's
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. • Kerr's
OMAHA, NEB. • J. L. Brandeis & Sons
PHILADELPHIA, PA. • Gimbels & Branches
Jackson & Moyer
PHOENIX, ARIZ. • Diamond's
Kenneth J. Flowers
McDougall-Cassou
PITTSBURGH, PA. • Joseph Horne Co.
Gimbels & Branches
PORTLAND, ORE. • Lipman-Wolfe
RICHMOND, VA. • Greentree's, Inc.
Thalhimer's
ROCHESTER, N. Y. • McFarlin Clothing Co.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH • Z. C. M. I.
Arthur Frank
Hibbs Clothing Co.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS • D. L. Pincus
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. • City of Paris
Moore's
Jack Davis
SEATTLE, WASH. • Leslie-Hughes
Prager's
Bon Marche
SHREVEPORT, LA. • Selber Bros.
ST. LOUIS, MO. • Famous-Barr Co. & Branches
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
ST. PAUL, MINN. • Hagstrum Bros., Inc.
TUCSON, ARIZ. • Levy's of Tucson
TULSA, OKLA. • Vandever's
Renberg's
WASHINGTON, D. C. • Bruce Hunt, Inc.
Lansburgh's

Excello WHITE SHIRTS always
available at $5.95, $6.95, $8.95, $10.00 and up.



Varm weather oxford: *two shirts for the weight of one.*

ien partial to Oxford cloth can now indulge their preference en during the hottest months. We have it now in a half-weight rsion called Tissu-Oxford that is just as soft and handsome as e traditional shirting but feels ever so much lighter.

❊ As are all Excello shirts, our Tissu-Oxford shirt is tailored ke a jacket. Our way of saying that, among other virtues, the eeves are set in at an angle like your arms. The yoke curves conform to the curve of your shoulders. The tails are extra long with a "Bell-front" lap to keep them tucked in your trousers. And all this excellence is buttoned up with genuine Ocean Pearl buttons (the only kind worthy of the cloth and tailoring). It's available with a button-down collar in either short or long sleeves, or with a modified spread collar in long sleeves, in white at $5.95, at the stores listed in the adjoining column. About $6.50 in colors.

Excello

EXCELLO SHIRTS, INC., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York

Pure elegance...with a two-year/24,00

Now America has a new kind of fine car, one that combines even greater luxury with 14 inches *less* length. Specifically designed for today's close-packed traffic, the new Lincoln Continental is slimmer, easier to park and handle. But its greatest achievement is in standards of quality and reliability...standards so high that it alone, among all American fine cars, can be warranted for two full years or 24,000 miles.

There are so many other pleasures to discover: Doors that open at the centerline for unusual ease of entrance. Contour-zoned seats cushioned with nearly twice the usual amount foam rubber. The first *hydraulic* windshield wipers, silent an 50 percent more powerful. This country's only four-door co vertible. America's largest V-8 engine—and biggest brake

This car is so advanced in design and durability it wi keep right on revealing new virtues mile after velvet mile—but isn't that just the enduring kind of automobile you'v wanted?

Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Motor Company

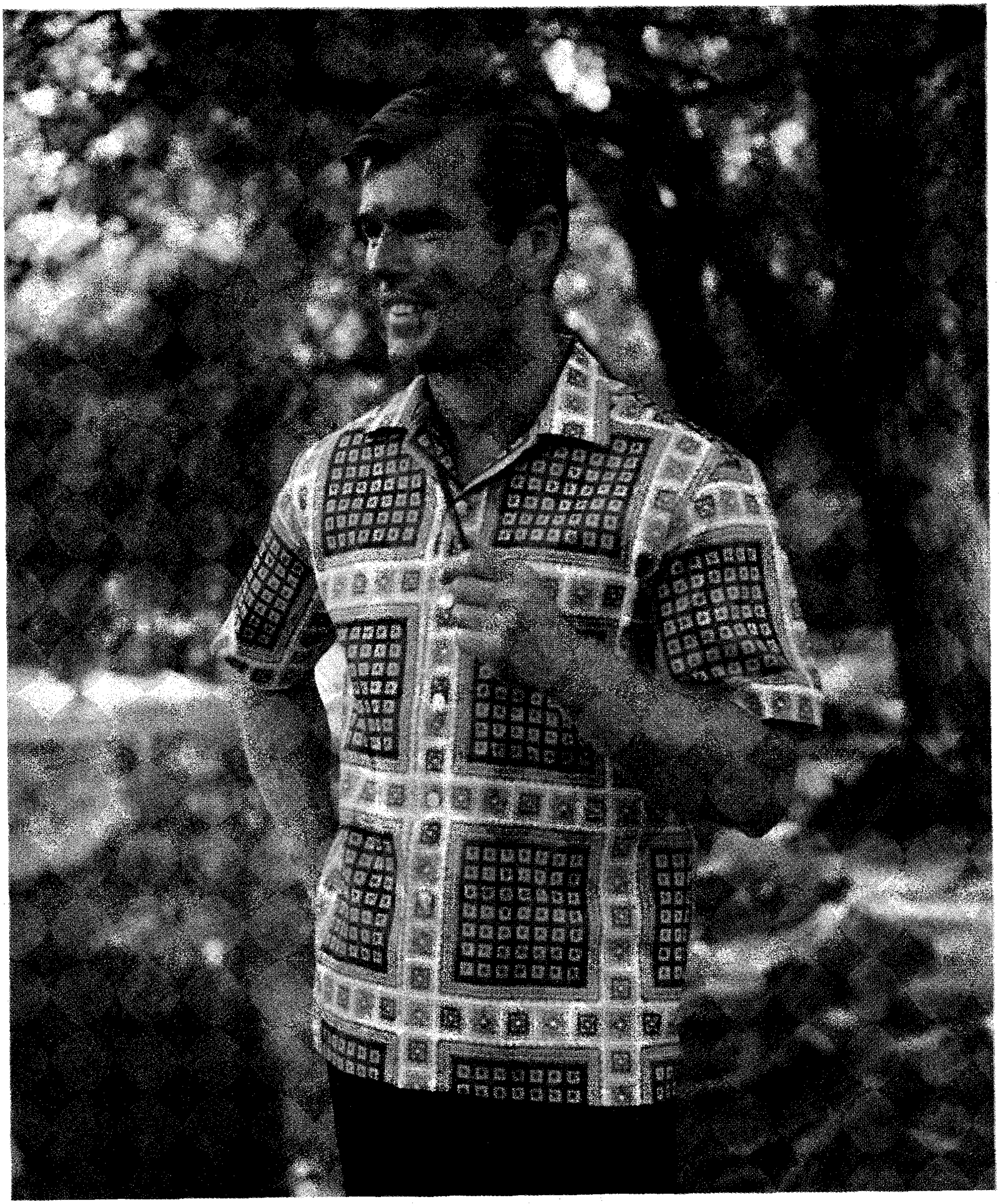
Continental

nile pledge of excellence*

Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its deal-
rs, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers
s follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, which-
ver comes first, free replacement, including related labor,
ill be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in work-
nanship or materials.

Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate
djustments will continue to be made by the tire com-
panies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.

LINCOLN
CONTINENTAL



SCARF PRINT! "THAT LONDON LOOK" AT ITS HANDSOME BEST IN NEW BRITANNIA BLUE

THE SHADY LANE SHIRT
of soft, washable cotton $5.00

McGREGOR®
Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger Inc., New York 19, N. Y.

ably. I had to make the most difficult decision of my career, from the personal standpoint. Having strongly opposed the degree of our involvement in Argentine affairs, I thought at first that I must either go along quietly with Washington's strong anti-Perón policy or resign and have my say publicly. Then I came to the conclusion that either course was cowardly and that I would do better to stay on and express my views officially, even if I eventually got thrown out of the Department. Happily—though I didn't know this until later—there were a lot of far more influential men than myself back home who had come to feel as I did."

The clouds began to lift in April, 1946, when George Messersmith was appointed as the new American Ambassador to Argentina. "I first read about his appointment in the Argentine press," Cabot recalls. "It was somewhat awkward to get the news that way and to have to dash out and get an *agrément* for Messersmith to enter Argentina, but luckily my relations with Perón's Foreign Minister, Juan Cooke, had always been good, and I got a quick O.K. When Messersmith arrived, he promptly began reversing Braden's policy, and he went at it so hard that by the time I left Buenos Aires, two months later, I thought he had gone too far in the opposite direction. But I didn't try to make an issue of it, as I'd done with Braden."

Almost immediately, Cabot was plunged into another quagmire, for in June of 1946 he was appointed chargé d'affaires in Belgrade. "You must remember that Tito was still Stalin's fair-haired boy then," he said recently. "There were some signs of trouble brewing, though, and it seemed to me that the Yugoslavs might eventually have a chance to break loose. If they did, it was essential for them to

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

Martini Men
appreciate the
identifiable
excellence
of imported
BEEFEATER GIN

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Peck and Peck

early bird
sign of spring

The understated chic of
this season's fluid line.
Pure silk shantung.
Navy, toast or spring-leaf
green. 8 to 18, 29⁹⁵

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

know that they'd find our door open. This was the basic principle I adopted, and one of my last reports from Belgrade, in July of 1947, was a long one analyzing the real possibilities of a split and pointing out how we could encourage it. I might add that it was much more favorably regarded by the Department a year later than it was when I wrote it. By that time the split had taken place." In Yugoslavia, Cabot had less difficulty making contact with Tito than with the people. "In the end, my old way of travelling around the countryside proved best, although, of course, that wasn't so easy to do then," he recalls. "Once Elizabeth and I were able to get out of Belgrade, we found many of the people quite friendly. I remember one time we sent a couple of jeeps down to the Bulgarian border, and followed along by train to pick them up at Niš and motor clear across Yugoslavia. The Secret Police, naturally, trailed us all the way back, but I'm sure they had to report a most alarming lack of subversive activities. They'd catch up with us at every stop—the dust of our jeeps made them look as if they'd been dumped into a flour barrel—and it must have been pretty discouraging to find, each time, that we were only looking at another monastery."

In Belgrade, plenty of diplomatic incidents arose to plague Cabot, among them the shooting down of two American transport planes over Yugoslavia, but the post was a sinecure compared to his next one. The wives of diplomats engage even more diligently than the diplomats themselves in an almost daily guessing game about where they will be sent next. One day in late 1947, after the Cabots had returned to Washington from Belgrade, Mrs. Cabot invited some Foreign Service wives to lunch, and throughout the meal they kept badgering her with questions about her next destination. "One thing I can tell you—we're *not* going to Shanghai," she said at last, since this seemed to her the most unlikely spot of all for her husband. An hour later, Cabot handed her a glass of cognac and told her the news: he was going to Shanghai, as consul general. Mrs. Cabot downed the cognac and then, feeling a little foolish, called her luncheon companions. When the Cabots arrived in Shanghai, early in 1948, the Communists were sweeping China, and the city was being plagued by a wave of anti-American demonstrations—not all of them Communist-led by any means. Cabot at once began making speeches in an effort to counteract what he considered the people's

DON'T MISS
NEW YORK COLISEUM
MARCH 4-12
Columbus Circle
New York City
ANTIQUES
FAIR & SALE
Presenting the finest displays of quality merchandise from primitive pieces to porcelains, prints, fabrics, china, glassware and superior period furniture. Discriminating patrons will find a treasure store of antiques for sale among the more than 140 exhibits on the Coliseum ground floor.
DEALERS...
PATRONS...
DON'T MISS IT!
1 to 11 P.M. Daily
2 to 7 P.M. Sunday
General Admission $1.50
Preview Day (March 4) $2.00
ALL EXHIBITS ARE FOR SALE

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining ... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL
Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

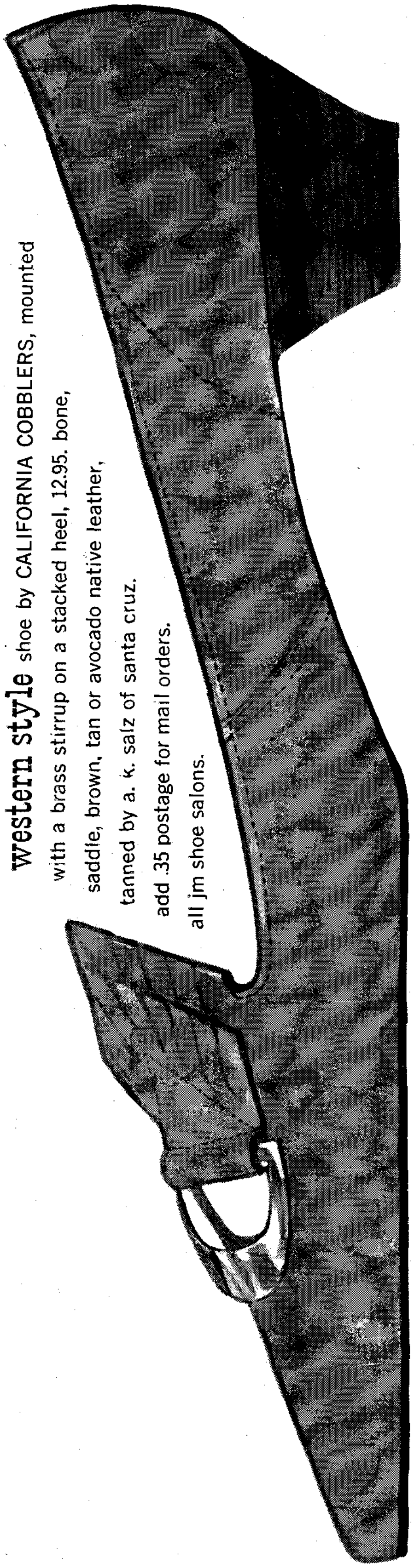
Nearby Enjoyment
IN PRINCETON
Enjoy fine food and attractive accommodations in a lovely setting adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 charming guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Function rooms. Excellent golf.
DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200
PRINCETON
PI
INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

When you find you're going around in circles, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE
TEA
AND SEE

To get the most out of tea—make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION



western style shoe by CALIFORNIA COBBLERS, mounted
with a brass stirrup on a stacked heel, 12.95. bone,
saddle, brown, tan or avocado native leather,
tanned by a. k. salz of santa cruz.
add .35 postage for mail orders.
all jm shoe salons.

joseph magnin
san francisco
northern california
nevada

"preposterous misconceptions" about the United States and its policies toward China and toward Asia in general. These talks were directed partly at the Kuomintang, which was complaining bitterly—and, Cabot still believes, unjustifiably—that it was not receiving sufficient aid from the United States, and partly at the Communists and their sympathizers. Cabot couldn't do much of his usual travelling around the countryside, but he made up for it by hours of wandering through Shanghai and observing the people. He feels—and quite a few Foreign Service men agree with him—that a series of reports he filed on the city are among the best he ever wrote. "I remember how it disturbed me to be living in one of those enormous houses, with acres of useless lawn, right in the middle of the city," he recalls. "You can imagine what the families huddled in shanties around our walls could have grown on all that land. My first look at the town was in January, when it was cold and damp, and naked babies were constantly being found frozen in the streets. It was a horrifying business. The whole social structure was termite-ridden. Corruption was universal, and, what was worse, not even the foreign colony seemed to give a damn. All the people I encountered—businessmen particularly—appeared to think that a Communist victory was not only inevitable but to be welcomed, after their long, frustrating experience with the Kuomintang."

By the end of 1948, Cabot was busy preparing to evacuate some four thousand Americans from Shanghai, and during the next few months about two-thirds of the American colony was moved out. The Communists marched into the city on May 25, 1949. Shortly before they arrived, the Consulate General had moved into the Glenn Line Building, on the Bund, which the United States Navy had previously tenanted, and as the Reds came sniping down the Bund, Cabot and most of his staff, which then numbered about eighty, watched from the roof of the building, shielding themselves behind a stone parapet. After a while, deciding that the fire was getting too heavy, Cabot threw himself flat on the surface of the roof, and, followed by those who felt as he did, inched himself out of range. "Even while crawling, he showed great self-possession," one of his Shanghai staff has recalled.

Cabot stayed on for two months after the Communists occupied Shanghai, and then left only because he was suffering a severe attack of dysentery. He

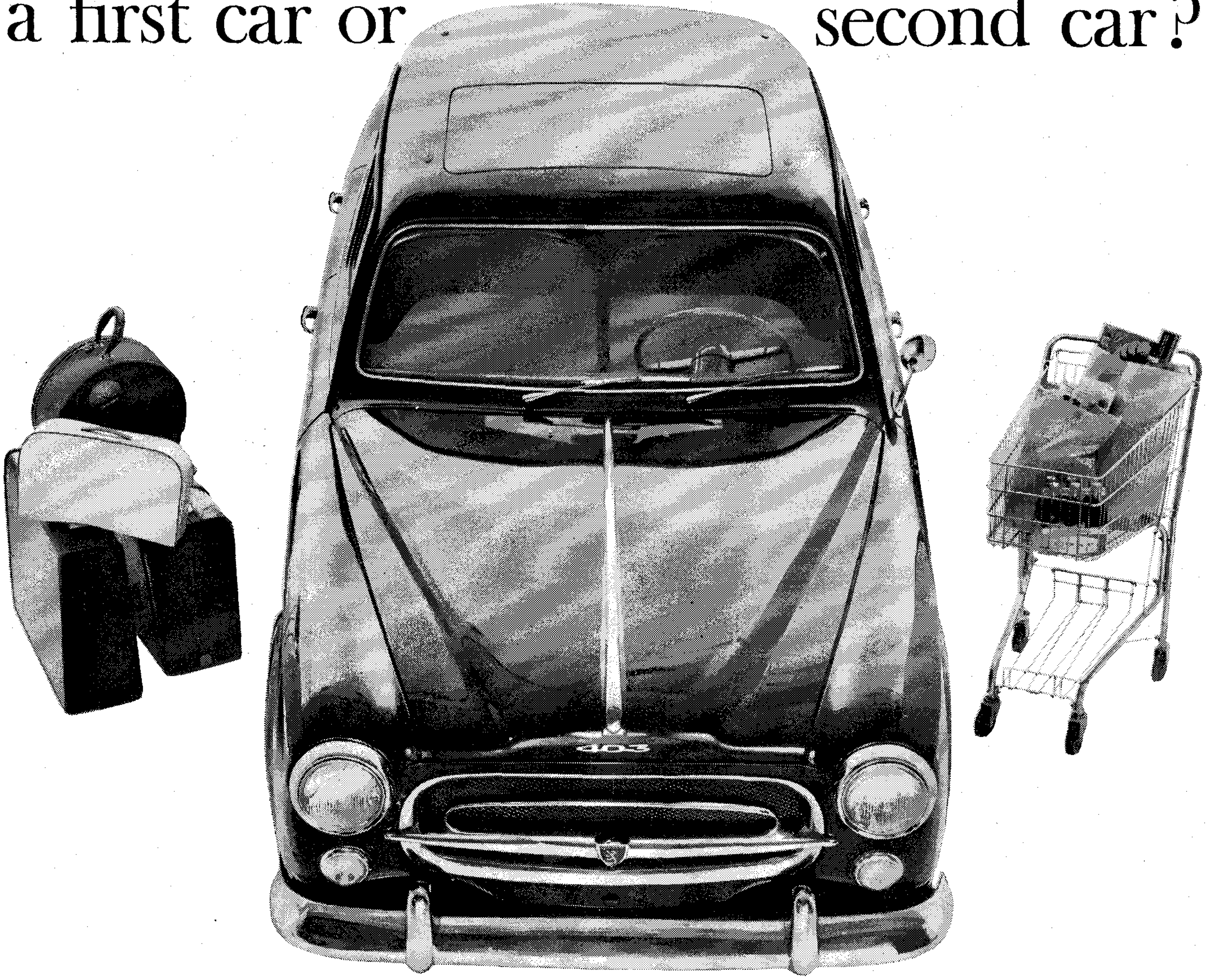
THE BURLAP GADABOUT
For ladies with derring-do. Burly burlap whimsically fringed to make a mid-day to midnight dress. Vary its mood with accessories. Fully lined, brass buttoned and rope belted. Natural only. By Jeune Leigue. 5-15. **25.00**
Pony express to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

the village store
Thriving in Birmingham Grosse Pointe Saginaw Ann Arbor *Michigan*

THE Rock Sound CLUB
ON THE ISLAND OF ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS
Country club living on the Island of Eleuthera sixty miles east of Nassau with a hundred miles of roads to explore the beaches! Luxurious guest rooms, golf, tennis, game fishing and all water sports. Private international airport and yacht facilities.
See Your Travel Agent
or Int'l Reps.: Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Boston • Chicago • Washington
Toronto • London

BOCK BEER FESTIVAL
NOW THRU MAR. 5
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car
at dinner

Is the Peugeot 403 a first car or second car?



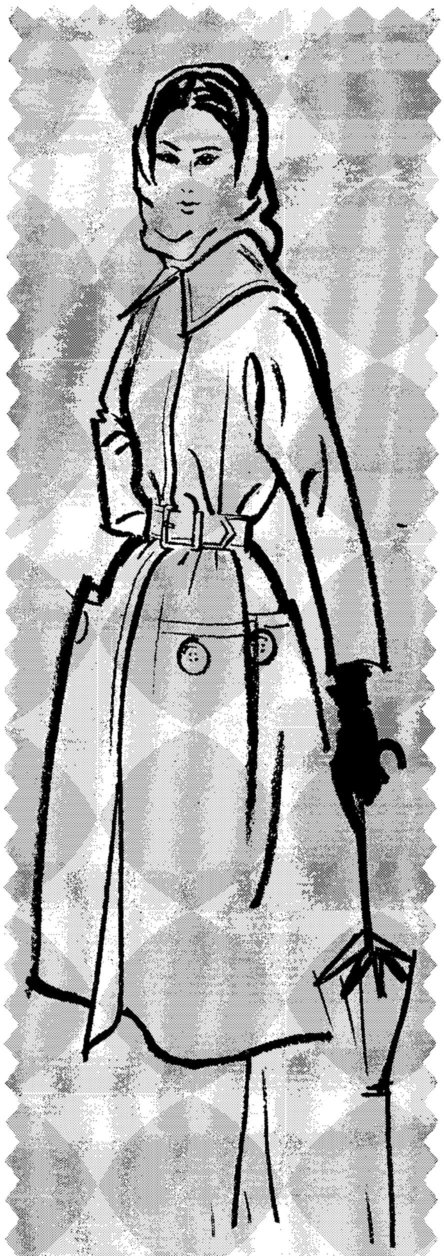
The Peugeot 403 is a first car. The only second car a Peugeot owner needs is another Peugeot. It has first car size and comfort. And it *looks* like a first car: no fins; no excessive trim; no strange shapes. The 403 also has many second car economies—low initial cost; 30 mpg on regular gas; very low upkeep. The Peugeot 403 is sold completely equipped. A sliding metal sunroof, heater-defroster, whitewall or Michelin X tires, four-speed synchromesh transmission, reclining seats, and many other "extras" are included in the price.

SEDAN $2250
STATION WAGON $2490
Suggested prices East and Gulf Coast P. O. E.

PEUGEOT

PRONOUNCED "POOJ-OH"

Sold and serviced by over 600 Peugeot dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. For dealer list and illustrated brochure, write: Peugeot, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. For overseas delivery see your dealer or write direct to: Peugeot, Box 158, Long Island City, New York



77 ORIGINALS,® noted for their flair with rainwear, admire the Skinner talent for creating unique fabrics. For this elegant, rainbow-in-the-rain coat, they selected the one and only Skinner Tackle Twill®, a superb blend of rayon and cotton that takes weather-proofing beautifully. In Jr. sizes 3-15. At fine stores throughout the country. First in satin, now in all fabrics . . .

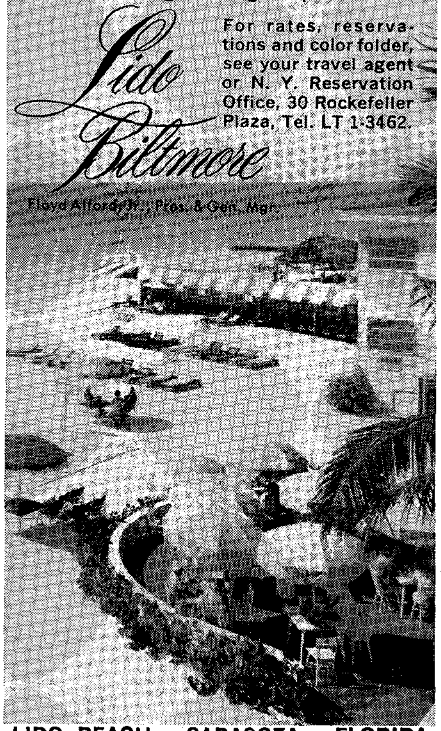
the material distinction is

SKINNER®

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
12 W. 40th ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
QUALITY WEAVERS SINCE 1848

regards those two months as his worst experience in the Foreign Service. "As soon as it became evident that Washington wasn't going to recognize the new *regime*, the Communists really turned on us," he says. "They were determined to be as tough and nasty as they could." Partly to keep up appearances and partly to relax, Cabot continued to play tennis and to entertain whenever he wasn't feeling too ill. One evening, a mob of Chinese who had formerly been employed by the United States Navy besieged the Consulate General, demanding back pay. "Cabot exhibited great aplomb in dealing with them," an assistant recalls. "He instructed all of us to put our hands in our pockets, as a show of passive resistance, and told the demonstrators quietly that this was no way to settle things. After that, they hung around the building for a while, and we decided not to try to break through their ranks and get back to our living quarters." Cabot looks back on the affair philosophically. "The building was blockaded for seven or eight hours," he says, "but we had food and water and light and some whiskey, so it wasn't terribly serious. Finally, after we had put up cots for the night, it began to rain, and the crowd got discouraged. That's the way history is usually written, you know."

In July, Cabot flew out of Shanghai with the Ambassador, John Leighton Stuart. His experiences had convinced him that a tour of duty in a Communist country is a must for any career man, and on returning home, where he was temporarily attached to the United States Delegation to the United Nations, he did a good bit of speaking on China. As usual, he spoke with more candor than many diplomats would choose to display. He had no doubts that China's new conquerors were "true, fanatical, indoctrinated Communists," but he kept emphasizing that the Kuomintang could blame its own corruption and intrigues, and not the lack of sufficient American aid, for the loss of China. His opinions were hardly fashionable at the time, but although many of the old China hands who were expressing similar ideas resigned or were forced out of the State Department in those days, he escaped their fate, probably because, after a mere eighteen months in the Orient, he was not regarded as one of them. "The chances are that if he'd been in China a while longer he'd have got into the same sort of trouble," one of his friends in the Department says. "But one thing is sure—that wouldn't have stopped



EVERYTHING'S HERE
for a good time

Gay, club-like setting . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . swimming in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Championship golf, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462.

Lido Biltmore

Floyd Alford, Jr., Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

Regency Room

. . . for gracious dining

An atmosphere of charming English gardens, impeccable service, French, Continental, American gourmet cuisine. Vintage wines. A la carte. Luncheon entrees from $2.50. Dinner entrees from $2.60.

HOTEL CARLYLE

RHinelander 4-1600
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

CHINA LADY SHEATH

$9.95 ppd.

FINE IMPORTED COTTON
hand-made frogs, side slits
10-16
Sea Blue
Black
Pink
Red
Turquoise

PURE SILK SHANTUNG
Black
Mandarin Red
Jade
Beige
10-16
$23.95 ppd.

Send for catalogue

JU 2-3622

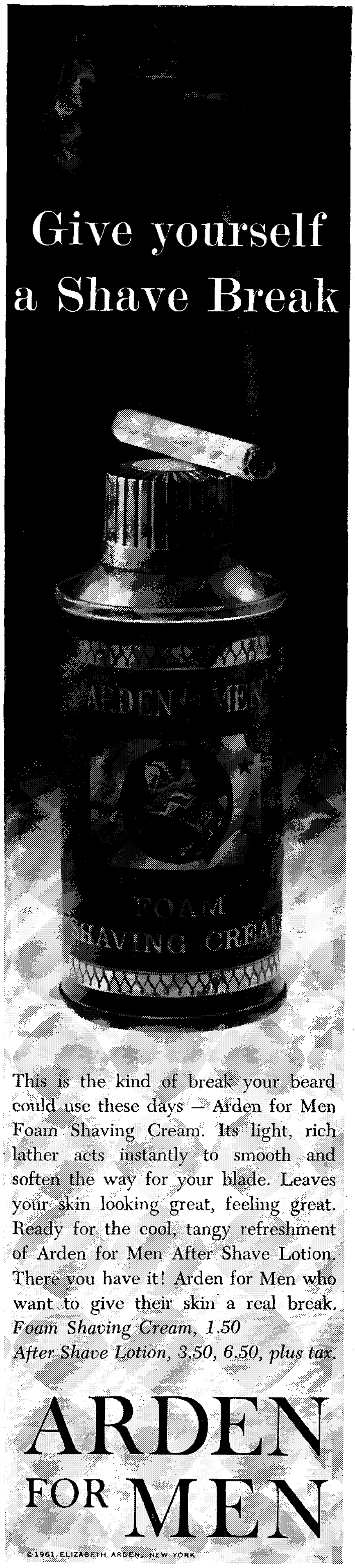
Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y122, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

How to have a telling way with the ladies

1. Tell them directly. Ladies seldom have time for indirection. / 2. Tell them excitingly. Whet their appetites. Fire their ambitions. Fan their curiosity. Dare their creativeness. / 3. Tell them explicitly. No lady likes to be kept guessing. Every lady welcomes direction, and cherishes fact. So revive a quaint custom. Use words. Thoughtful words. All the words you need. In one way, they're better than pictures. You can't listen to pictures. / 4. Tell them face to face. On their own ground, in their own terms -- where they're most at home, and most receptive. What we're leading up to, of course, is: 5. Tell them in The Ladies' Home Journal, which effectively practices what it preaches above to millions of the youngest, wealthiest, most devoted ladies in America.

When the Journal speaks-women listen


Give yourself a Shave Break

This is the kind of break your beard could use these days – Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream. Its light, rich lather acts instantly to smooth and soften the way for your blade. Leaves your skin looking great, feeling great. Ready for the cool, tangy refreshment of Arden for Men After Shave Lotion. There you have it! Arden for Men who want to give their skin a real break.
Foam Shaving Cream, 1.50
After Shave Lotion, 3.50, 6.50, plus tax.

ARDEN FOR MEN

©1961 ELIZABETH ARDEN, NEW YORK

Jack from saying exactly what he thought.”

THROUGH his years in the Foreign Service, Cabot had steadily advanced in rank, and shortly after his return from Shanghai he was promoted to the position of Career Minister. Since then, except for another period of service in Washington, he has been in charge of embassies or legations in four countries. The first of them was Finland, which presented a sharp contrast to China, though the Communist problem existed there, too, about twenty per cent of the population having voted for the Party’s candidates. Cabot conceived the idea of making informal appearances before labor groups as a means of counteracting Communist influence. “It was obvious that a certain amount of Communist mud would stick to the average workman unless he got enough ideas from the other side to wash it off,” he says. Accordingly, in the summer of 1950 he and a young secretary at the legation who spoke Finnish took to the road and met with various groups at halls throughout the country, making it clear from the start that they were there to answer questions. The Finns had plenty of questions to ask, and the subjects they were particularly interested in were the American attitude toward the Korean War, the nature of the Social Security program in the United States, and the Negro problem. “We appeared at about a dozen meetings,” Cabot recalls, “and there was no doubt that they went over well, because the Finns kept asking for more.” Cabot remembers his Finnish assignment with pleasure, and not only for professional reasons. While he was there, he was introduced to the *sauna*—a small concrete bath chamber heated by red-hot rocks—and when he returned to the United States, he spent three thousand dollars installing one on the grounds of his Massachusetts summer home. That is one possession the Cabots have not attempted to carry around with them.

In September of 1952, Cabot was appointed Ambassador to Pakistan, but he never got there. The change of administration in Washington kept him waiting in the capital for five months, dividing his time between an empty office and the Metropolitan, Chevy Chase, and University Clubs. Then, unexpectedly, he was offered the Assistant Secretaryship for Inter-American Affairs, an important post that goes sometimes to career men and sometimes to political appointees. Cabot was glad to have a crack at the job. He felt

S.F.A’S ALLIGATOR BLUCHER

Our 3-eyelet genuine alligator is eminently a shoe of distinction—constructed in a neatly perforated moccasin pattern for the finest of fit and flexibility. A wardrobe stand-out in black or sport rust; 7-12 sizes, 60.00.
Men’s Shoes, Street Floor.
Mail and phone orders filled.

THE MEN’S SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK · WHITE PLAINS · SPRINGFIELD · CHICAGO
DETROIT · BEVERLY HILLS

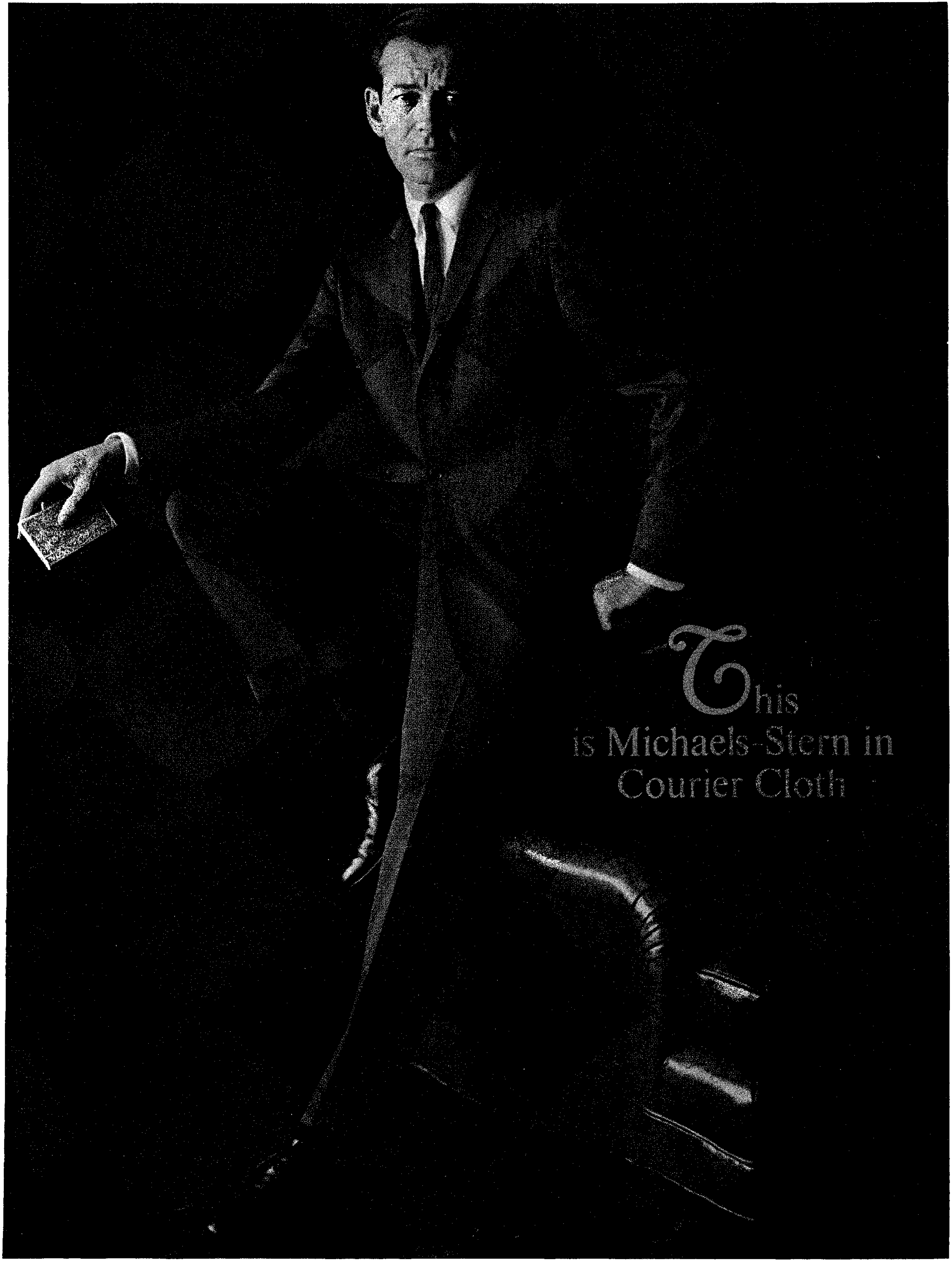
EXQUISITELY EXOTIC FOODS
FROM THE CORAL SHORES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC
islander
RESTAURANT
385 N. LA CIENEGA
LOS ANGELES

BON VIVANTS

It’s so easy and so inexpensive to tour Ireland in the Grand Manner. You can live in baronial splendour for less than $50 per week, meals included; you can play golf for as little as 70¢ a day; you can fish, sail, hunt . . . and shop the most luxurious bargains. And all this amidst a scenic beauty of such brilliance and grandeur you’ll scarcely believe your eyes. See your Travel Agent.

This year, add
IRELAND
to your trip

For further information write
Irish Tourist Office (YBM)
33 E. 50th St., NY 22



We promise you a most pleasurable experience when you try on a Michaels-Stern suit. Perhaps one like this. We have the **Courier** Cloth made exclusively for us, because it is, in our opinion, the finest pure wool worsted ever woven. This Michaels-Stern suit in Courier Cloth, is $75.* Slacks are $24.95.* For your nearest store, write to: Michaels-Stern, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester, N.Y

Australian Affiliate: Harford Clothing Ltd., Melbourne

*Slightly higher in the West

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain tempts the businessman: a subversive advertisement

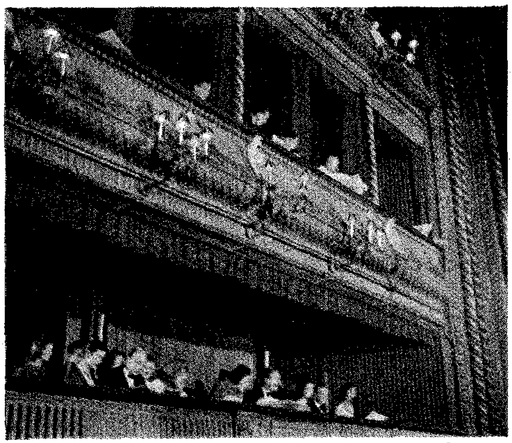
THIS ADVERTISEMENT is designed to tempt the man who goes to Britain on business. It is slightly subversive.

The deer-stalking executive above still has work to do in nearby Glasgow. But, for one heathery weekend, he has put his telescope to his blind eye. Sales curves are forgotten. Worries disappear like Highland rabbits. Our truant is wise. Ask any doctor.

Other cities, other temptations. Within seventy miles of Birmingham you can hunt cottages in the Cotswolds, castles on the River Wye, and colleges in Oxford. And, a couple of hours from Manchester, you can be fishing in the Lake District, mountain-climbing in Wales, or shooting birdies at Hoylake.

And did you realize that there isn't one British town more than seventy miles from the sea? Think of what that means to your family. But that's vacation talk. For more solace for the lonely executive, see photographs below.

HORSE RACING. On-course bookmaking is legal in Britain. See photograph. Flat racing goes on from Spring till Fall. Steeplechasing, vice versa.



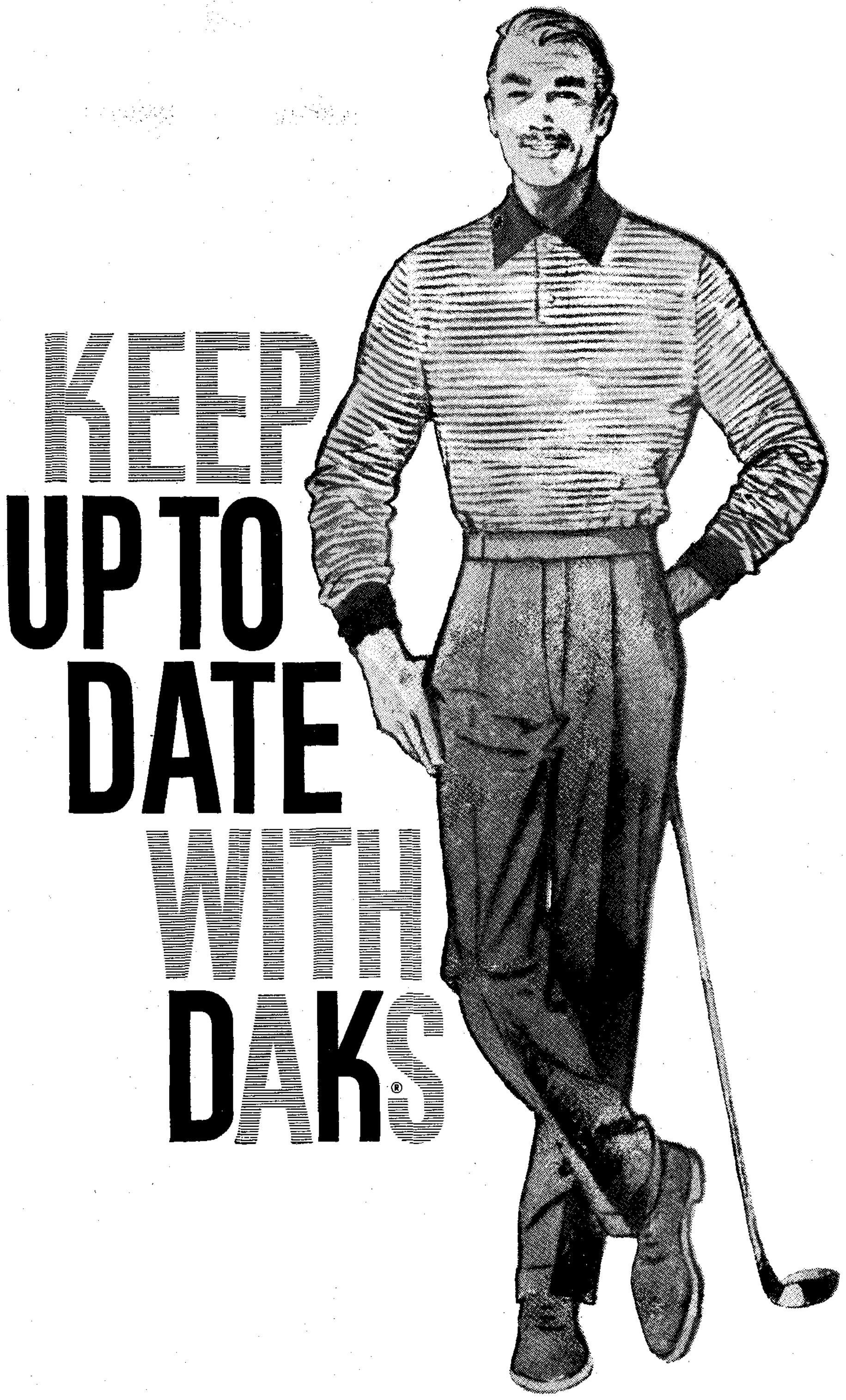
THEATRE. London has nearly twice as many first-rate theatres as New York. At least thirty other cities have fine repertory. You can get the best seat at the Old Vic for $2.40.

CAR RACING. The Triumph, the MG, and the Jaguar all came out of British racing stables. So did Stirling Moss. Above is the start-line at Goodwood.

For free illustrated booklet, "Britain Means Business," see your travel agent or write Box 136, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

that the United States had tended to neglect Latin America since the war and that this indifference was undermining its relations with the peoples of that continent. Soon after he took over his new post, he went on a month-long trip through eleven nations of Central and South America, but it was not an overwhelming success from the public-relations standpoint. He had to deal almost exclusively with officialdom, and, with his taste and capacity for mingling thus thwarted, he assumed a protective armor of stiff formality. The one time he loosened up was in the Dominican Republic, and there he ran afoul of Trujillo. At a private dinner party of American businessmen, he diverted his guests by telling them stories of his experiences with the fledgling dictator of twenty-five years before. The tales got back to Trujillo, who was furious and, in an effort to embarrass Cabot publicly, tried to represent him as a pro-Communist. The State Department knew better, but it was not pleased at having one of its high officers get into a row with the dictator. Upon his return, Cabot irritated the government in other ways. He declared that the United States should establish correct relations with certain Latin-American nations whether it approved of their governments or not, and on the question of economic assistance he clashed with Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey and others in the administration who were trying to retrench. In March, 1954, he was asked to resign. He submitted his resignation in an odd kind of *mea-culpa* letter to Secretary of State Dulles. "I have found it a handicap that my experience has been predominantly in the foreign political field," he wrote, "whereas the problems [of the job] are largely in the foreign economic and financial fields, and their solution requires extensive contacts in the domestic political field."

Cabot's resignation was accepted, and soon afterward he was appointed Ambassador to Sweden. The American press wasn't altogether kind to him when he went to Stockholm. "CABOT SAYS HE'S INCOMPETENT FOR ONE JOB, GETS ANOTHER," one headline read. However, the Swedes, who are rather choosy about the kind of ambassadors they get, didn't seem to mind on learning that their new one was coming to them under a cloud. "He's a full-blooded American, anyway," a Swedish editor wrote, "and not just someone of Scandinavian descent with a yen to see the old country." Cabot's previous short tour in Sweden appar-



Good news this spring for Daks collectors. So much to choose from . . . one pleat or plain front, slim, slender; beautiful British featherweights, brilliant shades. For ease and comfort . . . Daks fit every occasion. All over the world men in Daks trousers are noticed and admired. ● From $29.95. In linen $22.50. At fine stores from coast to coast, or write Simpson Imports Inc., 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, New York, Dept. NU.

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England

Founder Member British Men's Wear Guild

lovely women have made it a legend

SHALIMAR

Now, in a beautiful new jewel-sized gift box, more precious than ever, ¼ oz. Flacon $6.00. plus tax

Guerlain Parfumeur

ently qualified him further in Swedish eyes, for another Swedish editor reported, "He knows a great deal about Swedish glass and sailing." Today, it is generally conceded in both Washington and Stockholm that Cabot proved to be one of this country's most effective and popular ambassadors to Sweden, and his practice of having give-and-take chats with the workers had a lot to do with it. "When I arrived in Sweden, there was a good deal of criticism of the United States in the air—a feeling that our foreign policy was somewhat flighty," he recalls. "A lot was being said about McCarthyism and our racial policies. The Communists were pretty noisy. If they drip poison steadily, a certain amount seeps in, and I set about trying to administer an antidote instead of just shuffling papers at my desk."

In his three years in Sweden, Cabot made about sixty appearances at union halls. His flat, nasal New England voice struck the reserved Swedes as just right, and they liked his manner of responding to their questions about American life, though to an American he might have sounded rather as if he were conducting a Sunday-school class back home. Perhaps the most significant proof of Cabot's success in Sweden was the fact that the Russians became more and more disturbed about him. His influence was publicly recognized when a group of students called at the Soviet Embassy and demanded that someone there answer their questions, the way the American Ambassador was doing; eventually, a few anonymous written answers to queries were sent out by a messenger, making it clear who had won the verbal battle. Cabot was transferred to Colombia in the spring of 1957, and if the Russians were glad to see him leave, the Swedes were not; in fact, Swedish journalists suggested pointedly that his next post wasn't nearly important enough for him.

If Cabot was inclined to agree, he maintained a diplomatic silence. When he arrived in Colombia, a shaky coalition government had just been set up by a group of military leaders who had overthrown a dictator, and during the following year or so the new regime had to ward off two attempted coups. There was nothing much that Cabot could do about the revolutionary bullets, except to dodge them, but he could and did act on the economic front. A decade of hinterland fighting and banditry had shattered the Colombian economy, and before Cabot returned to Washington in the spring of 1959, for what he then

REVERSIBLE SHIRT

The shirt with the sea-going air—chartered for sun and fun. Crisp **denim** in sailing blue reverses to white **terry.** Complete turnabout includes a pocket on either side, collar button-and-loop and double-needle stitching for a trim finish. Sides are deeply vented; shirt-tail dips fashionably. Blue denim with white terry.

Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). $7.95
In **Men's** sizes too. Sm-Med-Lg. $8.95
Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino ON THE Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

POLLO A LA CACCIATORE
A standby chicken favorite from the Bay of Naples to Mulberry Street. Served with steamed rice and tossed green salad $1.95
Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4
COOKERY *Lafayette*
UNIVERSITY PLACE AT EIGHTH STREET

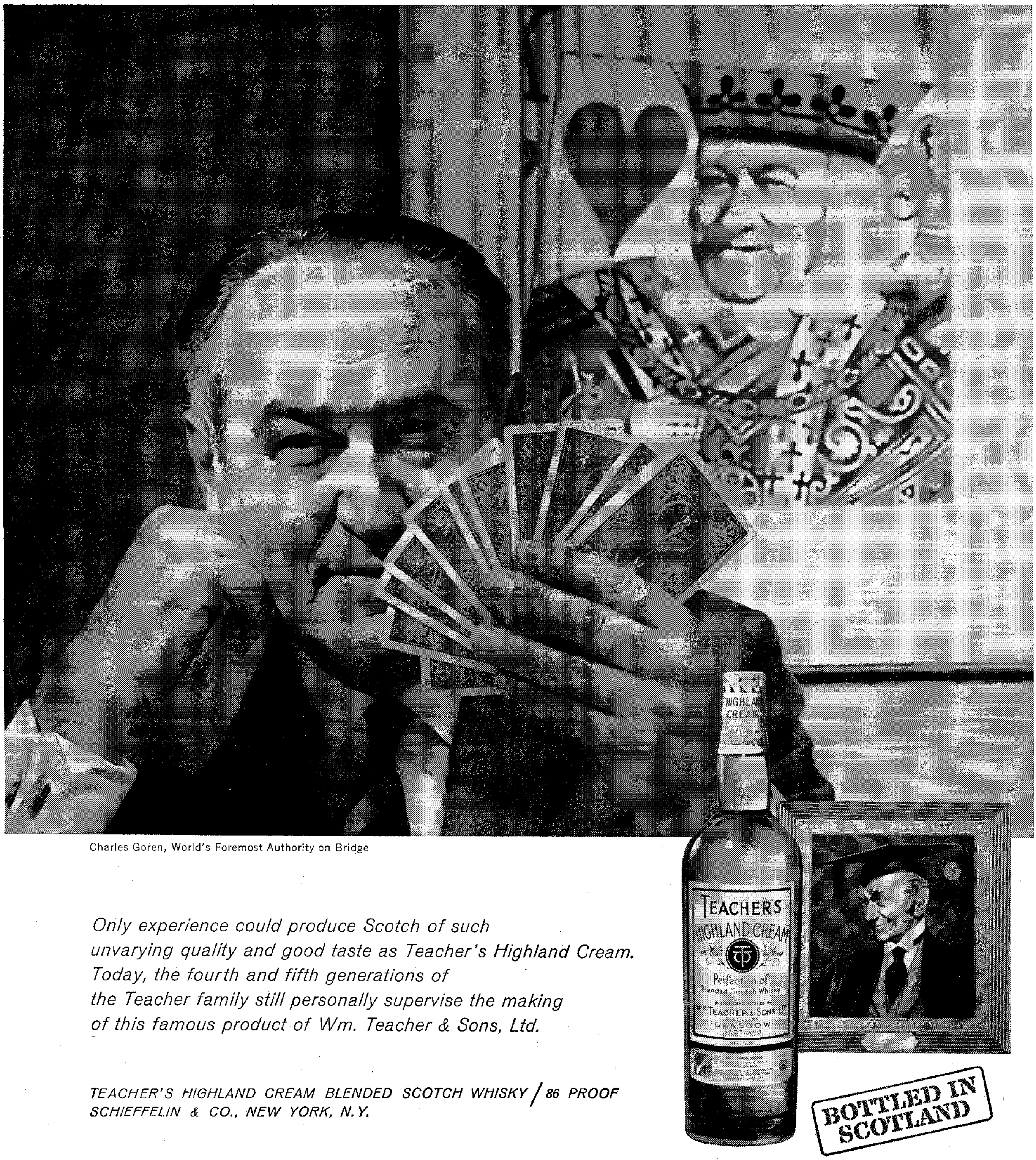
IN BRIDGE...

EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

IN SCOTCH...

TEACHER'S

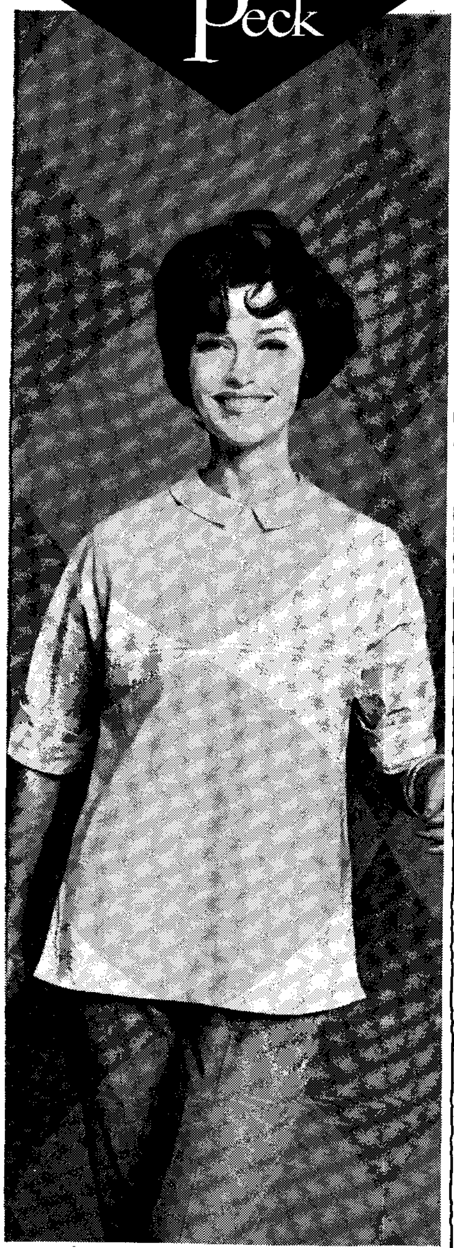
IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE


TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm TEACHER & SONS LTD
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Charles Goren, World's Foremost Authority on Bridge

Only experience could produce Scotch of such unvarying quality and good taste as Teacher's Highland Cream. Today, the fourth and fifth generations of the Teacher family still personally supervise the making of this famous product of Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd.

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 86 PROOF
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Peck and Peck

LOUIS FAURER

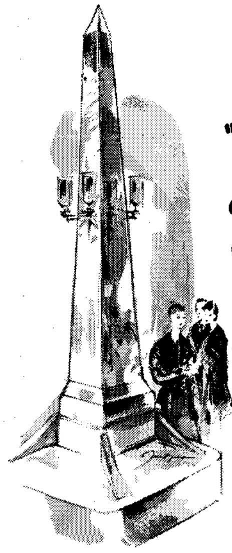
we introduce the landlubber shirt Newest member of the casual-living set.
Young, easy-going overshirt in drip-dry cotton, loomed with the unpressed look.
Navy, bone, hot pink or sun yellow. 10 to 16, 6.95

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

expected would be *only* a leave, he helped negotiate a substantial loan to Colombia and arranged a large shipment of surplus food from the United States.

Suddenly ordered to Rio instead of back to Bogotá, Cabot found an even more critical situation to contend with. "Brazil was like a jilted woman," he says. "The Brazilians are a sensitive and sentimental people. Traditionally, over a century and a half, we have always had very close relations, and I found them craving attention, which we hadn't lately been giving them." In fact, the United States had particularly annoyed Brazil by approving of the International Monetary Fund's rejection of a Brazilian request for a loan, on the ground that Brazil's financial structure was badly in need of reform. Cabot's first job was to soothe the Brazilians' ruffled feelings, and he made a point of reassuring the government of our continuing willingness to assist its economic recovery. When Brazil produced an unusually large coffee crop last year, the United States bought half of it, which improved the situation immeasurably. Cabot is vastly encouraged by recent developments. The new Quadros regime has begun to take firm steps to stabilize the currency and to stop inflation, and the United States, in the waning days of the Eisenhower administration and in the first days of the Kennedy administration, took a step that Cabot had been urging for years: last September, at a conference in Bogotá, the United States decided to put its program for social and economic aid to Latin America on a broad, long-range basis, and pledged half a billion dollars, as a starter, toward Latin-American land reform, low-cost housing, health, and education. The program is now being heartily pressed by President Kennedy and is up before Congress; if it is approved, as it undoubtedly will be, Brazil's share of the aid is bound to be considerable. This prospect delights Cabot, especially since it may help counteract Brazil's present tendency to establish closer economic and political ties with the Communist bloc.

In his day-to-day dealings with the Brazilians, Cabot continues to operate on the theory that an ambassador should be seen and heard. Apart from his regular appearances before commercial and labor groups, he has had informal discussions with many Brazilians, particularly with students, who have questioned him sharply about Washington's policy toward Fidel Castro, about ending the Cold War, and about such matters as the execution of Caryl Chessman; the Ambassador has answered the



"Meet me at the Obelisk for Cocktails!"

Meet at the Obelisk, in the "new" Commodore's newly redecorated lobby. Enjoy luncheon, cocktails or dinner at one of the delightful Commodore restaurants... the talk of everyone but the Sphinx. Have you seen the new Commodore?

HOTEL Commodore
42nd St. at Lexington Avenue New York 17, N. Y. • MU 6-6000

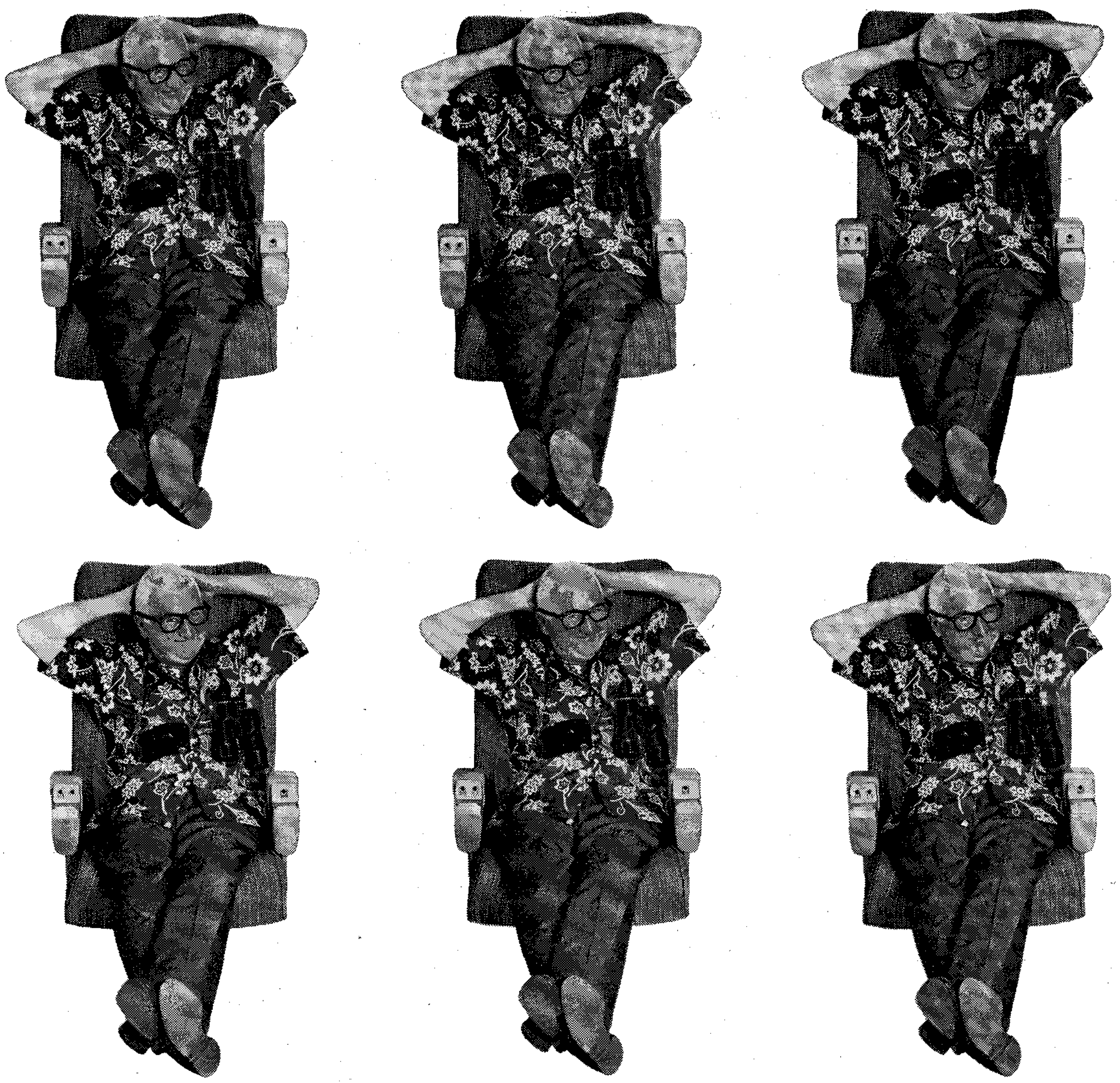
WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

IN WASHINGTON, D.C. IT'S PROTOCOL TO DINE AT

DUKE ZEIBERT'S
RESTAURANT / 1730 L ST. N. W.



Now Qantas jets soar to the South Pacific every single day

but Wednesday.

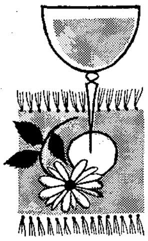
SIX QANTAS 707 JETS A WEEK from San Francisco to Fiji and Australia—more than all other airlines combined! Plus connecting jets from New York, straightaway across the U.S.A.! Call your travel agent or Qantas in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Honolulu—and we'll save you a seat. Any day. Except Wednesday. (So will BOAC, general sales agents, in all major U.S. cities.)

QANTAS Australia's Round-the-World Jet Airline

'23 skidoo and a Side Car, too

The Twenties—Fads, flivvers, flappers. Era of wonderful nonsense . . . Paris cafes jammed with Americans and Frenchmen enjoying that inspired mixture of Cointreau Liqueur, Cognac and lemon juice, whimsically tagged the Side Car.

The Sixties—The Side Car rides again . . . the wicked 20's are back and famous Cordials by Cointreau are the rage at fashionable gatherings.



The Side Car — ⅓ Cointreau Liqueur, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cognac (or, change proportions to taste). Shake well with cracked ice.

The Side Car is only one of many colorful, conversation-piece drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating drink and food recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 2.

Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N.J.

SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU

Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

last by saying that, while he happens not to believe in capital punishment himself, the international sympathy for Chessman was largely misplaced, because of the man's long record of criminality. Not long ago, another criminal matter came into Cabot's ambassadorial orbit, when he helped to negotiate an extradition treaty between Brazil and the United States. Aimed at "the repression of crime," the treaty, which still requires Congressional approval in both countries, would enable Justice Department officials to bring back a few prominent American malefactors who have recently fled to Brazil.

These days, Cabot's life is complicated by the fact that Brazil has two capitals—the new inland city of Brasília and Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilian government is in the process of moving to Brasília, but although President Quadros is already there, the Foreign Ministry has not yet followed, and the American Embassy remains in Rio. Mrs. Cabot is looking ahead to shifting the family's possessions to still another embassy building, and meanwhile the Ambassador shuttles back and forth between the two capitals. Characteristically, he sees a bright side to all the travelling. "It takes time, of course," he said recently, "but it's pleasant—like having a house in the country and one in town. I like both cities, and I like Brazil. In fact, now that I know I'm going to stay here awhile, I like Brazil more than ever." He smiled, and added, "And that goes for my job, too."—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

Evil of the King Cockroach is the second novel by the Maltese playwright, Francis Ebejer. It is an unusual book, written with considerable power and intensity. Evil, seemingly embodied in a cockroach, haunts the basement where Bertu, a cheesecake maker in Valetta, has to do his work. An external drama, involving Bertu's young daughter, Rosie, precipitates the crisis whereby the evil is exorcised by the attempted repetition of a crime, and its final expiation. This is a dramatist's theme, but Mr. Ebejer develops it in a manner proper to the novel, never losing sight of reality.—*London Times Literary Supplement.*

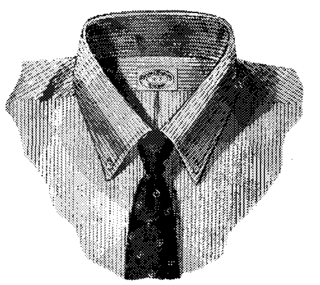
That's where 20-20 vision helps.

•

A 10-year-old boy chained to a tree near his home in the Arroyo Seco, Pasadena, was the object of sympathetic attention from passers-by. Police called the case one of parental discipline and said they were powerless to interfere.

City Forester Harper announced that he favored legislation which would compel all property holders of the city to plant trees in front of their land.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Just in case.

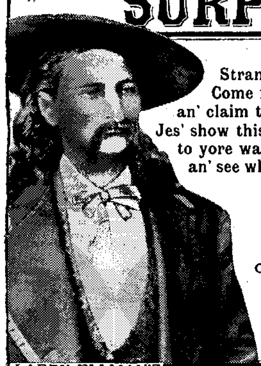


THE CLIFFORD COLLAR
adapted from our famous
button-down collar shirt

This good-looking shirt is made in our own workrooms . . . with shorter points than our regular button-down collar, with little or no roll. Striped English broadcloth in fine blue, tan or grey stripes on white, $11.50; in long staple white cotton oxford, $8

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST. • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

SURPRISE!



Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL
IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

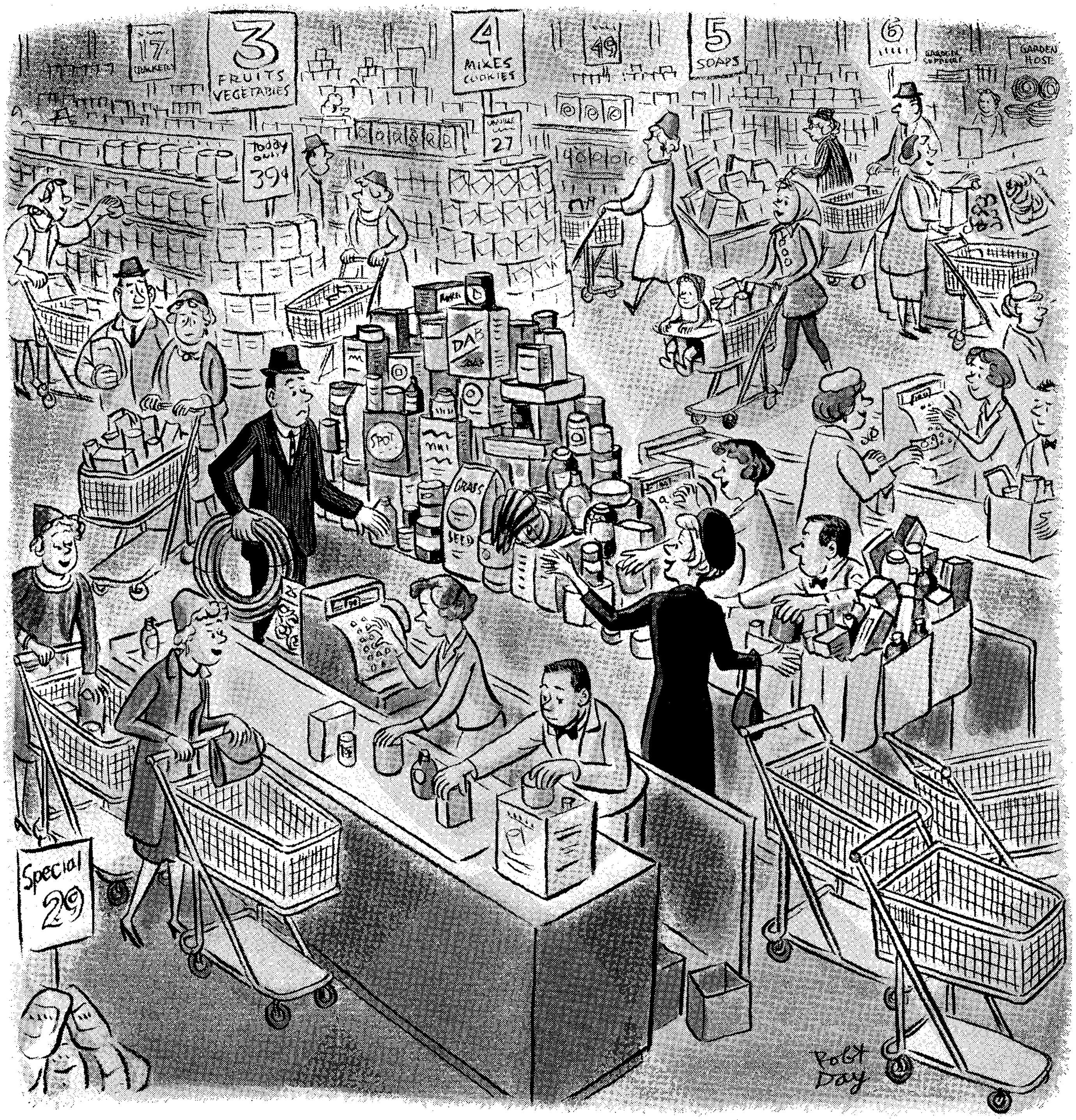
LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

FABIAN
Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHER
OF PRESIDENTS

48 East 50th St., New York
PL 5-6233

(*Advertisement*)

INSIDE SOLID CINCINNATI:


17 CRACKERS
3 FRUITS VEGETABLES
4 MIXES COOKIES
49
5 SOAPS
6
GARDEN SUPPLIES
GARDEN HOSE
Today only 39¢
VANILLA 27
DAB
SPOT
GRASS SEED
Special 29
Robt Day

"Well, didn't you tell me that we Cincinnati Enquirer families have $600 a year more to spend than the average Cincinnati family?"

..................SOLID CINCINNATI READS THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

Daily Enquirer families *make* more, *need* more, *spend* more. You're *in solid* with them when you advertise in their newspaper . . . the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer. For more facts on the *market-that-matters* in Cincinnati, call or write The Enquirer's Research Department for the latest Top Ten Brands survey.

Represented by Moloney, Regan & Schmitt, Inc.

Announcing
the re-birth of beauty!

"New Life"

the first synergetic beauty cream
containing Bi-Nutrio 7

NEW LIFE, sweeping away the barriers that keep a complexion from looking young, awakening living cells to help bring forth the beauty every woman longs for! *A living beauty*... softened and firmed... scoffing at lines and wrinkles... set free by a unique synergetic formula!

The key that unlocks all this vital power... BI-NUTRIO 7, the bio-complex found only in NEW LIFE. The lightest rich cream in the world, it is delightfully absorbable... leaves only beauty to show what is going on way down deep.

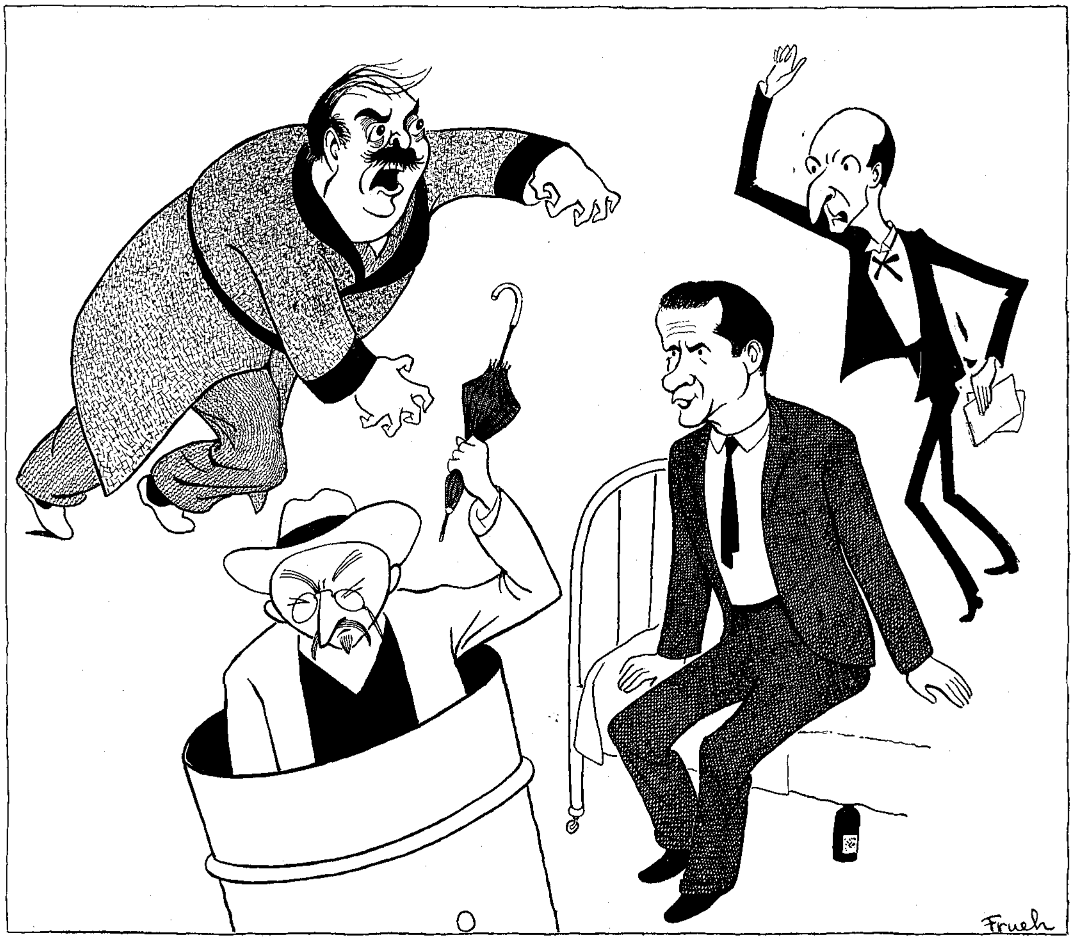
Frances Denney

THE THEATRE

MOLIÈRE WITH A MODERN BEAT

As the initial offering of its three-week stand at the City Center, the Comédie-Française, under the auspices of S. Hurok, presented a pair of short plays by Molière, the company's gay guiding genius, who died in 1673. The first of these plays was "L'Impromptu de Versailles," in which Molière himself is a character; portrayed by Georges Descrières, who looks a good deal like the paintings we have of the Master, he now and then interrupts a rehearsal of a comedy the king has ordered for presentation at Versailles. His interruptions are designed to explain his role as an observer of the seventeenth-century scheme of things, and to castigate those who find him too caustic for comfort. More an apologia than a drama, "L'Impromptu" demands a rather specialized knowledge of French theatrical history, and even though Mr. Hurok has done his best to cope with this demand by providing the audience with transistor radios, over which the company's presentations are paraphrased and explained in English, it's difficult to get worked up about the playwright's defense of his views and exposition of his dramatic methods when we consider that he has endured, while those who disagreed with him and his ideas are now merely obscure footnotes to his career.

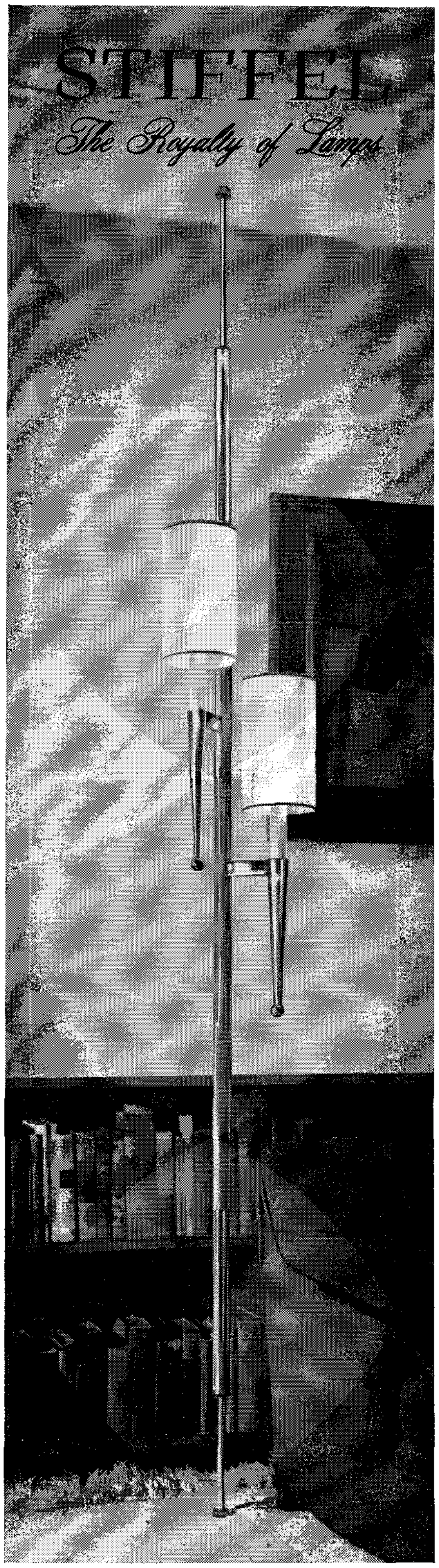
The second play, on the other hand, is full of bounce. It is "Les Fourberies de Scapin," and Molière wrote it late in life, when he was almost dead of consumption. Not only that, but he played Scapin, a roguish part requiring gymnastic efforts that might give pause to one of Vic Tanny's alumni. The plot of "Les Fourberies" need not concern us much. It has to do with a couple of young blades who, while their fathers are out of town, fall in love with a couple of cuties, and then discover that the old boys have other ideas about the way the sons' affections are going to be directed. This brings us to Scapin, a low-life chum of one of the youths, who sets himself up as a Mr. Fixit. As represented by Robert Hirsch, Scapin is an exuberant rowdy, brighter, perhaps, than the leather-jacketed types we have around today, but just as energetic and amoral. M. Hirsch's interpretation of Scapin is, I understand, based on his observation of some tough characters in modern France, but his studies have resulted in more merriment than most of the new-day delinquents could ever command. This freewheeling approach to Molière is probably in line with the playwright's notion of comedy. He was never hidebound by tradition, apparently, and I have no doubt that he would admire M. Hirsch's violent antics, just as he might have admired Bobby Clark when *he* gave Molière a whirl a few years back. M. Hirsch deserves credit not only for his lively doings as Scapin but for having designed the production of "Les Fourberies," which is both colorful and ingenious. As you might expect, the style of the company is high and handsome, and the ladies are such stuff as long transatlantic dreams are made on.



"RHINOCEROS"

Crashing down from the upper left, while in the throes of turning from a man into a rhinoceros, is Zero Mostel; taking shelter in the rubbish can is Morris Carnovsky; at his right, pondering the advantages of remaining human, is Eli Wallach; and raising hell, in a skinny way, is Philip Coolidge. All four appear in Eugene Ionesco's comic fable at the Longacre.

"Come Blow Your Horn," at the Brooks Atkinson, is about a man who manufactures artificial fruit and has two sons, one thirty-three and averse



THE PENTHOUSE
LAMPOLE® in a highly sophisticated interpretation. Two translucent shades afford an ever-interesting variety of lighting effects controlled by E-Z-Lite 3-way switch. Center section of pole is beautifully grained walnut flexwood. Ends, self-adjusting floor to ceiling, and all fittings finished in rich brass, $60.00.* Three-light version also available at $75.00.* For descriptive literature address The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10, Illinois.

*Slightly higher West and South
Pat. No. 2793286

to work and the idea of marriage, and the other twenty-one and eager to be his own man, with no parental discipline. I can't blame the boys for wanting to leave an old homestead aglow with artificial fruit, but I don't think that their carryings on when they do get away warrant our paying attention to them for three acts. They go for girls, defy Big Daddy, and make frantic efforts to be comical. But, as played by Hal March and Warren Berlinger, they are not as stimulating as they might be, and, as their father, Lou Jacobi is only fitfully amusing. The comedy was written by Neil Simon and staged by Stanley Prager, and among the other members of the cast are Arlene Golonka, Sarah Marshall, Pert Kelton, and Carolyn Brenner.

MAYBE it's time our playwrights stopped trying to kid about the Russians. It seems to be a losing proposition. "Julia, Jake and Uncle Joe," which spoofed the Muscovites of 1945 in a recent go-around, lasted one performance. Then, only the other day, along came "Once There Was a Russian," and this, too, disappeared with alacrity. Written by Sam Spewack, it had to do with Potemkin, a tricky fellow who put up a false front of houses in the Crimean wastes to prove to his former sweetie, Catherine the Great, that he was a builder in a class with one of the Levitt boys. It also introduced John Paul Jones as an All-America salt eager to join the Russians in knocking off the Turkish Navy. The analogies between the deceptive Russians of the late eighteenth century and those of today were strained, and so, for that matter, were most of the actors who participated in the charade. However, Françoise Rosay, in the role of Catherine, lent some brief charm to the affair. I wish I could say as much for Walter Matthau, Julie Newmar, Albert Salmi, and Sig Ruman, who were also on view.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

When the history of the Plumbing Industry is written it will be the story of the self sacrifice, devotion, and achievement of a few men who have labored for the good of all.—*Card from Ellingwoods (plumbing and heating), Sanford, Maine.*

Sort of a bathroom "Profiles in Courage."

•

PERSONAL ITEMS FROM ALL OVER

[*Newbury news in the Chardon (Ohio) Record*]

John Prots is a patient at the Geauga County Community Hospital with the same old thing.

In NEW YORK CITY

The smart place to stay

HOTEL St. Regis

Leaders in society and business make the St. Regis their home in New York. They select the St. Regis for its convenient midtown location among the finest Fifth Avenue shops, its faultlessly appointed rooms and suites, with individual air-conditioning controls. Sign our register —the St. Regis edition of Who's Who.

Fifth Ave. at 55th St. • PL 3-4500 • Pierre Bultinck, Gen. Mgr.

THE LODGE at Smugglers' Notch

New Double Chair Lift and trails! Gay, sunny Spring Skiing. Other Double, Single Chair Lifts, T-Bars, Ski School. Luxurious continental atmosphere. Outstanding French cuisine, wine cellar. Cocktail lounges, gay game rooms, dancing, skating. Reservations advised. Tel *Stowe* AL 3-7311. Write Ivor Petrak, Mgr. FOLDER.

STOWE 4, Vermont

Cora

CORA IMPORTED ITALY
CORA
VERMOUTH CORA
FRATELLI CORA TORINO

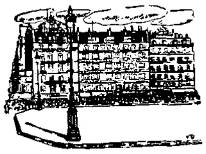
THE QUIET VERMOUTH

A good vermouth should mind its own business and Cora adds just the right note of discretion to your manhattans or martinis. Try a touch!

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schieffelin & Co., New York

LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 24



NAPOLEON III, though he has never been considered a very farseeing monarch, had an early, precise metaphor for Algeria, which around 1863 he called "*un boulet attaché aux pieds de la France*"—a ball and chain attached to France's feet. "Algeria is not a colony, properly speaking, but an Arab kingdom," he added, in a testy spirit. With the French government's sudden announcement yesterday that President Bourguiba of Tunisia, expected here last week, will positively appear on Monday to talk with President de Gaulle about de Gaulle's coming talks with Ferhat Abbas, President of the Algerian Provisional Government, on peace in Algeria, it looks as if the colonial ball and chain were going to be soon removed. The protocol of this Monday visit is worrisome, since Arabs are touchy. However, the visitor's safety from death has to be taken into account as part of the courtesy he is entitled to. Personal violence against him from embittered French *ultras* here is naturally to be feared. Where to house him safely and how to treat him socially so that he will not have a bomb thrown at him are matters that have apparently not yet been settled. He is a visiting chief of state, so he must be received as such, but he must not be entirely treated as such, with a parade and parties, which could be mortal. The French government had thought to house him in the magnificent Château de Champs, only twenty kilometres from Paris, which was built in early 1700, was occupied eventually by Mme. de Pompadour in tremendous style, and during the nineteen-thirties, when it was owned privately, was the scene of some of the grandest balls of that giddy period, after which the state got it back as a gift. But already the Tunisians have politely let it be known they prefer not to be quartered in country quiet but wish to be handier to things in Paris. The memory of how the Algerian peace delegation at last summer's fiasco meeting in Melun was cut off, as if in exile, from all social intercourse, and even from telephone communication with Paris, still rankles in all Arabs. In addition, the North African Arabs have not only the embittering long recollection of colonialism but right now the political

LOW SEASON
fares all roundtrip from New York, valid for 10½ months of the year.

ENGLAND $\$388^{20}$

SCOTLAND $\$355^{00}$

HOLLAND $\$428^{10}$

GERMANY $\$447^{30}$

DENMARK $\$422^{40}$

Even lower 17-day fares thru Mar. 31.

all 9 countries...
LOWEST
AIR FARES TO
EUROPE

ONLY ON ICELANDIC to 9 colorful countries, including Norway, Sweden, Finland, Luxembourg. Get thriftiest Low Season fares plus biggest Family Plan savings of any scheduled airline. And savings don't end on March 31! Go before April 30 and return by June 30 . . . or take a later vacation from August 16. Spacious DC-6Bs with U.S.—trained flight crews, complimentary full-course meals enroute. Easiest on your budget, ICELANDIC from New York via Iceland.

ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

15 West 47th St., New York 36, PL 7-8585 • Also Chicago • San Francisco

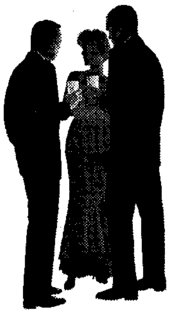
LOWEST FARES of any scheduled airline ANY TIME OF YEAR

BELL'S SCOTCH

light, but not thin

You'll never find a *gentler* Scotch than Bell's. Yet its taste has real *authority*. **Bell's "12" (Royal Vat)** Mellowed for twelve years in the wood, it has reached the age of greatness. **Bell's Special Reserve** An exceptional Scotch at a popular price. Just as light as Bell's "12"—and its equal in everything but years.

86 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ©HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., 1961, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



BELL'S 12
BELL'S ROYAL VAT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY TWELVE YEARS OLD
12
BELL'S Blended Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE

hypersensitivity of the dark-skinned, brought into focus by the various kinds of explosions between white and colored all over the globe, from New Orleans to the Congo. The most difficult diplomatic, policing, and housing problem will be that of where to put Ferhat Abbas when he comes, for he is known in advance to be a morbidly sensitive, patriotic Arab and a high symbol of the French *ultras*' hatred. And will President de Gaulle, with his genius for French glory and Gallic formality, actually consent, after all, to "have direct contact with the chief of the Algerian rebellion"—even to make peace? Once again this question is being raised here with fear. Along with Thursday's brightening news about Bourguiba came the bad news from Algeria that suddenly the rebels had picked up the war again and were fighting, at exactly the wrong historical moment. Yet the war, of course, is really over, except for occasional terrorist murders or bombings here and there—and except for talking about, making, and signing the peace.

THE largest, most illuminating collection of Henri Rousseau's paintings ever shown in Europe is now on view at the Galerie Charpentier. Consisting of eighty canvases, it is the first major Douanier exhibition in Paris since the two retrospectives given him shortly after his death, from gangrene, in the Hôpital Necker, at the age of sixty-six—the one at the Salon des Indépendants in 1911, and the big commercial retrospective put together in 1912 by the art merchants Bernheim-Jeune, who had collected a valuable lot of Rousseaus in the two years after the old man was buried in a pauper's grave. Among the notable items at the Charpentier are nine jungle scenes, three of which, owned by Paris collectors, the Paris public had apparently never laid eyes on before, any more than it had on the privately owned gray-colored lion's face and the two full-length owls (these three look like miniature animal portraits), making six brand-new aesthetic pleasures in all. But even more talked about is the new, serious, appreciative attitude that is being manifested by Paris art critics and art lovers toward the Douanier as an artist, and the completely new inquiry that is being made into his character. Formerly, he was viewed as a lovable simpleton who was arrested two or three times for minor thefts, probably a mythomaniac but possibly an actual ex-soldier who had accompanied an expedition to the jungles of Mexico, and the admired innocent

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

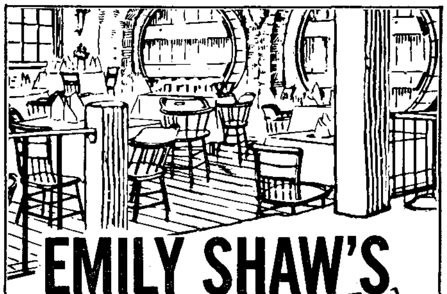
LIGHTWEIGHT CRUISE & SUMMER TROUSERS

Chipp slender line model, tailored for belt with snug hip fit. Tapered bottoms. Shipped with unfinished bottoms.

*Dacron-Poplin Wash & Wear olive, grey, black-brown, navy, white, yellow, red, and natural	$17.50
Irridescent Dacron-Poplin Wash & Wear light olive and dark olive	$21.50
Orlon-Cotton Wash & Wear natural, yellow, olive, light blue & light tan	$18.50
Tropical Worsted (9 ounces) cambridge, oxford, clergy grey, black-brown, dark olive, medium olive, tan heather	$23.50
Dacron-Wool (6 ounces) cambridge, oxford, black-brown, and bright olive	$23.50
Linen Type natural, olive, gold, light blue and yellow	$17.50
**Madras Trousers	$18.50
Shepherd Check Tropical red & black, olive & black	$25.00
*Poplin available in walk shorts	$13.50
**Madras " "	$14.50

Mail orders accepted *Waist sizes 29-42*
No C.O.D.'S *Add 50¢ for postage & insurance*

Chipp
14 E. 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

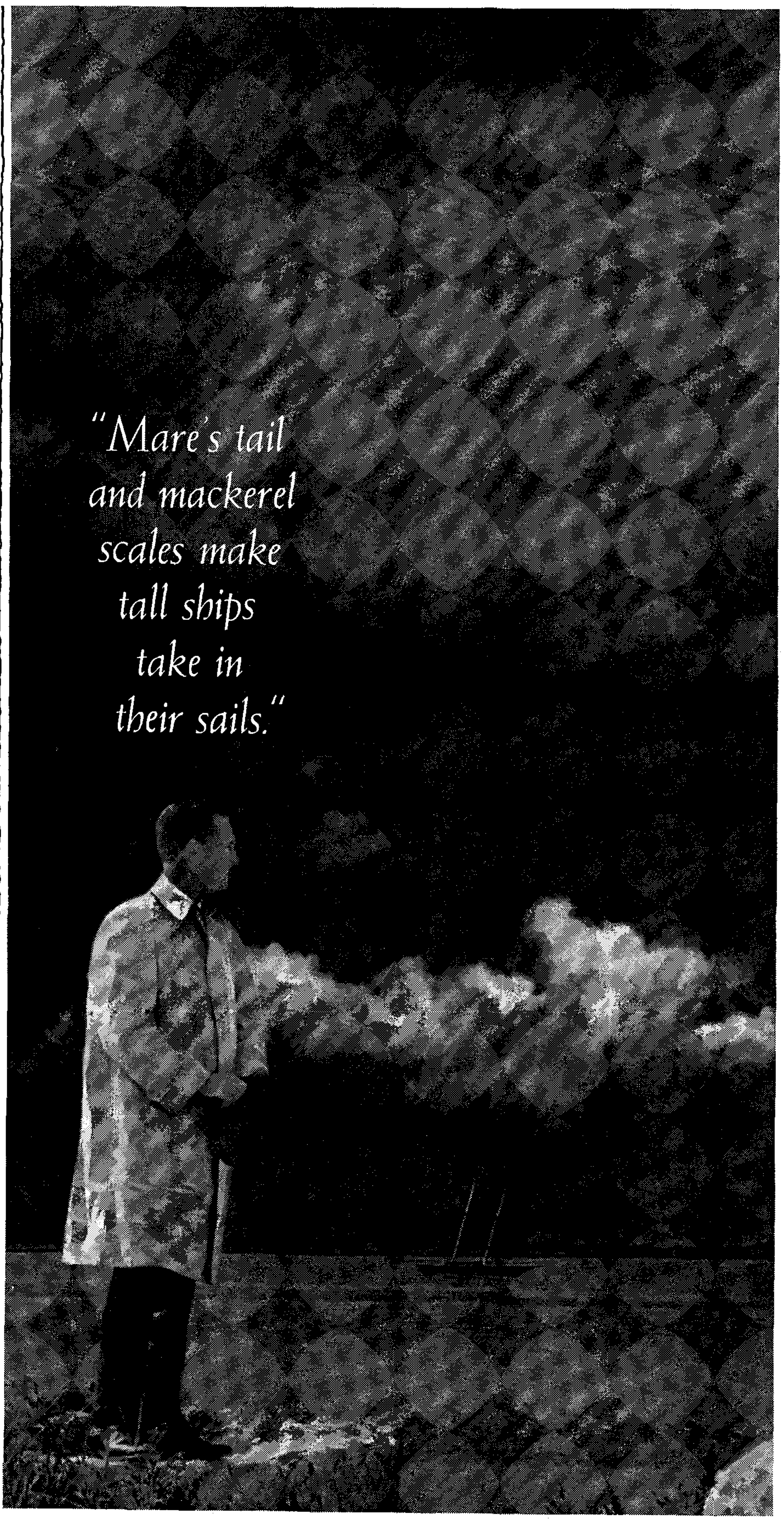


EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137, or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT THE OLD ENGLISH TAPROOM

1028 N. RUSH
WH 3-2233
Mister Kelly's
Chicago's finest prime steaks!
Nitely from 5 p.m.
March 6
Bewitching!
Beguiling!
JULIE WILSON
plus WALLY GRIFFIN
Peggy King & Guy Marks 'til March 5

painter of the popular wedding-party picture "La Noce" and of the monstrous barelegged child with her doll. In last week's *Arts*, which printed three full-size newspaper pages, compiled by four Rousseau experts and accompanied by fifteen photographs, to reveal the new justice being done him and to present the now available truths about him, a statement by that weekly's M. Yann Le Pichon was the most astonishing (including its failure to explain why the revelation has come so late). Le Pichon says that just after Rousseau died, his daughter, Mme. Julia Bernard-Rousseau (the only one of his nine offspring to live to maturity), found in her father's Rue Perrel studio a battered children's book on animals, which she took for her own child Jeannette—a cheap, dog-eared volume she later showed Le Pichon. The cover of this book, a publication of the well-known department store Aux Galeries Lafayette, was reproduced in *Arts*, and showed an appealing design of lizards, snakes, and tropical birds surrounding the title: "Bêtes Sauvages: Environ 200 Illustrations Amusantes de la Vie des Animaux, avec Texte Instructif." Inside were good realistic drawings of monkeys, whose exact poses on the trees Rousseau zealously copied in such paintings as "Jongle" and "Paysage des Tropiques," though he managed to have it appear that the monkeys were fancifully playing ball, like little boys, with oranges. The album's serpents and duck-billed birds served as models for his magical "Charmeuse de Serpents," also present in the Charpentier exhibition. The department-store album's lions and tigers Rousseau set loose in his imagination amid the Paris Jardin des Plantes's exotic botanical exhibits, whose salad-green or elephant-black foliage he tenderly, laboriously copied, leaf by leaf, for he was an uneducated classicist. Le Pichon's disclosure about the animal book, together with certain references from an Army report on Rousseau, now proves beyond a doubt that there never was any adventurous journey to Mexico with Maréchal Bazaine's troops, which Rousseau fondly pretended was the source of his jungle paintings. He voyaged only on his pictures, as on magic carpets.

In the new evaluation, which changes Rousseau's aesthetic ranking, he is hailed as having created his own clear, logical painting line in a reaction against the spongy softness of Impressionism. He is credited with being the first important French exponent of *l'art brut*, now much admired here for its oneiric, providential creativeness, and he is also



This signpost in the sky is the cue to batten down your London Fog Maincoat® . . . the ONE coat you need for smooth sailing in any kind of weather. Shown: THE LONDON. Completely wash and wear . . . with the assured rain protection of exclusive Third Barrier construction. About thirty-two fifty at finer stores. Londontown Mfg. Co., 3600 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md.

London Fog

ANNOUNCING!

A unique new week-to-week reading adventure . . . an incomparable addition to your library!

HARPER'S WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION
SUMTER

EXACT REPRINTS OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

for the years of the

CIVIL WAR!

Subscribe, and you receive each week an exact replica of the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY which appeared 100 years ago. Nothing is omitted: contains all the exciting "news" and fascinating woodcuts of the war years. Reproduced by lithography, each reissue is the original tabloid size (16 pages) and on similar paper. Reprinted with permission of Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y.

PLUS: With each issue, you receive a commentary supplement by Dr. James Robertson, prize-winning southern editor of Civil War History.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY-- DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!

LIVING HISTORY, INC.
8 York Avenue
Shenandoah, Iowa

Send the reissue of Harper's Weekly with your moneyback guarantee on the unused portion of my subscription at any time.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me

☐ $12 per year (52 issues), paper wrapped.
☐ $14 per year (52 issues), sent in envelope.

Name ....
Address ....
....

called the forefather of Surrealism. As for his most naïve, puerile canvases, which the public has so affectionately appreciated, they are now said to contain, aside from their coloration, "nothing admirable." Quite rightly, the revelation of the Charpentier exhibition has been his hitherto little-known Paris water-and-land paintings, as examples of calm, minor French painting genius, such as the 1888 "Evening View of the Ile Saint-Louis and Bridge," the 1909 suburban "Fisherman Among Trees," and the 1893 "Sawmill Outside Paris," with its humble but superb composition of pallid logs on a curved forest road, along which a mother walks with one child in her arms and another at her side—a great and human small painting.

In the matter of the mind of the Douanier, a man until recently regarded as the helpless butt of everybody's practical jokes—proof of both his naïve nature and his naïve art—the new criticism has a tougher problem of reappraisal. The painter Gauguin and the writer Alfred Jarry, author of that unrefined satiric play "Ubu Roi," were his liveliest, most inventive tormentors. They privately presented him with the Legion of Honor, which he blissfully wore; hired a tramp to dress up as Puvis de Chavannes and call on him with words of praise; sent to visit him the real painter Degas, of whom he mildly inquired, "And how is your painting coming along?" Rousseau told Cézanne, apropos of the latter's Salon des Indépendants paintings, "I could finish those for you"—for, after all, Rousseau had been showing at the Salon for years before Cézanne was accepted. One night, Gauguin told Rousseau that he, the Douanier, was expected by the President of the Republic at the Elysée Palace, and Rousseau washed and hurried over. When he returned, he said that the President had received him most kindly but had explained that everyone else was in evening clothes, so would he please come back another night. True? Or was he, in turn, pulling the malicious Gauguin's leg? The shrewd, hard Vollard, his art dealer, at times suspected that Rousseau was really as sharp as a tack. Many people regarded him as an enigma, but some thought that he imaginatively played the fool to fool others—his complacent form of fun. Yet he referred to all foreign painters as Americans, which was surely irrational, and he shouted over the telephone because the people he was talking to were "so far away." It is now supposed that the famous Montmartre banquet of honor given him by Picasso and Apollinaire at the Bateau-Lavoir was only an elabo-

Smart Move!

SMART PEOPLE
ARE MOVING
INTO

THE
Westbury
Madison Avenue
at 69th Street, New York

The fashionable East Side hotel of good taste and individuality.

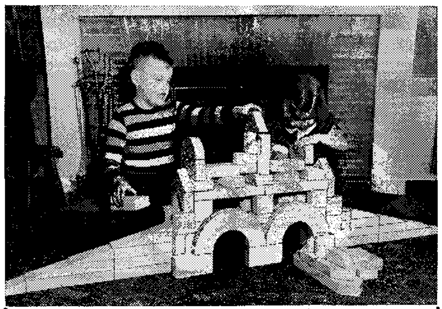
Magnificent furnished suites of 1 to 6 rooms (with serving pantry and air conditioning available) . . . for permanent occupancy on lease or monthly rental.

ALSO a number of rooms and suites for transient guests.

Complete hotel services
Restaurant
Famous POLO BAR

KNOTT HOTELS

reservations · information
Charles L. O'Connor, Mgr.
Tel.: LEhigh 5-2000
TWX.: NY 1-138



PROJECT PLAY BLOCKS

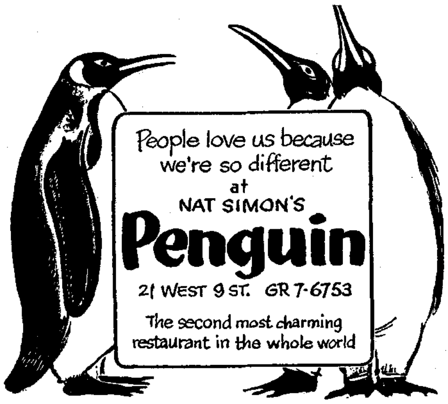
Ideal for Children from 2 to 10

These are the fascinating blocks children select for themselves—the same blocks used in nursery schools and kindergartens. No limit to the things a child can build. They develop skill, coordination, reason and concentration in building and expressing ideas of structures, bridges, trains, boats, etc. All pine pieces with rounded edges. Cut accurately to scale so that projects may be built systematically however the pieces are piled.

20 piece set (8 shapes)........................$ 4.50 Ppd.
36 piece set (10 shapes)........................$ 6.95 Ppd.
54 piece set (14 shapes)........................$ 8.95 Ppd.
75 piece set (20 shapes)........................$15.95 Ppd.
106 piece set (24 shapes)........................$19.95 Ppd.
140 piece set (26 shapes)........................$26.95 Ppd.

Order by Mail. All prices postpaid. Add 15% West of Mississippi. Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STEPHEN H. BISHOP
P. O. Box 22-Z Waban, Massachusetts

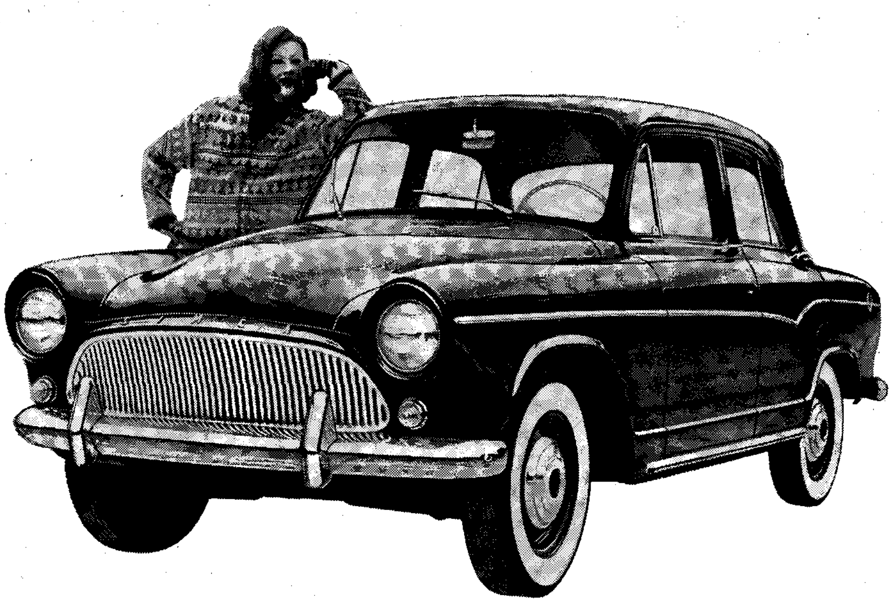


People love us because we're so different
at
NAT SIMON'S
Penguin
21 WEST 9 ST. GR 7-6753
The second most charming restaurant in the whole world

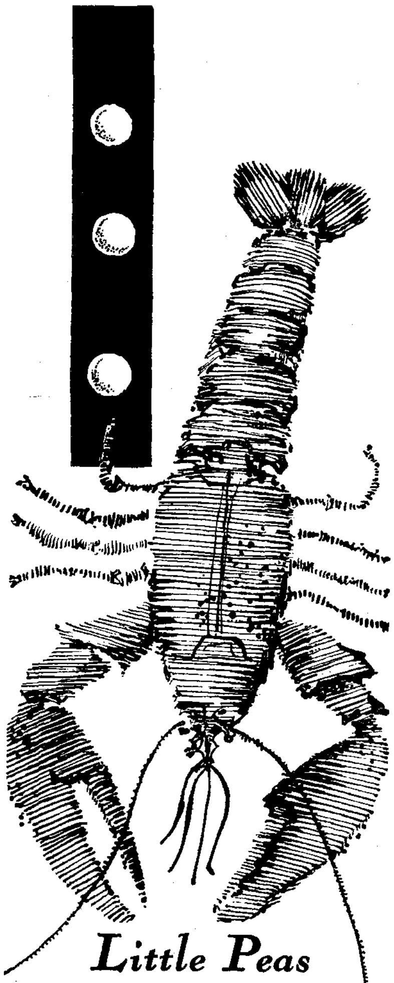
rate, vinous farce. Since they so wonderfully built up his painting reputation as a joke, it is further deduced that once he was dead and they had the legend of his innocent genius laid at their door, like an exotic funeral wreath, they had to revivify it, out of shame and loyalty. Three years after his death, his painting "The Virgin Forest," which he himself had vainly tried to sell for two hundred francs (then forty dollars), fetched ten thousand gold francs. The legend had become truth.

OWING to Herbert von Karajan's temperamentally changing the dates and the programs of the two concerts he was scheduled to give this week at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées with the Vienna Philharmonic, all that remained of his original plans was the price—fifty francs (about ten dollars) for orchestra seats, which is very high for Paris. However, Parisians are always ready to pay a lot for Teutonic entertainment, so every seat was sold out in advance, including even the seats in the little matchbox loges so high up that they are in the rim of the theatre's cupola. Those of us who thought we were going to hear Brahms at the first concert heard Bruckner's Seventh Symphony instead, which was a rarer treat, whereas at the second concert, instead of the promised Tchaikovsky "Pathétique," we heard three other things, including Mozart's familiar "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Under von Karajan, it was exquisite, effective, and affected, his pianissimi at one point reducing the music to the mere sound of mice faintly romping by baroque candlelight in a Viennese *Schloss*. But his performance of Schumann's Fourth Symphony was of magnificent variety and sonority, pouring and soaring from the players as if von Karajan held the power of musical emanation in his own physical gestures—the arrogant elegance, the often drooping, idle hands, then the tossing of both arms high over his head, as if he were climbing with the crescendo. Paris was the first foreign city to hear him regularly—fresh, ambitious, young, and in unpleasant circumstances, conducting for the Nazis during the Occupation. Von Karajan is now regarded here as having grown to the expected heights of imagination and creative authority, and having become the reigning, still youngish orchestra leader of Europe. The concert's conclusion was the Richard Strauss "Don Quixote"—a work not often played here—with its exhilarating instrumental buffoonery and literary-musical hurly-burly. The

☞ SIMCA COSTS HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS LESS, GETS MANY MORE MILES TO THE GALLON THAN ANY NEW U.S. COMPACT. YET, **UNLIKE OTHER ECONOMY IMPORTS,** THERE'S NO SACRIFICE IN QUALITY, COMFORT, OR PERFORMANCE. SIMCA IS A 4-DOOR, FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN, WITH A FULL FIFTY HORSEPOWER ENGINE, DELUXE INTERIORS, AND REAL TRUNK SPACE. LOOKS? SIMCA IS AS EASY ON THE EYES AS IT IS ON THE POCKETBOOK. EXTRAS? ALMOST ALL YOU WILL EVER NEED—AT NO EXTRA COST.



PARTS AND SERVICE COAST TO COAST. SEE YOUR DEALER NOW. **SIMCA** IMPORTED BY **CHRYSLER**



Little Peas bred to go with great lobsters from Maine

One delicate flavor deserves another. And we submit as a case in point, how this most succulent seafood finds Le Sueur Brand peas happy company indeed.

The excellence of this vegetable is no accident. These tiny, very tender peas are the result of years and years of careful breeding. And they are grown on only a very few square miles of land, where conditions of climate and soil are deemed ideal. This care and caution has resulted in peas that rival the famed Petits Pois of France for delicate substance and flavor.

We urge you to cheer your table with Le Sueur Brand peas soon. The tiny, very tender ones.

LE SUEUR
EARLY PEAS

LE SUEUR BRAND PEAS

Green Giant Co., hdqrs., Le Sueur, Minn.
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

soloist was the dean of French cellists, Pierre Fournier; his tone, which used to scratch thinly, like a pebble on a bathroom floor, has finally sweetened. The Vienna orchestra, made up mostly of young-looking men—the newer generation—sounds like, and is, the greatest, most mellow orchestra on the Continent.

IT is appropriate that while Left Bank literary circles were reminiscing about James Joyce's vital writing epoch there, brought to mind recently by the twentieth anniversary of his death, the latest volume by his reticent secretary and obstinate translator into French of "Anna Livia Plurabel," Samuel Beckett, now internationally famed as the author of "Waiting for Godot," should just have come from the press of Les Editions de Minuit. Beckett still dwells apart, in his small village house somewhere in Seine-et-Marne, remote from the admirers of his trilogy of novels in French—"Moloy," "Malone Meurt," and "L'Innommable"—all of which are more popular in Paris than in Dublin, London, or New York. His new volume, "Comment C'Est," is fortunately brief—less than two hundred pages—for it is an expression of such singular anguish of mind as can rarely be borne at any length by a reader. It is written without punctuation or capitals, frequently without the definite article, and is divided into short paragraphs that, when read aloud, fall into their own repetitive, agonizing, lyrical sort of sense, the repetitions being like the stuttering of a man most deeply distressed in his contemplation of *la condition humaine*—of man as man has made him, for neither God nor immortality interferes with the obsessive text. Translated into English, with commas, part of one paragraph would read, "Ocean beneath the moon, up from the port, after the sun, the moon, always a light day and night, behind me a small heap, all those whom I see, me, all ages, the current carries me away, the awaited reflux, I hunt an island, home, finally to fall down, to move no more, fall asleep, wake in the silence, eyes that can remain open, live old dreams of crabs and seaweed." A monosyllabically named character, Pim—or perhaps he is sometimes two people—floats inconsequentially among these tortured obscurities. It is poetry that Beckett has written—a jeremiad without definite complaints, poetry of fragmentary physical majesty and the mind's questioning anguish, poetry written in the dark and to be read there.

—GENÊT

"SKIPPER RIDING DOLPHIN"
Swimming pool
or fountain,
suitable up to 3" pipe.

Visit our extensive showrooms. Statuary in Lead, Bronze and Stone

Skipper Riding Dolphin 23"x28"—in lead $250.00
F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express Collect
25¢ for catalogue M-61 on complete line in coins or postage.
Small Dolphin 11"x7" in lead $35.
F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express Collect

THE Florentine CRAFTSMEN, INC.
479 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) N.Y. 16
Phone LExington 2-3926

We've Drenched Your
EASTER HAMS in
(1) English Gin (2) Scotch Whisky
(3) French Champagne

All three flavors are wonderful. Delicious Danish Hams may be served cold in their liquor jelly or hot in their liquor sauce. Delightfully different. Wonderful for Easter gift-giving. Need no refrigeration.

All three, gift boxed **$7.95** plus postage

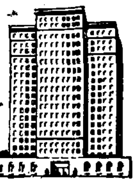
Send for our 97 page Illustrated Catalogue

MARYLAND GOURMET MART
414 Amsterdam Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

Luxury Living overlooking
Lake Michigan on CHICAGO'S GOLD COAST

Enjoy incomparable luxury only five minutes from downtown...steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments by the day, month or year.

New York Office PL 5-9747
Donald O. Cronin, Mgr.



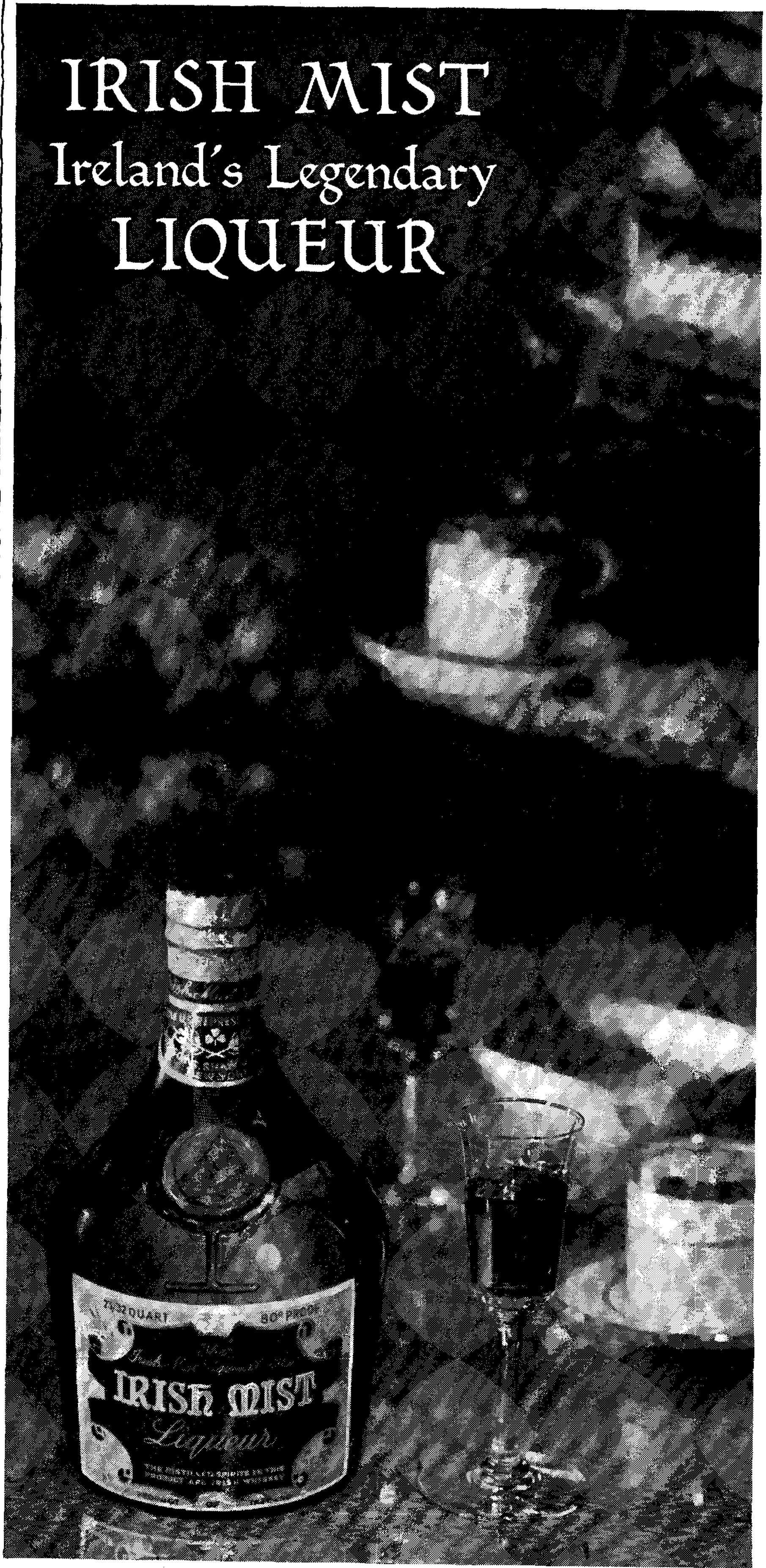
LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL
181 E. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Candy for Popeye

I NEVER would have guessed that understanding Hollywood would prove to be more difficult than understanding the novels of William Faulkner, but such is my conclusion after witnessing the movie "Sanctuary," which is based on his Mississippi Gothic classic and its afterpiece, "Requiem for a Nun." The puzzlement in this work does not arise from Faulkner's echo-chamber prose, which has been done away with altogether, or from the murky inner violence of the characters, who have been scrubbed up to the point of near invisibility, but concerns the motives of the producers in doing this film at all. Admiration for Faulkner and a desire to make money from a shocker would seem to be logical, unexceptionable reasons for fashioning a movie out of "Sanctuary," but neither of these can account for the omission of the master's most frightening and enigmatic figures, or for the substitution of a tale so dull and trite that it might have been adapted from a serial in the kind of magazine women buy in supermarkets. I give up.

Consider the fact that Popeye, the unhinged, appalling villain of the first novel, is nowhere to be found in the movie. Gone, too, are Tommy, Goodwin, Red, and Red's brother, who, along with Popeye, make up almost the entire list of murderers, murderees, rapists, blackmailers, and victims in the two books. Vanished also is Benbow, who is the real protagonist of "Sanctuary." In their place, so to speak, we find Yves Montand, the singer, uneasily cast as a Cajun bootlegger named Candy, who wears striped shirts and peg-top pants, and who apparently effects the willing downfall of Temple Drake simply by calling her "keed" in a thick Parisian accent. In fairness, I must admit that many of the specifics of the stories are too nasty to be included in a film, but it is clear that James Poe, who wrote the screenplay of "Sanctuary," and Richard D. Zanuck, who produced the film, failed to understand that Faulkner succeeded in his aim of writing "the most horrific tale I could imagine" largely by suggestion and by a brilliantly controlled nightmare vagueness of tone. These two gentlemen and Tony Richardson, who



An ancient recipe... a brand-new taste experience. This delicious after-dinner drink is Ireland's only liqueur. Try it. 80 Proof. Sole U. S. Representatives: Munson G. Shaw Co., New York 17, N.Y.

ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in anywhere, any weather

Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives the protection you need—the widest choice of fabric, fit and fashion. All wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Kodel* polyester, Dacron† polyester, Topel** cross-linked rayon. Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, $11.95 to $70.75. At better stores.

Alligator®
BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

PLATINUM LABEL, $52.75. America's luxury gabardine. Finest Australian all wool worsted. Soft, smooth, silky – finely woven, perfect in weight. Smart, comfortable. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent.

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

*Eastman TM †Du Pont TM **Courtaulds TM

directed, have done precisely the opposite, giving the movie a photographic hardness and an oversimplicity of plot that display all too clearly the unconvincing components of their aseptic little scandal story. Since the film is utterly without evil, Temple Drake's degradation becomes merely naughty, and her redemption by the Negro murderess Nancy merely baffling.

Lee Remick, who is an admirable young actress, can do nothing with the empty part of Temple. She dances a properly abandoned Charleston, sips gin in Miss Reba's fancy house with convincing relish, and, subsequently chastened and punished, murmurs "Oh, mah poah lost one" over her murdered baby, but these posturings, alas, are no more than those required of actresses in afternoon TV dramas. I was equally embarrassed for M. Montand and for Bradford Dillman, who is a mournful Gowan Stevens. Odetta plays Nancy with a powerful physical dignity, and Harry Townes caught my eye in the part of the defense lawyer. The governor of the state, played by Howard St. John, is described in the movie as being Temple Drake's father, for reasons that must be as mysterious to Mr. Faulkner as they are to me. But, as I have indicated, Yoknapatawpha County is a snap compared to what must go on in movie-script conferences.

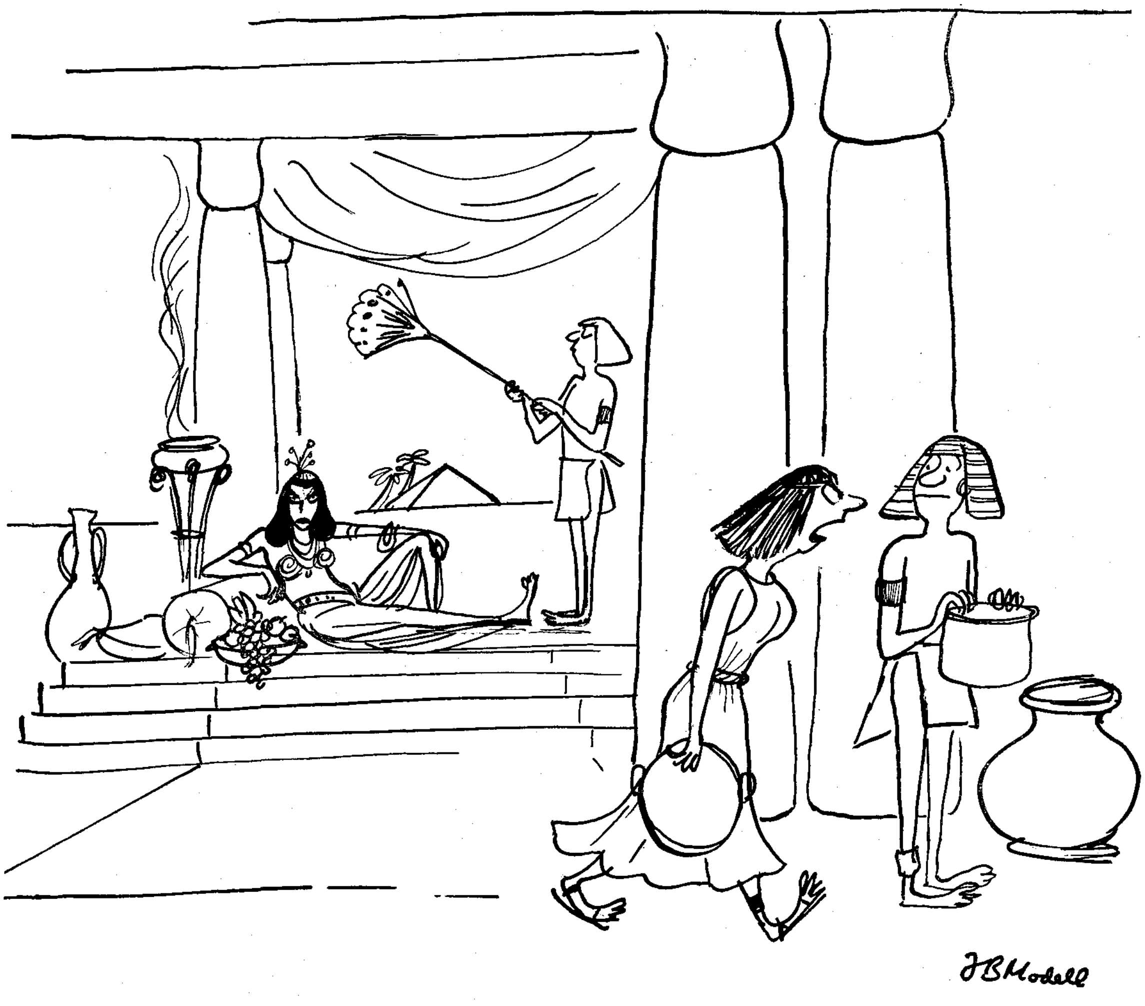
ANOTHER dive into the tempting gutters of the nineteen-twenties is attempted in a new French import, "Modigliani of Montparnasse," with equally unhappy results. This film, which was directed by Jacques Becker, purports to deal with the latter stages of the brief life of the painter, depicted as an unhealthy young eccentric who is frequently sozzled by noon and who enjoys walking about in the rain with his mouth open. Since the greater part of the film is taken up with a love story that is straight out of "La Bohème," and since we are never given a hint about the origins of Modigliani's despair, this movie quickly loses whatever historical interest it has, and drags unconscionably before the young genius finally expires and the art vultures move in to gobble up his canvases. It is regrettable that the late Gérard Philipe, who plays Modigliani, was forced to waste his powers in this tourist's-eye view of the Latin Quarter. Lilli Palmer and Anouk Aimée are the handsome ladies comforting the unhappy painter, who appears to have been permitted precious little time alone with his brushes and easel.

—Roger Angell

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

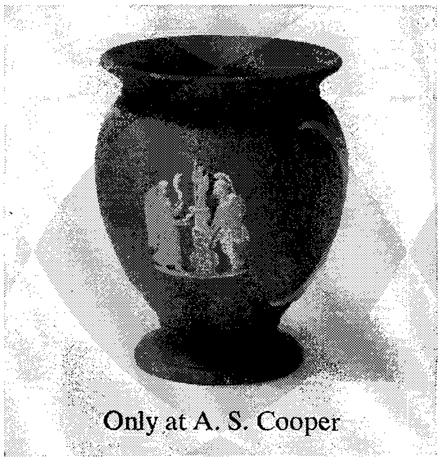
FEBRUARY 23

THE new management has lost none of its briskness and confidence, but it is having trouble with the board of directors and with some of the shareholders. Not one of Mr. Kennedy's anti-recession measures has reached the floor of either house of Congress, and in most cases the appropriate committees have yet to begin the appropriate preliminaries. Some decisions are expected in the days after the traditional Easter recess, but it will probably be well along in the summer before there is action on those proposals, like federal aid to education, that are not emergency measures. "Things have been very quiet along the New Frontier," the Senate Minority Leader, Mr. Dirksen, said yesterday, in the awe-filled voice of a man describing a state of extreme, almost unimaginable bliss. "Quiet" may not have been exactly the right word. The aid-to-education bill had just come off the White House drafting board, and practically everyone—Catholics and non-Catholics, integrationists and segregationists, spenders and anti-spenders—was getting on the record with explanations of its shortcomings. But if things have not been quiet, they have certainly been slow. The one administration victory to date has been the enlargement, from twelve to fifteen members, of the House Rules Committee—a change that is said to have broken the obstructive power of the chairman, Representative Howard W. Smith, of Virginia. Speaker Rayburn labored mightily for this victory, and its first fruits were bitter. For six years, Chairman Smith had used his power to obstruct debate on a proposal to allow television coverage of House proceedings. On this count, the Speaker, who considers television a major threat to sound constitutional government, had been greatly in the Chairman's debt. But turnabout is fair play, and the Chairman this week asked Committee action on a proposal for television coverage that had been made by a lady reformer from Michigan, Representative Martha W. Griffiths, who believes in full disclosure and thinks that television cameras in the House will help toward "making democracy a living force." The Chairman has also been showing great interest in a proposal, endorsed long ago by Mr. Kennedy, for a joint committee to study "national fuel resources." A lot of these resources are in Texas, and the Speaker sees no need for non-Texans to trouble their heads about them. Asked a few days ago to explain his new approach to these ancient matters, the Chairman said, "Where were you the other day when they changed the rules—in Asia or Africa or someplace?" The Kennedy Democrats on the Committee, whose strength had been increased so that the Committee would no longer "bottle up" legislation, were requested by the Speaker to keep these proposals from getting before the House and Senate, which was a victory of sorts for the Chairman. To be sure, his real power has been effectively broken. He can needle the Speaker and the Kennedy Democrats in general, but he cannot prevail against them. In almost any showdown, they are pretty certain to have the votes. But the administration wants early showdowns, and a good many of them, and what it lacks at present is the power to make Congress accept its sense of urgency and crisis.



"What a day! Now she wants an asp!"

Even before the election, associates of Mr. Kennedy were saying that his one great fear was that if he became President he would be unable to get Congress to move at the pace he thought was called for. He had expected very little of the special session in the late summer, which had been Lyndon Johnson's idea from the start, but he had not expected it to be the complete bust that it was. He argued publicly that things would be different with a Democratic President in the White House, but he knew that they would not be altogether different, and he began talking of the need to get the better part of a legislative program adopted in the "first hundred days," when, presumably, the prestige of a new President would be at its height. He went on the assump-



Only at A. S. Cooper

GENUINE WEDGWOOD
JASPER WARE
POSY POT

$9.50 a pair, incl. postage & insurance

Made in England by the pottery firm known the world over! Charming touch for your home, or gift for a friend's. 3¾ in. high, 3 in. across top. Traditional wedgwood blue with white. Use two together for table arrangement, center of beauty anywhere. Enclose check or money order. Write for Wedgwood or Jasper Ware catalogue.

A. S. Cooper & Sons, ltd.

Front Street • Hamilton • Bermuda
Bermuda's Exclusive Wedgwood Representative

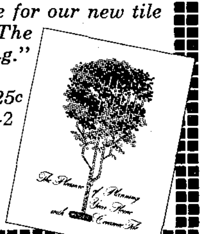
You have to make excuses for everything but ceramic tile

Floors and walls of ceramic tile are that "something of value, unperishable, secure" that tell so much about you. No substitute can give tile's full measure of carefree living and pride of ownership. There's simply no satisfaction in "second best."

See the new complete line of coordinated tile types and colors at The Mosaic Tile Co. Showroom near you. And ask your Ceramic Tile Contractor for free estimates (see phone book yellow pages).

NEW IDEABOOK! *Write for our new tile design ideabook, "The Pleasure of Planning." Inspirations for all round the home. Send 25c in coin to* DEPT. 75-2

THE MOSAIC TILE CO.
ZANESVILLE, OHIO



The Pleasure of Planning Your Home and Ceramic Tile

MOSAIC

tion that if he won the election, he would win it with at least a fair majority of the popular vote. This was a reasonable enough assumption; what would have been unreasonable, in the light of history, was to expect a popular majority of less than a million. He also assumed that if a Democratic President was elected, Democratic strength in Congress would increase by at least a few votes. When the astonishing returns were in, it was clear to him that he was going to have anything but an easy time of it with legislation. He did not share the view of those advisers who said there was no practical difference between a narrow victory and a sweeping one, and in making appointments and in laying his plans generally he was mindful of the fact that the election could not be read as an expression of enthusiasm for his program or as a repudiation of his recent adversary. If there was to be any enthusiasm, he would have to generate it after his inauguration. The idea of televised press conferences took on a particular attractiveness in the light of all this, and those of his staff who never thought much of the idea, and hoped that it would be dropped at an early stage, now say that he will not be able to drop it unless he finds a better way of reaching public opinion. The only way to get action out of Congress is by creating a public clamor for action. What the President must do in order to get his high-priority legislation through this spring, it is said, is to build up the kind of pressure that will be felt by the members of Congress when they go back to their constituencies in April.

The common opinion here is that he will probably succeed in building support for those measures that promise direct benefits to large numbers of the unemployed and the underpaid. There are powerful lobbies working along with him, and there are not too many congressmen who care to make an open fight to keep low wages low or to withhold unemployment compensation. There is grave doubt, though, about whether he can succeed this year, or even next, in creating a climate of opinion that will be hospitable to the rest of his program. For the truth is that his program, taken as a whole, expresses a highly critical view of the present structure of American society and a vast dissatisfaction with American ideals, or the lack of them. Except for the fact that he won the election after a campaign in which he made no secret of this uneasiness, there is no evidence that his view is shared by any substantial number of

THE ARTHUR M. ROSENBERG CO.

100% CASHMERE SPORT JACKETS

We have just received from one of Scotland's finest mills a most outstanding selection of 100% pure cashmere materials. All are woven expressly for The Arthur M. Rosenberg Co. Jackets can be purchased in any one of our three categories of tailoring.

Stock Size $135
Selective Fitted $155
Custom Tailored $205

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898

THE *Arthur M. Rosenberg* CO.
TAILORS—FURNISHERS

NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 1044 CHAPEL ST.

TRAVEL EXHIBITS IN 25 MAJOR CITIES. DATES ON REQUEST.

PIERRE GRILL

Just fine food. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.

Luncheon entrees from $2.00
Dinner entrees from $3.00
Complete Curry dinner $5.25
Every day including Sunday
Telephone: TEmpleton 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

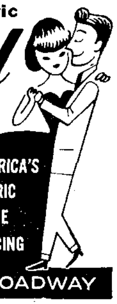
Rendezvous for Rhythmagic

Roseland
DANCE CITY
TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30

AMERICA'S HISTORIC SHRINE OF DANCING

52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY



GLIN CASTLE, IRELAND

An 18th c. Georgian Gothick Castle on the banks of the River Shannon (1 hour drive from Shannon Airport). To let fully furnished for a term of years. 6 principal reception rooms with 18th c. plasterwork, 12 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, servants quarters, central heating, main electricity, 10 acres of garden, golf, fishing, rough shooting in vicinity. For further information communicate with Desmond Fitz-Gerald, Knight of Glin, 29 Perkins Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Americans. An increase in our rate of economic growth, for example, is at the heart of his program. The very concept of the rate of growth—the idea that it is a measure of anything of national importance—has yet to be brought home to the public. Everyone on the job market believes, of course, that there should be a job for every job-seeker and that the development of industry and commerce should keep pace with the increase in population. But this is not at all what the President means by economic growth, and there is reason to suppose that if the public did acquire a fairly good understanding of the idea, the public might not be too keen about it. Economic growth is not necessarily facilitated by stimulating the wider demand for goods and services that may be sufficient to bring about an increase in jobs; it may, on the contrary, be impeded by the creation of jobs in this way, for energies expended on the various functions of distribution—selling, advertising, packaging, and the rest—are energies lost to the work of increasing the country's capacity for producing what is needed to keep the American community viable and able to fulfill its commitments throughout the world. The kind of economic growth that the President wishes to promote cannot be made attractive to the American people in the way that the kind of growth that Premier Khrushchev promotes is made attractive to the people of the Soviet Union. The Russians can be told that affluence is on the way. The American people will sooner or later be told that if growth takes the direction the President hopes it will take, not many of its benefits will turn up in American closets or kitchens or living rooms. Mr. Kennedy has embraced the Galbraithian thesis that we have allocated our resources badly and that the need of the moment is for investment in the "public sector" of the economy; that is, in those facilities—government-owned, for the most part—whose development does not customarily raise what we call the "standard of living," though it may improve the quality of life.

Mr. Kennedy wishes to "foster higher economic growth," and to do so within a framework of "sound fiscal policies and relative price stability." He proposes increased federal assistance for education, housing, and "the basic research that lies at the root of all progress." He has just sent to Congress a program for resources development that experts consider the most comprehensive one ever advanced. He wishes to "accelerate

Success put the maharajah on a 5-day week

Proving that nothing succeeds like finesse, AIR-INDIA bows to public demand. Starting May 3, we will increase our transatlantic flight schedule to five days a week, Wednesday through Sunday. And will continue to offer our passengers the opulence of Indian atmosphere . . . the attentiveness of sari-clad hostesses . . . and the thousand-and-one delights that turn travelers into pampered potentates. Plus, of course, the comfortable surety of Boeing 707 Rolls-Royce Jets piloted by multi-million mile veterans.

Remember, it's not every day of the week you can become a maharajah.

Only on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, beginning May 3. *Tell your travel agent we said so.*

AIR-INDIA TO EUROPE

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

565 Fifth Ave., N.Y., PLaza 1-6200
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chi., STate 2-8540
543 So. Olive St., L.A., MAdison 6-6834

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

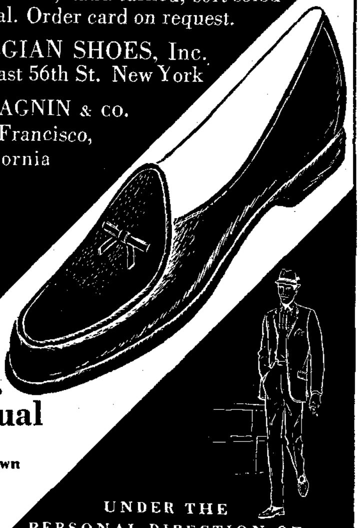
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere
For men—Barefoot freedom in this hand-sewn, hand-turned, soft-soled casual. Order card on request.

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th St. New York

I. MAGNIN & co.
San Francisco,
California

mr. casual
Black or Brown Calf.
$25

UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
MR. H. BENDEL



For those who cherish individuality
AUTHENTIC...DISTINCTIVE
NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING

Fine imported fabrics styled with the distinctive look and hand detailing acquired from the custom tailor.

Suits to retail under $100. Sport jackets from $50 to $75.

At exclusive men's shops or write for name of your nearest store

Franklin Clothes Inc.
SUITS AND ODD JACKETS
105 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

our entire missile program," and he expects within a few days to receive from the Secretary of Defense the information on our general military shortcomings that will enable him to "recommend whatever legislative, budgetary, or executive action is needed." He intends to "establish a new and more effective program for assisting the economic, educational, and social development of other countries and continents." He hopes to see "the product of our abundance . . . used to relieve hunger and help economic growth in all corners of the globe." In his State of the Union message, he touched on a dozen other problems, from saline-water conversion to organized crime, for which he wants to propose increased federal intervention. From his descriptions, the New Frontier sounds like a most alluring territory; it is perfectly clear, though, that the passage to it is going to be enormously costly, at least as costs are reckoned by congressmen—not very many of whom are ever fetched by the argument that failure in any of our great purposes is the ultimate extravagance. The President, it must be said, has tended to fudge the whole issue of costs. During the campaign, he would not allow Mr. Nixon to stand alone as the defender of the annually balanced budget. He repeatedly protested his own devotion to this principle—one that was described by Herbert Hoover, at a time when his own administration's budget was wildly out of balance, as "the foundation of all public and private financial stability." Since the election, Mr. Kennedy has spoken more vaguely of such matters. He now promises a framework of "sound fiscal policies" and speaks of a budget balanced "over the years of the economic cycle." In his most recent press conference, he spoke of a "balance between revenue and expenditures"—with no mention of any particular span of time. In the minds of those familiar with the President's thought, there is very little doubt that he attaches slight importance to having income match or exceed outgo between July 1st of one year and June 30th of the next. He does not intend to be bound by the calendar, which is essentially a device for keeping track of the earth's revolution around the sun, and is economically relevant only in the realm of agriculture. Nor is there much doubt that the undertakings he proposes would cost a great deal more over the next few years than the federal government can expect to take in at present tax rates, even if the recession is brought to a speedy end and the rate of economic growth is raised to

Largest and Loveliest Hotel in the Bahamas!

the new **JACK TAR GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL**

360 Air Conditioned Rooms • Golfing • Tennis • Fishing • Skindiving • Bowling • Entertainment & Dancing • Water Skiing • Swimming and Sailing • Shuffleboard • International Treasure Lane Shopping • Complete Convention Facilities.

See your Travel Agent; or write our U. S. office, 1522 Fulton Bank Bldg., Atlanta 3, Ga., Tel. 525-3586; also P. O. Box 1946, West Palm Beach, Fla., Tel. 683-3151; or contact Leonard Hicks, Jr. & Associates.

WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA, BAHAMAS

"Please! I need vitamins and minerals too!"

Dilbert the Dachshund knows new formula Vionate for Pets now contains 21 vitamins and minerals all dogs need for good health, vitality, red blood, glossy coat. Just mix with food daily. The **Guaranteed Analysis** on the label is your proof of potency. Get at pet shops and pharmacies.

VIONATE® for PETS

VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION SQUIBB

SQUIBB - A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years

B'WAY N.Y. AT 82nd

Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

✻ COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

EL CHICO

"As Spanish as Spain"
Excellent Food
Entertainment — Dancing
80 GROVE STREET • CH 2-4645

five per cent—the goal pledged in the Democratic platform, and held to be almost double that of the Eisenhower years. Some people have professed to be bewildered over exactly what the President has in mind when he speaks of the need for sacrifice on the part of Americans in the days ahead. There is really not much cause for bewilderment. One thing he surely means—and has thus far failed to make explicit—is that this administration, if Congress gives it the authority to accomplish the tasks it proposes, is going to cost us all a great swat of money. Those Republicans who estimated during the campaign that the fulfillment of the pledges contained in the Democratic platform would cost thirteen billion dollars were not so far wrong as the Democrats made them out to be.

Mr. Kennedy hopes to persuade the people to persuade their congressmen to go along with him on his great adventure of remaking American society and reasserting American leadership in the world. There are many observers here who rate his prospects as poor. His standing with the public has doubtless improved since the election, but there is no reason to suppose that any great number of voters share his sense of the inadequacy of our performance during the past few years. Not even those congressmen who are most eager to see him achieve his legislative aims are able to report any evidence of increased public support. The recession is an issue only in areas of substantial unemployment, and the failure of the economy to grow is an issue nowhere but in the trade journals of the intelligentsia. There is said to be no particular awareness of a need for greater investment in the public sector of the economy; there is support for government action in certain subsectors—most notably education—but outside Washington there is little concern about the problem as a whole. Nor is there, at the moment, much public appreciation of either the dangers or the opportunities that the President professes to see abroad. In short, the complacency he assailed during his campaign has survived both his assaults and his election, and he is in the odd position of wishing to lead the country through a series of crises whose existence he is almost alone in perceiving. He is, of course, a resourceful politician, and he may find new ways of reaching and remolding public opinion. Or he may gain support not so much by spreading his own brand of enlightenment as by exploiting his own attractiveness. Much of the approval

FLEISCHMANN'S
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY

In Fine Whiskey...

FLEISCHMANN'S
is the BIG buy!

90 Proof is why!

FLEISCHMANN'S
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY

BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Ingredients of Spring

Our wrap skirt of softest lightest cotton lawn, so appealingly scattered with garden flowers. Patch pockets of crisp linen match the perfect linen Bermuda blouse. In blue tones, pink tones.

Blouse sizes 8-18. Skirt sizes S, M, L 29.95
Please add 50c for mailing.

Shops in Greenwich *Essex and Litchfield*

OUTDOOR TRADERS
INCORPORATED
79 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Be a part of smart New York . . . stay at

BEEKMAN TOWER
HOTEL

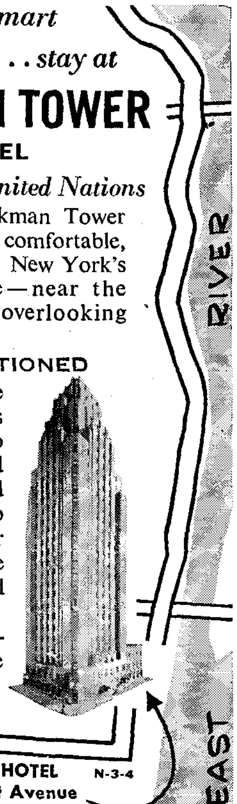
adjoining the United Nations

You'll enjoy Beekman Tower Hotel . . . it's so comfortable, so well-located on New York's smart East Side—near the United Nations, overlooking the East River.

AIR-CONDITIONED

Charming single and double rooms and suites. Two moderately priced dining rooms and the delightful Top o' The Tower Cocktail Lounge offer delicious food and beverages.

Ask about especially attractive group rates.

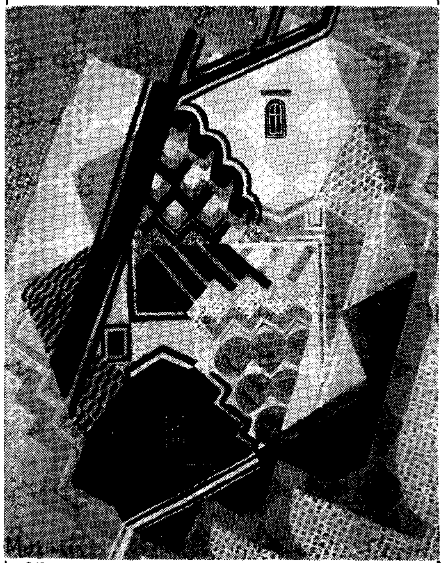


BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL N-3-4
49th Street and First Avenue
3 Mitchell Place, New York 17
Send brochure and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.
Name__________
Address__________
City______ Zone____ State______

that Mr. Eisenhower enjoyed had nothing whatever to do with his outlook on the world; it was approval of his own virtuous and agreeable character that won him the votes of millions of people who rejected just about everyone else in his party. But Mr. Eisenhower did not draw on his public support for the advancement of new programs that were unorthodox, costly, and not directly or immediately beneficial to the private citizen.

THE Secretary of Defense is now testifying on "military posture" before the House Armed Services Committee, and his appearance is almost certain to revive the public controversy over the "missile gap," which Mr. Kennedy had promised to close, and which the Secretary of Defense was lately reported to have said did not exist. It is expected that the President's new position, which is that the whole question is "under study," will be the official one for some time to come, and it is considered most unlikely that if any study did confirm the existence of a gap, the President would ever acknowledge it. For all that he may say and mean about "giving the facts to the American people," it would be awkward in the extreme for him, as President and Commander-in-Chief, to announce in any public forum a crucial deficiency in American defense. It would be especially awkward to have to say that such a fact had come to light as the result of research undertaken by the administration subsequent to its election. The almost certain truth is that no specific study of the matter is being made, because none is needed. What Secretary McNamara may have had in mind when he gave some reporters the impression that he thought there was no missile gap is something the Secretary is unlikely to reveal at any early date, but it is generally assumed here that the confusion grew out of a misunderstanding of what was under discussion. There has never been a doubt that the United States, despite any numerical inferiority in missiles, has the ability to level, with warheads mounted on missiles, just about everything and every person in the Soviet Union. Since the Soviet Union can also destroy us completely, it is possible to maintain that a state of missile parity exists. But this is not the way the problem is approached by military and diplomatic strategists. They must count missiles not as instruments of destruction but as instruments of deterrence. They must assume that we will never strike until we have been

JEAN METZINGER
1883-1956



Oil *32 x 25*

COMPOSITION
Reproduced:
G. Apollinaire,
Les Peintres Cubistes, plate 10.

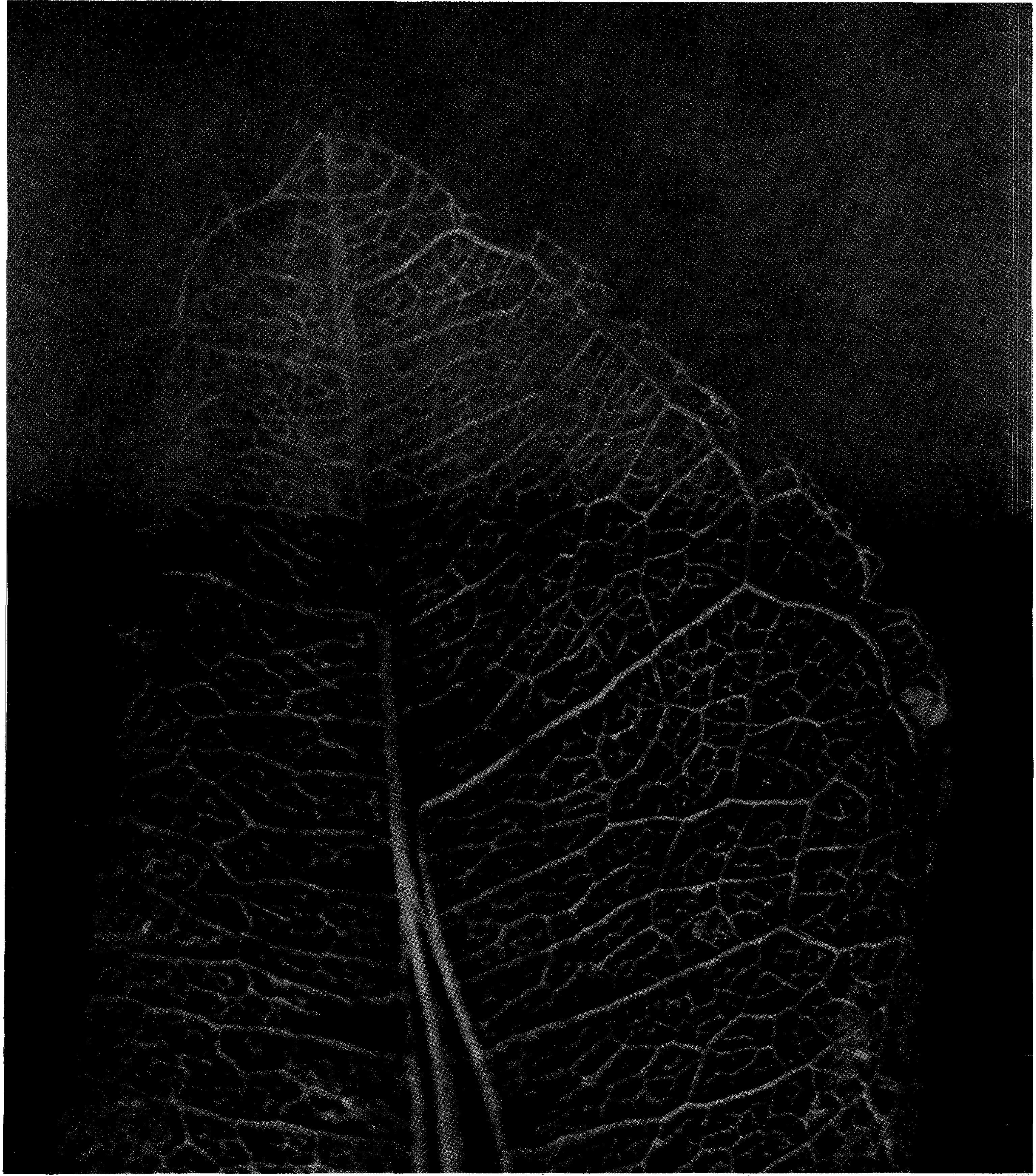
Fine Paintings

HIRSCHL & ADLER LE 5-8810
Galleries inc. 21 East 67th St., N. Y. 21

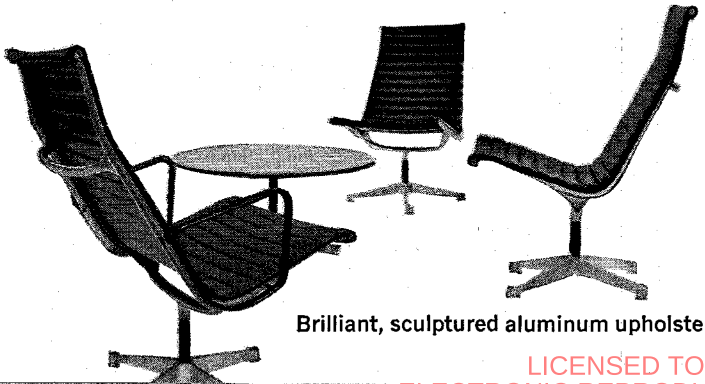
Edward Fields'
SAVONNERIE CARPETS
OLD WORLD CARPETS
MADE IN THE NEW WORLD
Available through Interior Designers

FOLONARI
ITALIAN WINES
SOAVE • VALPOLICELLA
BARDOLINO • CHIARETTO
Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

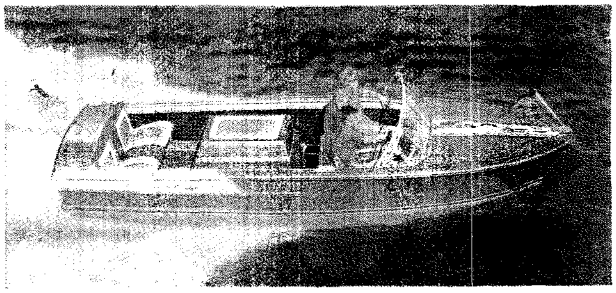
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309



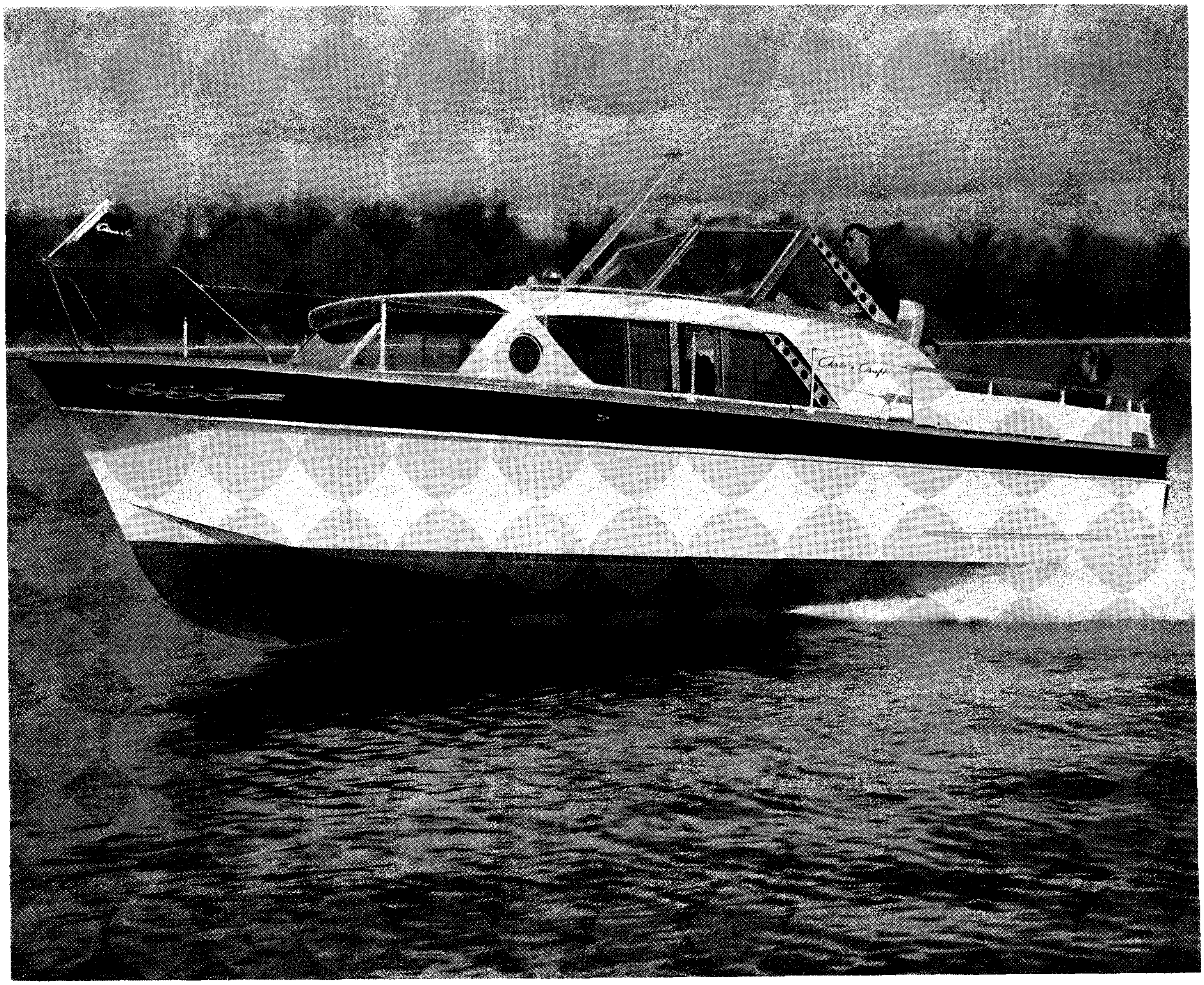
The big idea in Herman Miller furniture is in this beautiful, useful skeleton.



Brilliant, sculptured aluminum upholstered in naugahyde by Herman Miller Inc., Zeeland, Michigan



Can boats as beautifully styled and luxurious as the 1961 Chris-Craft models perform well, too? Let your dealer put a new one through its paces...and show you what rugged construction, spirited performance, and easy handling really are. After that – you'll never want anything less than a Chris★Craft



The 1961 Chris-Craft fleet includes sports boats, cruisers, and yachts from 17 ft. to 66 ft. The 28-ft. Constellation (above) sleeps 4, has galley, dinette, private lavatory. Single or twin engines to 370 hp. A new 25-ft. Constellation (sleeps 4), completely equipped for cruising, has also been introduced. Top photo shows the sleek 19-ft. Continental, which provides sizzling V8 speeds for up to six persons. Write for free color literature. Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida.

© 1961 Chris-Craft Corp. (specifications and speeds subject to change without notice)

struck, and therefore they must count *not the missiles that we have on hand*, or even in a state of combat readiness, but the missiles we would have available for retaliation once a war had been launched. According to a good many strategists—including Henry A. Kissinger, probably the most authoritative writer on the problem and now a White House consultant—our retaliatory power is just about nonexistent. What is meant by this is not that we don't have weapons that would serve retaliatory ends but, rather, that those we have are in exposed and vulnerable places and could be destroyed by a first strike. A missile that is vulnerable simply cannot be counted as part of our retaliatory force; the same missile on a mobile or "hardened" base can be so counted. In this sense, it would be perfectly possible for the United States to have twice as many intercontinental missiles as the Soviet Union and still be at the short end of a gap. It would greatly surprise most observers here if the President were not convinced that this sort of gap at present exists. It would surprise them even more if he appeared before the television cameras and announced that this was his conviction.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

FOR SALE: Rolls Royce. Silver Wraith, coach built by Park Ward. New engine, gear box, etc., completely overhauled by Rolls Royce. Very fast, very safe, very comfortable silent engine, clock gains two minutes weekly. Price $4,000. Owner returning to England.—*Pointe Claire (Quebec) Lakeshore News.*

He thinks it's later than it is.

•

One of the most renowned pieces of Hudson Valley folklore concerns the time Mrs. Abe Stern, wife of the former police chief of Ramapo, saw a garter snake in her asparagus bed.

It sure did frighten her.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

It's been told and retold, all up and down the Valley.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oswego (N.Y.) Palladium-Times*]

BEATS THE PONIES

SAN MATEO, CALIF. (AP)—W. H. Bullock of nearby Mountain View and his wife were over Bay Maadows Race Track Sunday in a rented plane when it began vibrating because of a chipped propeller.

CAN YOU JOIN THE LEJON-AIRES IF YOU STORE MARTINIS IN THE REFRIGERATOR?

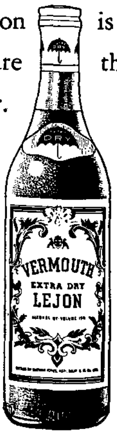
The Lejon-aires are dedicated to *perfect* martinis. No martini — even one made with loving care and Lejon *extra-dry* Vermouth — can be perfect after it has spent several hours in an icebox.

To join the Lejon-aires, follow these rules. Use a good gin and Lejon *extra-dry* Vermouth. (Lejon Vermouth always, for Lejon is subtly herbed to enhance, not overwhelm, the flavor of the gin). Measure the proportions exactly and never, ***never*** store a martini in the refrigerator.

Join the Lejon-aires tonight. Do *your* part to make the world safe for the dry martini.

LEJON *Extra Dry* VERMOUTH

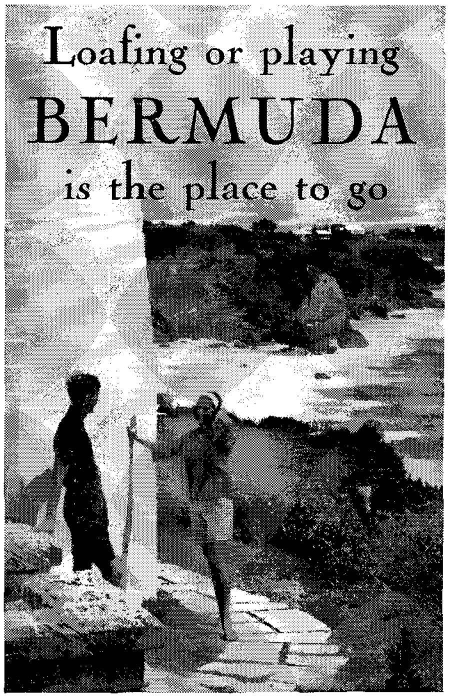
PRODUCT OF U.S.A., SHEWAN-JONES, ASTI, CALIFORNIA



Alan Paine

Authentic crew-neck Shetland
made in England by Alan Paine.
The most classic of all Shetlands
in an outstanding range of
colors. Under $15.

In New York: **Bloomingdale's;** *Boston:* **R. H. Stearns Co.;** *San Francisco:* **Roos-Atkins.** *For names of other fine stores, please write to: Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 Street. New York*



Loafing or playing
BERMUDA
is the place to go

FREE Write for new four-colour booklet, "BERMUDA". Mail this coupon today.

"BERMUDA", Dept. NY-13
620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send the Bermuda Vacation Kit to:

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY__________ STATE__________

MUSICAL EVENTS

Brava! Brava! Brava!

THE New York début of the Australian soprano Joan Sutherland, in the American Opera Society's concert performance of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda" on Tuesday night of last week, was one of those rare occasions that cause a music critic to examine his pitifully meagre and worn supply of superlatives and then to discard them, on the ground that he is confronted with an altogether unique phenomenon. To get a clear idea of the magnitude of the phenomenon, it is necessary to point out that in recent years the only soprano to conquer with any degree of success the territory that Miss Sutherland is a complete mistress of has been Maria Callas, and that Miss Callas's conquest of it—remarkable as it was—always seemed to be the result of a strenuous effort of the will, and to involve, now and then, a certain amount of screaming in the higher registers of the voice. Miss Sutherland does not have to scream. On the contrary, her upper notes, which extend to high E, are produced with incredible ease and sensuous beauty, and her command of the trills, ornamentations, and cascading scales of the florid Bellini style is such that she can bring off with complete relaxation and grace technical feats that seem to strain most coloratura voices to the breaking point. Her voice, moreover, is not a cold, flutelike one but a sort of hybrid that combines the agility of the true coloratura with the warm expressiveness of a *spinto* soprano. In addition to all this, she is an artist. Her sense of musical values is immaculate; she phrases beautifully, and she is capable of restraint and refinement as well as stunning fireworks. I have heard that Miss Sutherland, who is very tall, rather imposing, red-haired, and somewhat angular in physical appearance, is also a gifted actress, and even within the formal limitations of the concert performance offered by the American Opera Society this was often hinted at—in telling dramatic inflections, in the emotional sincerity she brought to the role, and in the impressive dignity with which she comported herself. During the evening, I searched my memory for comparisons, only to conclude that in all my not inconsiderable experience in opera houses and concert halls I had never heard a soprano quite like her.

356
hand operations

go into this 6 drawer hand-rubbed oiled walnut chest. It costs $160. It is worth much more.
D 18", W 36", H 42"

the workbench

46 Greenwich Ave., N.Y. 11 Algonquin 5-1270
252 East 51 St., N. Y. 22 PLaza 3-1173
1713 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. LOcust 3-9393
52A Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass. TR 6-9754

LONDON HOUSE
Michigan & Wacker
ANdover 3-6920

Chicago's finest prime steaks!

Returning March 7th
BARBARA CARROLL
AND HER EXCITING TRIO
Open 'til 4 a.m. No cover or amusement tax!
Jonah Jones quartet 'til March 5

"DON'T LOOK NOW—but aren't you putting on weight in places, say around the middle, sort of? Well then, if you want to see 2000 A.D. it's about time you learned to keep fit the easy way here at the Health Roof Club. So, phone me at YU 6-4747. Just want to give you the facts, ma'am——er, sir."
WM. DORRIS BENDER, *Pres.*

Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's
LIBORIO
West Side's Smartest Restaurant
Welcomes you to its larger, more luxurious quarters.
150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188

Presumably, she is the type of singer for whom Bellini originally wrote his lovely and peculiarly taxing female roles—a type that one reads about in histories of music but almost never finds on today's operatic stage. I hope that the Metropolitan, which has engaged her for next season, will provide her with roles worthy of her talents, even though this may involve resuscitating a number of operas that have fallen into neglect simply because the kind of vocalism they require has long been thought practically extinct.

Though the overwhelming impression created by Miss Sutherland's singing tended to obscure the accomplishments of the rest of the cast, it turned in what, even without her, would have ranked as one of the American Opera Society's more notable performances. In the second female role, a new soprano, Marilyn Horne, revealed a rich, fiery voice that I would enjoy hearing again. The tenor part was sung admirably—if at times a little stridently—by Richard Cassilly, and in the baritone part Enzo Sordello, though the basic timbre of his voice is a trifle rough, showed a quite distinguished command of classical *bel canto.* I found Nicola Rescigno's reading of the orchestral score a shade too rigid, but at least it was precise and efficient. As for the opera itself, which was receiving its first American performance in about a hundred years, I thought it inferior to the same composer's "Norma," "I Puritani," and "La Sonnambula," but it contained many moments of Bellini's more inspired melodic writing, and its revival was an interesting event indeed.

I AM not among those who regard "Turandot" as Puccini's greatest opera, though I agree that it is his most complex. Its coldly savage heroine is not a figure for whom I could ever work up any sympathy; its fearless hero has always seemed to me completely demented in his yearning for her and in his lofty disdain for the slave girl Liu, who is the only believable human being in the cast. The presence of the three comic-opera Chinamen, Ping, Pang, and Pong, who seem to have stepped out of Gilbert and Sullivan, introduces an element of low comedy that is often boring and that contrasts rather indecently with the grisly—and, in Liu's case, really tragic—doings of the rest of the principals. I am not learned enough to say just how much Friedrich Schiller had to do with the libretto as we know it—it was an Italian translation of his German "improvement" on Carlo Gozzi's original story that inspired Puc-

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

"World's Finest" 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20

Henny Youngman at the PLAZA?

Henny plays The Persian Room, just for laughs. He's not sick, he's *funny.* Come join the fun. Performances at 9:00 and 12:15. Dancing to Ted Straeter, his songs, piano and orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals. For reservations, call PLaza 9-3000. The Persian Room at The Plaza. Opening, Wednesday, March 8.

THE HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

MADISON SQ. GARDEN
OPENS WED. NIGHT MAR. 29
TWICE DAILY THRU MAY 14
SEATS NOW
at Madison Sq. Garden Box Office 50 St. & 8th Ave. Open Weekdays 10 AM to 9 PM. Sundays 11 AM to 8 PM.
Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey Circus
The GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
91st GLORIOUS YEAR!
PRODUCED BY JOHN RINGLING NORTH
Staged by RICHARD BARSTOW
Adult Prices MATS. & EVES. $2, $3, $4, $5, $6.50 Incl. Tax
CHILDREN UNDER 12 AT HALF PRICE
Mon.-Fri. Afts. & Mon.-Thurs. Eves. EXC. EASTER WEEK
SHOW TIMES: Matinees Daily at 2 P.M. Except Sat. April 8 at 2:30
(Special Sat. Morn. Show April 8 at 11 A.M.)
Mon., Tues., Wed. & Thurs. Eves. at 7:30
Fri. & Sat. Eves. at 8:30. Sun. Eves. at 6:30
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Enclose check or money order payable to MADISON SQUARE GARDEN and include 25¢ per order to cover handling costs. Also please include stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Address all orders to MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 307 West 49th Street, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

SEE NEW YORK'S 2 EXCITING MUSICALS ABOUT NEW YORK
Fiorello! Pulitzer Prize Winner
BROADHURST THEATRE
TENDERLOIN
46th STREET THEATRE

BEST PLAY 1960 4 "TONY" AWARDS
the Miracle Worker
A new play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Starring SUZANNE PLESHETTE PATTY DUKE
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Eves. Mon. thru Thurs.—$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.90. Eves. Fri. & Sat.—$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.—$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. No Monday Eve. Perf.
PLAYHOUSE Theatre, 137 W. 48, N. Y. 36. CI 5-6060

cini to undertake the work—but I have long suspected that the German penchant for heavy-handed fantasy, such as is to be found in the librettos of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" and Strauss's "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," lurks somewhere in its background. For one thing, its two main characters have a particularly Germanic obtuseness and lack of human fallibility. Furthermore, Puccini's music in this work strikes me as highly uneven—sometimes barbarically impressive, sometimes (as in Liu's death scene) genuinely moving in the best Puccini manner, and sometimes (in those passages that reach self-consciously for exotic Oriental color) consisting only of a mishmash of idioms that might be described as musical chop suey. Nevertheless, when "Turandot" is as magnificently performed as it was at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday night, it is a breathtaking spectacle, and despite all my objections, I urge you to see this version, since it will probably be many years before anything comparable in the way of production is accorded the opera again. The sets and costumes, by Cecil Beaton, are lavish and absolutely ravishing. The staging—a joint effort by Yoshio Aoyama and Nathaniel Merrill—is dazzling in its display of Oriental pageantry. The conducting of Leopold Stokowski, who got to the podium on crutches (he is still recovering from a serious accident to his hip), is extraordinarily dashing and vivid, and the cast is of such high quality that few opera houses in the world could even approach it. Birgit Nilsson, as Princess Turandot, belts out her powerful tones with rare brilliance. Franco Corelli is an ideal Calaf—handsome, virile, and vocally splendid. And Anna Moffo is a perfect Liu, touchingly lyric in voice and very beautiful to look at. The lesser characters are played with individuality and spirit, the chorus sings superbly, and all the trimmings, down to the gruesome pantomime of the executioners, are handled with polished artistry. Though "Turandot" may not be Puccini's greatest opera, its production at the Met is certainly one of the greatest shows to be seen currently on Broadway.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Made in France

ONE of the least admirable faults of both the big and the little recording companies during the past decade has been their refusal, despite generally booming times and a small but ready-made market, to reissue in any quantity

TENDERLOIN*
*A naughty section of old New York devoted to vice, lawlessness, and some of the most delightful music you'll ever hear
Now playing at the 46th St. Theatre

TENDERLOIN
Capitol
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST ALBUM
ROBERT E. GRIFFITH & HAROLD S. PRINCE
MAURICE EVANS
Book by GEORGE ABBOTT and JEROME WEIDMAN
Music by JERRY BOCK
Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Production Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT

"Broadway's newest hit," *N.Y. Daily News*
Capitol REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RECORDS
©Capitol Records, Inc.
Stereo and regular L.P.; includes Souvenir Program

"THE SHOW ON THE WHOLE IS A DELIGHT." —John McCarten, The New Yorker
The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary present
A New Musical Comedy
"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"
Music & Lyrics by MEREDITH WILLSON
Book by RICHARD MORRIS
Directed by DORE SCHARY
with TAMMY GRIMES
HARVE PRESNELL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.60; Loge $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Loge $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $4.80; Loge $4.30; Mezz. $3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.40; Loge $4.80; Mezz. $4.30, 3.80, 3, 2.50.
WINTER GARDEN THEA. 50th Street & B'way

Eden Roc Club
LUNCH
COCKTAILS
DINNER · SUPPER
Dancing from 10 P.M.
148 EAST 48th ST. · PL 1-3382

THE Divan PARISIEN SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

or with any logic the vast amount of superior jazz in their vaults. (This is not to mention the plethora of third-rate new recordings and the extraordinary lack of taste with which most of them are packaged.) There are a few notable exceptions. Columbia has brought out essential collections of Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Count Basie, and the small Benny Goodman groups, and is pondering comprehensive L.P.s by Mildred Bailey, Fletcher Henderson, and Billie Holiday. There has been no word, though, of such sterling but less celebrated performers as Henry Allen, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, Cab Calloway, and Cootie Williams, or of a host of fine recordings by blues singers and miscellaneous small groups. Victor, which has an equally bulging backlog, has been far more fitful. Skimpy and/or often ill-chosen collections by Lionel Hampton, Frankie Newton, Muggsy Spanier, Armstrong, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington have appeared and disappeared, but Sidney Bechet, Tommy Ladnier, Dickie Wells, Bill Coleman, Hines, Jelly Roll Morton, the small Ellington and Goodman groups, and, again, the blues singers remain largely unavailable. True, Victor began an ambitious reissue program five or six years ago, but it was given up not long afterward because of allegedly slow sales—despite the fact that the series was bought up so assiduously that it has already become a collectors' item. Decca has been distressingly lackadaisical. It has released spotty Armstrong and Jimmy Lunceford albums, a good Basie one, and several ineptly assembled history-of-jazz-type anthologies. However, Chick Webb, Fletcher and Horace Henderson, and Hines have been ignored, to say nothing of Andy Kirk, Jay McShann, Lucky Millinder, Claude Hopkins, and the little-known but fascinating trumpeter Jabbo Smith. Decca is also keeping unto itself the recordings of the famous 1944 Metropolitan Opera House concert at which Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Jack Teagarden, Art Tatum, Sid Catlett, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, and Lionel Hampton appeared. Of the smaller labels, which necessarily operate on a narrow economic margin, only Riverside has scattered largess about, by reissuing all of the 1938 Jelly Roll Morton Library of Congress recordings, some of the Solo Art boogie-woogie numbers, a lot of Paramount and Gennett recordings, some of them pretty academic, and, most recently, the best (and worst) of the Hot Record Society label. Commodore has made sporadic attempts to reinstate

• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

Fenn-Feinstein OF NEW HAVEN

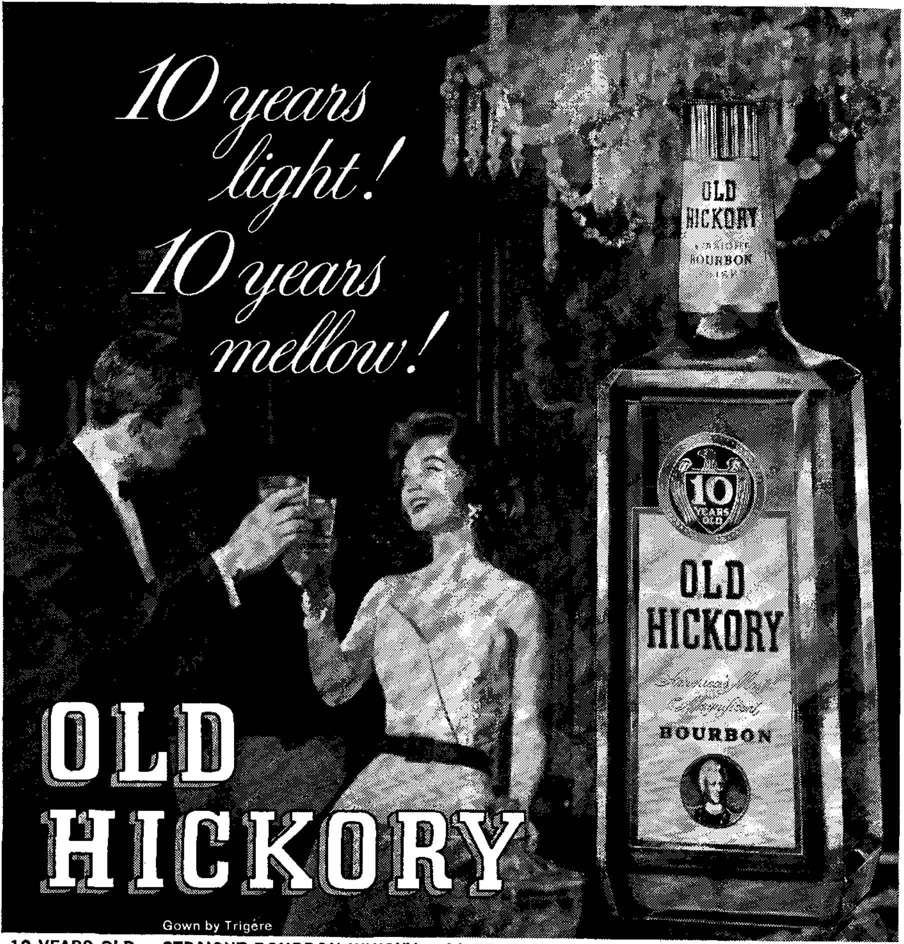
The Travelite ⑹. You can pack this remarkable hat in your attache case. But it shapes up again fast—any way you please. Only 3½ ounces light. And what a flatterer! Dramatic in black. News in olive, dark grey or dark brown. $15.

LIGHTER THAN SPRINGTIME

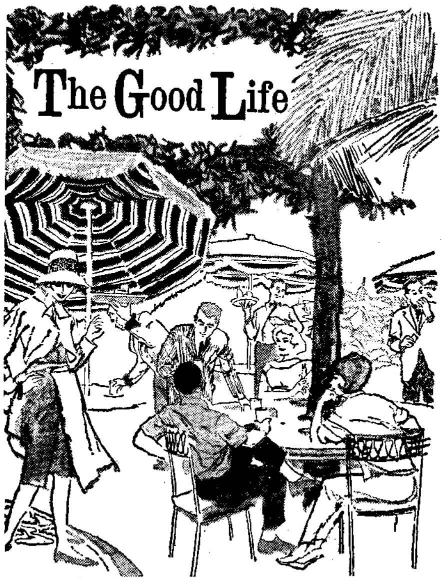
The Estoril...in cordovan. It took Frank Brothers 13 years to discover how to hand-sew genuine cordovan. The result? This comfortable two-eyelet tie. It has the rich burnished tonality of the finest dark cherry cordovan. But it is extremely lightweight...thanks to a special process developed near Lisbon and raised to its highest refinement by Frank Brothers. The leather is supple. The sole is flexible because it is handsewn to the upper. The heel is beveled—for lasting good looks. In dark cherry or gleaming black. $34.95.

Frank Brothers
OUTFITTERS TO THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN
9 East 57th St., New York • 633 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
264 York St., New Haven • Worth Ave. & County Road, Palm Beach

THE WORLD'S MOST MAGNIFICENT BOURBON



10 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.



DAZZLING excitement day and night. Laughter from the pool. Tinkling of glasses at cocktails. Music that invites you to dance in the gay Club Caribe. And just outside this lovely 17-acre estate in peaceful old San Juan is the new city . . . where you can shop to your heart's content.

European Plan:
Single from $20. Double from $25.

Caribe Hilton
SAN JUAN • PUERTO RICO • U.S.A.
RESERVATIONS: See your Travel Agent or any Hilton Hotel. Cable: Hiltels San Juan

TERRY SHIRT 'N SHORTS

Perfect playsuit in luxurious **white terry.** Shirt 'n Shorts—made all in one piece—with five pearl buttons down front. Smart to look at, fun to wear—and so many uses. Seaside, poolside, tennis, baby sitting, barbecuing, etc. Terry belt banded in red and blue is adjustable and washable. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18) **$7.95**

Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

part of its invaluable list, while Blue Note, the oldest all-jazz label, has done almost nothing about its superb boogie-woogie recordings and the classic sides made in the early forties by Frankie Newton, J. C. Higginbotham, Bechet, Sidney de Paris, Charlie Christian, Edmond Hall, Ben Webster, Vic Dickenson, James P. Johnson, and Catlett.

These grouchy observations have been provoked by the ironic but welcome intelligence that a fair proportion of these neglected materials is now available on various French labels, and can be purchased readily and cheaply by mail and American check—plus minor shipping and duty charges—from a large record shop, the Palais de la Radio et du Disque, at 30 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, 9. Only a handful of the material on the forty or so reissue L.P.s available at the Palais can be found over here; most of it has been out of print for ten or twenty years. This includes most of the Lionel Hampton small-band recordings (1937-41), Johnny Dodds (1928-29), Armstrong (1925-47), Billie Holiday (1933-41), Chick Webb (1934-39), McKinney's Cotton Pickers (1929-31), Luis Russell (1929-30), Bill Coleman (1936-37), and Bechet (1932-41).

One of the most gratifying of these records is "Bill Coleman" (FOLP 8004), which includes ten numbers made in Paris with various groups consisting of both Belgian and French musicians (Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelly) and American ones (Herman Chittison and Wilson Myers). Of all the less celebrated ghostlike musicians who regularly pass through jazz, Coleman, who is now fifty-six, is one of the most elusive and undervalued. (He is well known, though, in France, where he has lived since 1948.) One reason for this has been the footloose nature of his career. After playing trumpet in New York in the late twenties and early thirties with Luis Russell, Cecil Scott, and Charlie Johnson, Coleman dodged back and forth between this country, Europe, India, and Egypt. During the war, he reappeared here, hopping from Benny Carter to Teddy Wilson to Andy Kirk to Noble Sissle to Mary Lou Williams to John Kirby, and then was off to the Philippines and Japan before settling in France. As a result, his recording activity has been catch-as-catch-can. Aside from "Bill Coleman," which includes ten of the eighteen sides made under his leadership, Coleman's output during the height of his career (1935-45) consisted largely of some sessions with Dickie Wells and Fats

glamorfinish your pool with tile-like Ramuc® Enamel

Used on More Pools Than Any Other Paint!

Ramuc brings glamorous beauty. Select one of eleven lovely pool-proved Ramuc pastels. Pick the one that brings out *your* pool's individual charm.

Ramuc will delight you. It's easy to apply, easy to clean, lastingly lovely.

Write today for your color chart and 32-page Handbook on Painting Pools—both free. Send us your pool's dimensions, tell whether it's metal, concrete or plaster, and the type of paint now on the pool—for specific advice without obligation.

Ramuc Enamel, Manufactured by
INERTOL CO., INC.
487 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark 12, New Jersey
27-L South Park, San Francisco 7, California

Je Reviens
PARFUMS WORTH PARIS

FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

A Polynesian Paradise on New York's East Side

ISLAND FOOD AND EXOTIC DRINKS

Luau 400

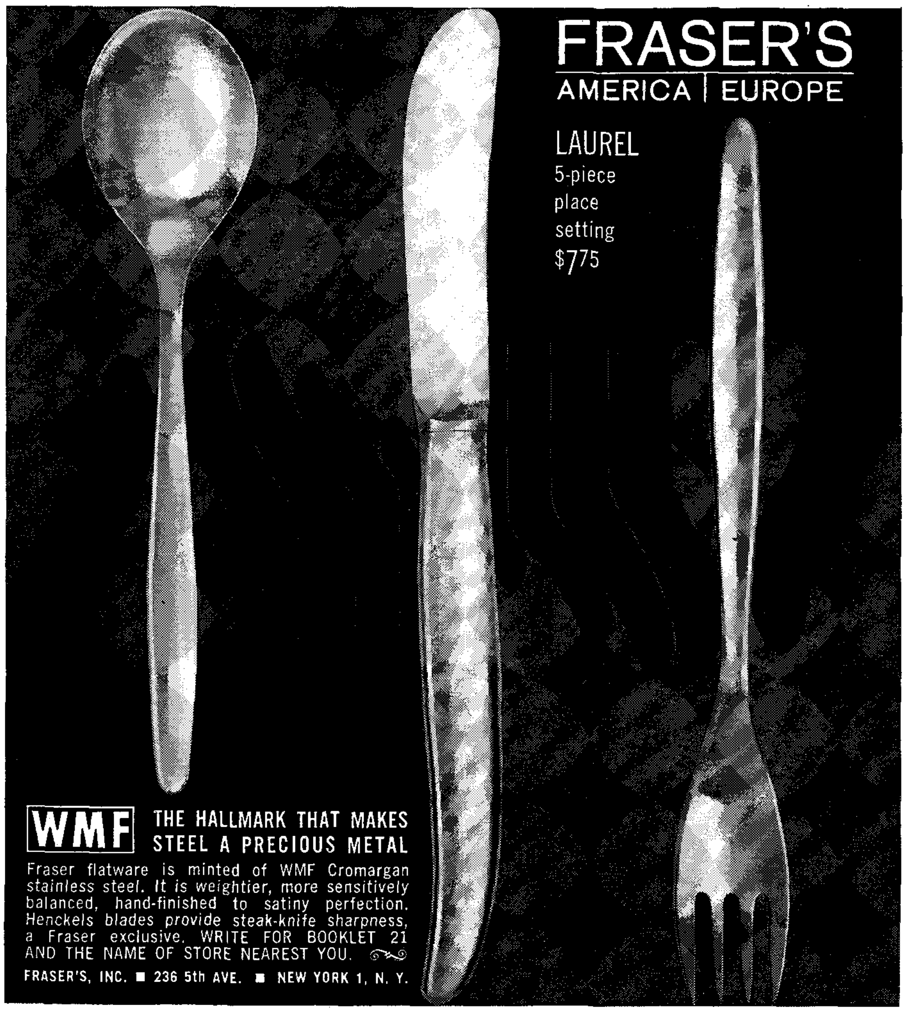
LUAU DINNERS and AFTER THEATER SUPPERS
Hal Aloma Trio (No Tax.)
400 E. 57TH STREET EL 5-6555
FREE PARKING

"Haute Cuisine" *Holiday Mag.*
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

Waller, a few obscure Teddy Wilson dates (one of them as a member of a band that included Benny Morton, Bud Freeman, Charlie Christian, and Edmond Hall, and that provided gorgeous backing for the intrusive patent-leather singing of Eddy Howard), and infrequent pickup recordings done for fly-by-night labels. Finally, Coleman, whose style is singularly subtle, had to contend in his prime with such extroverts as Cootie Williams, Armstrong, Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, and Harry Edison. Even Buck Clayton, a contemporary and peer of Coleman's who has a similarly oblique style and who has made dozens of successful recordings in the past decade, has become well known only recently.

Coleman's playing, which owes something to Armstrong and perhaps to the early, unfettered ruminations of Red Allen and Jabbo Smith, has slowed down appreciably since the war, but on these recordings it is miraculous. It is the exact opposite of the sluggish, the crude, the unfinished, the heavy, and the pompous. It is invariably poignant but not sweet, gentle but not effete, graceful but not fancy. It exhibits the sort of degravitational agility associated with a clarinettist, a flutist, or a pianist. (Coleman would have been a match for the mercurial patterns of Tatum.) Most trumpet players never conquer the insistent brassiness of their instrument, but Coleman's unique tone (Beiderbecke's, on cornet, comes closest to it) sometimes suggests light bells, sometimes lucent silk. Long before the idea became fashionable, Coleman was using complex unbroken melodic lines held in place by the sort of devious rhythmic sense that results in unsurpassable tensions. Because of their sheer, dancing slipperiness, Coleman's improvisations—particularly at fast tempos—are nearly indescribable. After playing a chorus of the melody in a straight, intent legato fashion, he may slip directly into the up-

MAGIC · JOKES · NOV


FRASER'S
AMERICA | EUROPE

LAUREL
5-piece
place
setting
$7.75

WMF THE HALLMARK THAT MAKES STEEL A PRECIOUS METAL

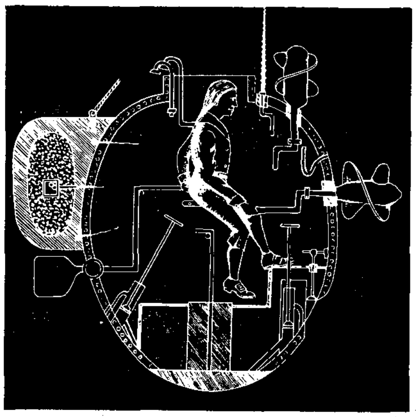
Fraser flatware is minted of WMF Cromargan stainless steel. It is weightier, more sensitively balanced, hand-finished to satiny perfection. Henckels blades provide steak-knife sharpness, a Fraser exclusive. WRITE FOR BOOKLET 21 AND THE NAME OF STORE NEAREST YOU.

FRASER'S, INC. ■ 236 5th AVE. ■ NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Tea at 4:00,
Gordon's at 6:00...
which English custom is older?

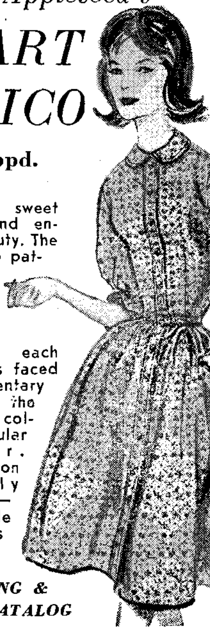
The Duchess of Bedford introduced afternoon tea to London in 1842. That was 73 years *after* Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to his original formula. It always will, for Gordon's sees no reason to tamper with a good thing. Particularly since no other gin has ever duplicated Gordon's distinctive dryness and flavour. Does all this make you wonder if Gordon's is the best-selling gin in the world? It is.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.



SUBMARINE BUFFS! See the Dynamic America display . . . one of the most beautiful and entertaining scientific-historical exhibits ever. Here, in models, rare photos, prints and pictures is the story of the incredible past century . . . the fascinating histories of the submarine, the telephone, the electric motor, the airplane, radio and electronics, the nuclear reactor and space vehicles. Admission is free.

Open 9 AM to 6 PM, Mondays through Fridays.
THE GENERAL DYNAMICS BUILDING
1 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY
GD



Johnny Appleseed's
HEART CALICO
$9.95 ppd.

A dress of sweet simplicity and endearing beauty. The lovely calico pattern is made up of tiny red hearts on a soft neutral background; each sleeve tip is faced in complementary red. Note the petite round collar so popular this year. Smooth cotton is readily washable—requires little ironing. Sizes 10-20.

FREE SPRING & SUMMER CATALOG
Johnny Appleseed's
52 Dodge St. Beverly, Mass.

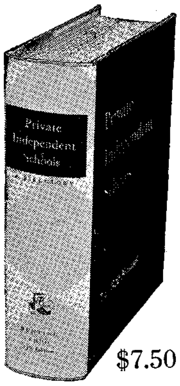
HUNTING FOR A LEATHER CLEANING SERVICE?
Look No Further!
We Clean Leathers & Suedes Like New!
Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Svc. for:
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Send For Miracle Leather Cleaner—$1.25 pp.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

per register, achieving a strange, glancing falsetto quality strikingly different from the customary high-note screech, dart downward before one even realizes where he has been, and dissolve into a smooth, fat phrase, then suddenly race up and down between the middle and high registers, shoot back to the celestial regions, and slope away into a decelerating passage, his notes padding along just behind the beat. Coleman never seems to breathe, and after such a floating interlude he immediately pours through another series of arabesques, involving all the registers, and then plumps down the melody itself as a signpost for the succeeding soloist.

At least half of the selections on the Coleman record, which has three blues, some standards like "After You've Gone," "Coquette," and "Indiana," and Django Reinhardt's "Swing Guitars," are first-rate. "After You've Gone," made with Herman Chittison and a bass player, is an up-tempo investigation full of stunning breaks and inter-register leaps. "I Ain't Got Nobody" and "Swing Guitars" are, possibly because of Reinhardt's presence, admirably relaxed medium-tempo numbers in which Coleman seems to bask in his own sounds. The same is true of the blues, all of them slow or medium slow, including the mildly famous "Bill Coleman Blues," a long series of delicate, muted choruses accompanied only by Reinhardt. (Coleman's slow blues, which are extremely effective, are made up of queer, yearning legato phrases that suggest someone absent-mindedly and forlornly groping for a precious object he has just misplaced.) The rhythm sections have a cardboard resiliency, but this doesn't appear to bother Coleman, one of those rare jazz musicians who give the impression of being able to play at peak inspiration without any accompaniment at all.

ANOTHER valuable recording from the Palais is "Luis Russell and His Orchestra" (Odéon XOC 145). Its fourteen sides were made in New York in 1929 and 1930 by a band that includes, with minor additions and subtractions, Red Allen, Coleman (one number), J. C. Higginbotham, Charlie Holmes (alto saxophone), Teddy Hill (tenor saxophone), Russell (piano), Will Johnson (guitar), Pops Foster, and Paul Barbarin (drums). The Russell band helped pioneer the modern rhythm section (guitar and string bass in place of banjo and tuba) and was perhaps the hardest-driving group of its time. Its arrangements are fairly intricate. Riffs are handed back and forth

DINNER
in the exciting
Embassy Club
Dinner from 6:30 P.M.
Continuous dancing from 8:30 P.M.
After Theatre Supper
CHAUNCEY GRAY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
QUINTERO
AND HIS RHUMBA BAND
Closed Sundays
Reservations: PL 5-1000
Sheraton-East
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK
Vice-Pres. & General Mgr.
Member of Diners' Club

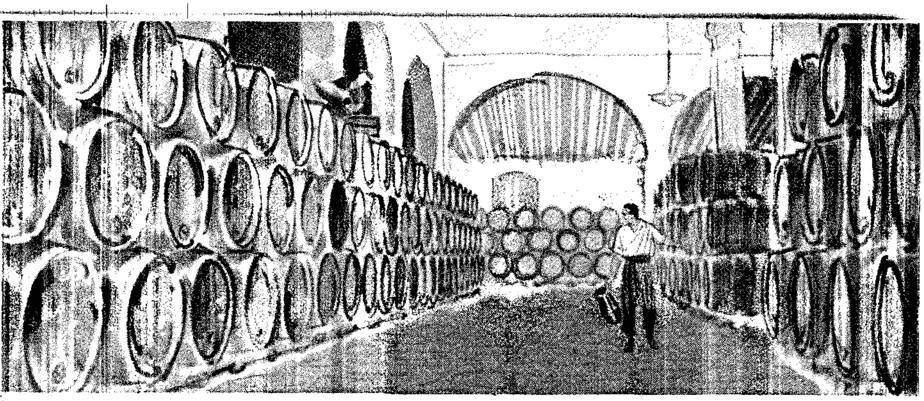


Private Schools
All over the world parents read *Private Independent Schools* for factual information and perceptive impressions of schools available in the U.S.A.
one thousand pages illustrated - clothbound - at bookstores or write us
$7.50
BUNTING & LYON
12 North Main Street
Wallingford, Connecticut

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT
AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE
gypsy music with cimbalom
Chardas Restaurant
307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • FREE PARKING • Closed Mon.

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

The topmost row of these stacked-up casks contains new wine. At intervals of many years it will be mixed, a few liters at a time, with older vintages maturing in the casks beneath. Incredible years must pass before the Sherry reaches the bottom casks and is considered sufficiently mature to be drawn for shipment. This is the original "solera" system of Spain...slow but incomparable! There is no other way of making *true* Sherry.



The Sherry to drink years after

Spain releases none of her famous wine called Sherry (after Jerez, where it is made) *till it* is aged to approved maturity.

A vintage is never bottled in the same year it is harvested...nor the next season nor the next. Immeasurable years patiently intervene. For true Sherry must mix with the wine of many prior harvests.

Time itself hangs back to pass a mellowing hand over the stacked-up casks in their sleeping rows.

In the shadowy stillness of some Jerez bodega, unhurried wines ripen into *finos* (dry sherries), *amontillados* (medium) and *olorosos* (golden and sweet). Some have been there indefinitely...lending their benevolence to wines many harvests their junior.

Finally, to Bristol, England, go choice "olorosos" for blending and the bottle. Family secrets of the blender's art, secrets centuries old, will endow your Harvey's Bristol Cream with the same taste it had when Disraeli's cabinet sipped it around the table.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS, JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
BRISTOL, ENGLAND. FOUNDED 1796

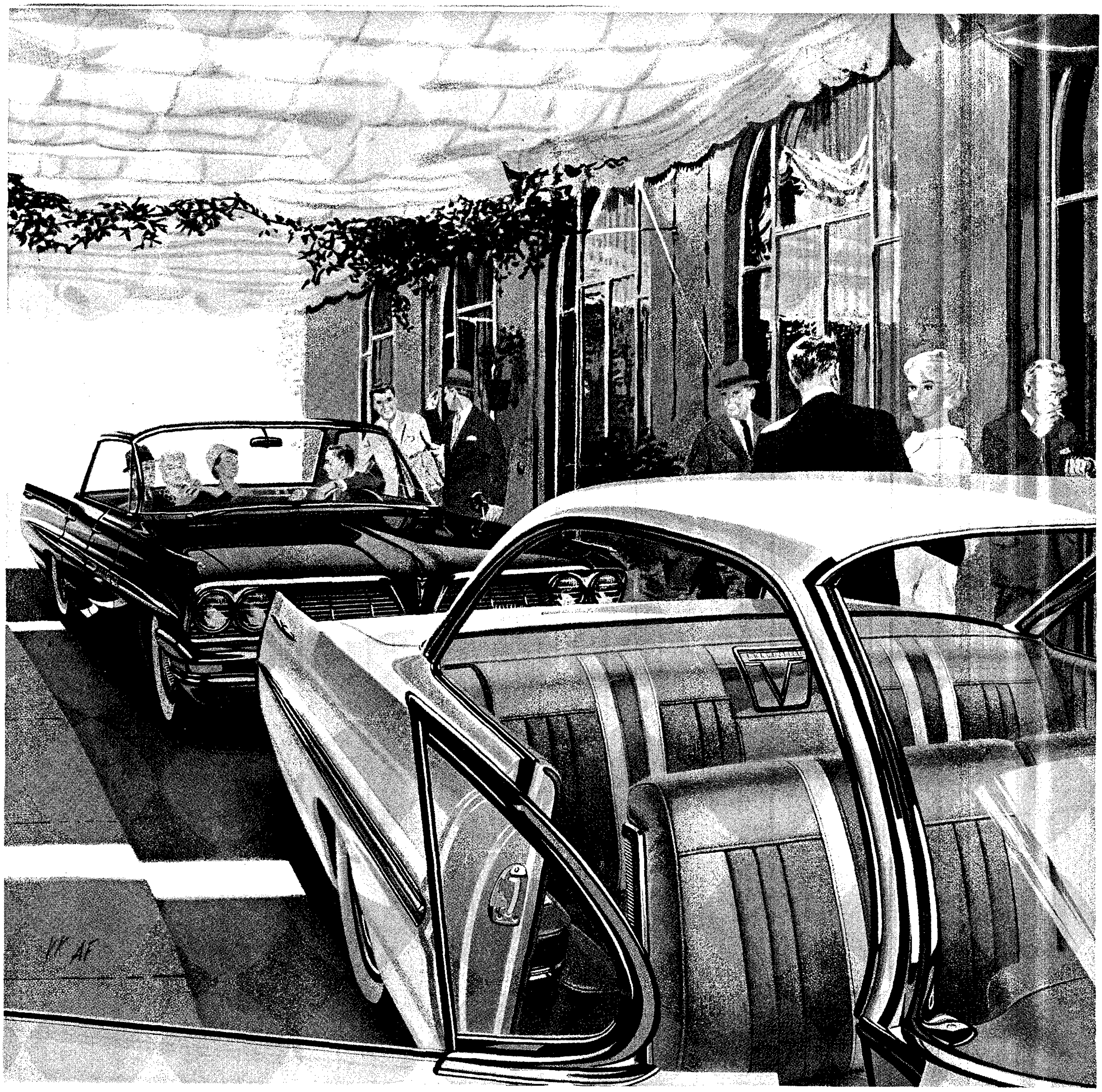
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
HARVEY'S
COCKTAIL SHERRY
AMONTILLADO
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

BRISTOL CREAM®. Vintner's skill and blender's art produce a sweet, golden, after-dinner wine.

HARVEY'S COCKTAIL SHERRY. An amber Amontillado, a *light* cocktail, chilled or "on the rocks".

BRISTOL DRY®. Pale, light "fino". Served chilled or "on the rocks". Prized as an apéritif.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR THE U. S. A.



BONNEVILLE SPORTS COUPE IN THREE-TONE MORROKIDE

Rich fabrics, fine appointments (and real genius) that's what Pontiac interiors are made of

This is just one of 42 interiors which make you so proud to open the door of a '61 Pontiac.

There are 14 choices of interiors in the Catalina alone.

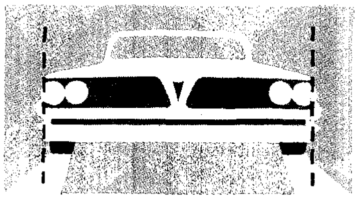
In certain Bonnevilles, you may find yourself asking if the soft wool/nylon stripe material is available to your tailor. (Only if he procures it from a Bonneville.)

Even if you look twice, you'd say the Jacquard cloth in a Star Chief is studded with real diamond chips. (An effect created by our weavers.)

Prize real leather? It's regular equipment in Bonneville Convertibles. We hand rub it. So will you. The Morrokide in the Ventura (and other models) is richly grained, lastingly handsome.

Each handle, armrest and ash tray is designed, built and fitted with Pontiac's care for detail. The final inspection is yours. Make it soon at your fine Pontiac dealer's.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

Pontiac has the widest track of any car. Body width trimmed to reduce side overhang. More weight balanced between the wheels for sure-footed driving stability.

IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK!

by the brass and reeds, often in a call-and-response pattern. There are curious, almost rhythmless interludes in which one instrument solos against chords played by the rest of the band, tight unison ensembles strikingly similar to those now fashionable among the funky players, and plenty of breaks. But there is also ample solo space. Allen had by then begun to move away from Armstrong's influence, and was firing off, in an edgy, acidulous tone, a lot of blue notes and wild, searching phrases that got where they were going about half the time. Coleman's single solo is astonishing; it is already the later Coleman minus sandpapering and shellac. Higginbotham is also surprising. Miff Mole, Jimmy Harrison, and Jack Teagarden are generally regarded as the first trombonists to liberate their instrument from its umpah ensemble responsibilities and limited solo capacity, but Higginbotham concurrently developed a galelike attack—replete with crazy runs, high-register shouts and smears, and complex many-noted phrases—that only Dickie Wells, Jimmy Cleveland, and Jimmy Knepper have matched since. The best of the selections, which are somewhat uneven, include a slow, spooky "New Call of the Freaks," "Doctor Blues," "Saratoga Shout," and "Song of the Swanee." All of these are free of the slightly frantic quality of the remaining numbers and are indicative of the supple, no-bones approach that was to become the badge of the great Harlem bands five or six years later. By that time, Russell's band had been taken over by Armstrong, who enlarged it and allowed it to fall into a shambles held together only by the drumming of Sid Catlett.

IN 1932 and 1940-41, Sidney Bechet recorded approximately three dozen often exemplary sides for Victor under the title of "Sidney Bechet and His New Orleans Feetwarmers." With the exception of the demonic 1932 session, they were pickup recordings that used not New Orleans men but swing musicians like Catlett, Sandy Williams, Sidney de Paris, Allen, Higginbotham, Hines, Rex Stewart, and Dickenson. Accordingly, the ensembles are informal and the solos plentiful and excellent. Twenty-three of the Feetwarmer sessions have been brought together on "Sidney Bechet" (RCA 130 242) and "Sidney Bechet: Blues in the Air" (RCA 430 216). These records can also be had from Paris. The first record has eight memorable selections, including all four

Finish dinner
with
the finest

IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA
Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR
BRANDY

Favor yourself with **Fundador** the classic brandy from Spain. Mellow, rich in flavor, full-bodied. Yet incomparably smooth. For two centuries, the world's most favored Spanish brandy. **Pedro Domecq** Spanish Brandies, 86 proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York.

It's a
veritable
ball!
LIVING STEREO
AN ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
Lucille Ball
in
Wildcat
A New Musical
N. RICHARD NASH
CY COLEMAN
CAROLYN LEIGH
KEITH ANDES
MICHAEL KIDD

Enjoy all the liveliness, hilarity and good fun that Lucille Ball, Keith Andes and the rest of the original cast let loose in the hit Broadway musical, "Wildcat." It's captured for you only on RCA Victor. Don't miss this exciting music by Cy Coleman with lyrics by Carolyn Leigh in Living Stereo or Monaural Hi-Fi. It's another Broadway original . . . exclusively on **RCA VICTOR**

ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE COMPACT 33, THE NEWEST IDEA IN RECORDS.

AFTER DINNER...
CHARM YOUR GUESTS WITH
VERRY CHEERING
CHERRY HEERING
ESTABLISHED 1818
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PRODUCED BY
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN-DENMARK
GOLD AND 1ST CLASS MEDALS
SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION NEW YORK
49 PROOF
DENMARK'S LIQUEUR DELIGHT SINCE 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. NY-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

of the de Paris-Williams-Catlett dates and two of the Stewart-Hines-Baby Dodds ones, while the second record offers, in addition to the weakest of the 1932 numbers and some lacklustre 1941 efforts with such as Henry Goodwin (trumpet) and Charlie Shavers, three of the four metallic, explosive Allen-Higginbotham-J. C. Heard numbers. Bechet's inspiration works throughout in direct ratio to the quality of his cohorts.

Bechet reappears in four of the eleven recordings made in New York in the fall of 1938 by Ladnier, Mezz Mezzrow, de Paris, James P. Johnson, Teddy Bunn, and Zutty Singleton, among others. These have been collected in France on "Really the Blues" (FELP 200), and resemble, despite Mezzrow, who plays the clarinet as if it were a hubble-bubble, the Feetwarmer dates. Indeed, there are two eloquent slow blues, "If You See Me Comin'" and "Really the Blues," that haven't even begun to weather.

More about the Palais catalogue soon.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

SAN BERNARDINO—Driving in circles up in San Antonio Heights undoubtedly will remain confusing for lots of people, but at least the street names will stop jumping around so much.

That was the purpose the County Highway Department had in asking approval of the County Board of Supervisors on a series of five street name changes in that area, County Engineer Martin A. Nicholas said.

Officially changed was: Mountain Drive, from Mountain Avenue to 25th Street, to Mountain Avenue; Camp Baldy Road, from 25th Street to the Los Angeles County line, to Mountain Avenue; Euclid Crescent West, from 24th Street to Camp Baldy Road, to Euclid Avenue, and Mountain Avenue, from the existing Mountain Drive north to its end, to Mountain Lane.

—*Ontario* (*Calif.*) *Report.*

Just keep circling; it's your only chance.

•

CLEAR DAYS ALONG THE CELESTIAL FRONT

[*From the Gloucester* (*Mass.*) *Daily Times*]

At the last meeting of the Y Men's club, held at the YMCA, Paul Goodwin, program chairman, introduced A. Lovell Parsons as the speaker for the evening.

Parsons took as his subject, "There Is Room for You."

He cited that no matter how large the population of the world, there will always be room for everybody.

Not only in this hemisphere but as we pass on there will be room in the heavens. He gave a vivid description and showed a very interesting drawing of the Big Dipper. The room inside, he said, could more than take care of everyone.

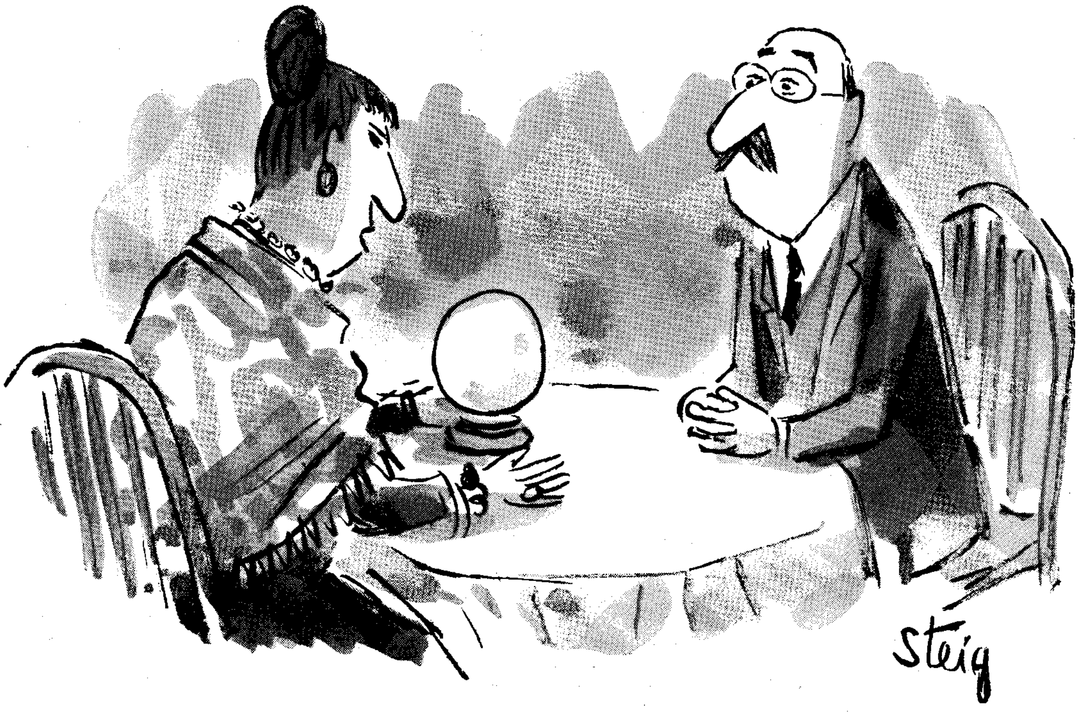
BOOKS

The Whole of Life

THE very first page of R. K. Narayan's new novel, "The Man-Eater of Malgudi" (Viking), has the quality of comfort; it creates the impression that the man writing knows thoroughly how he wants to write, what he wants to write about, and what he means by it. He is so much at ease that he does not need to labor to make literature; he is effortlessly going to let his readers have a good part of himself and a great deal of India. The novel goes on as well as it begins, telling, with quite extraordinary skill, a story of growing tension and anxiety in terms of light situation comedy; it is impossible not to enjoy what happens, and just as impossible not to feel desperately concerned about the outcome of it all. Mr. Narayan is, in short, a first-rate storyteller, and this is one of his most successful efforts. It has, although it is in a much less deliberately intellectual form, the completeness and fullness of Machado de Assís's "Epitaph of a Small Winner." It seems to be trifling, and yet it cracks the whole of life wide open.

The story begins in the Malgudi print shop, with which Mr. Narayan has already familiarized his readers. It is still being run by the systematically muddled and confused methods with which so many small businessmen in India manage to keep success and its problems at arm's length, and Mr. Nataraj, its proprietor, is a happy and contented man until H. Vasu, M.A., taxidermist, appears. Mr. Vasu is an ex-professional strong man, a braggart, and a bully, and the good-natured Mr. Nataraj is putty. In no time at all, Mr. Vasu is installed in the attic above the print shop and is transforming it into a charnel house. Although Mr. Nataraj is good-natured enough to let him have the space free, Mr. Vasu gets him into continual trouble with the rent-control authorities, the public-health people, the neighbors, and the wardens of the nearby game preserves, where the taxidermist goes poaching for interesting subjects. When efficient countermeasures cut off Mr. Vasu's supplies of wild animals, his ambitions are turned in the direction of a young temple elephant that is the pride of a small community not far from Malgudi. The contest between the soft, nice, gentle, and indecisive printer and the hardheaded, practical man of action over the elephant, an endearing animal called Kumar, is absurd in all its details. It is a situation that belongs in a farce, and the characters would be perfectly at home in the world of Feydeau. Yet in his description of the plots and counterplots that surround Kumar, Mr. Narayan says something important about the perpetual struggle between the strong and the weak, in which the weak never seem to have a chance, and which the strong somehow or other never win in the end. The Athenians moved in on the people of Melos, just as Mr. Vasu moves in on Mr. Nataraj, purposefully and decisively, conscious of their superior strength. "We will not trouble you with specious pretenses," they said, "or say that we are now attacking you because of any wrong that you have done us. You know as well as we do that right, as the world goes, is in question only between equals in power. The strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must." This is the picture of reality that always presents itself to the powerful, and yet history always adjusts the balance, so that those who have used the power they had often die with puzzled expressions on their faces. Mr. Narayan explains what it is in human nature that makes the Athenian concept a fallacy and that can turn brute force back on itself. His sweet-tempered determination to think well of his fellow-men gives a golden tone of sanity and happiness to an enchanting comedy that is also a very serious statement of fundamental Indian ideas. "The Man-Eater of Malgudi" is a delightful, funny, and deeply thoughtful book.

"WHERE THE AIR IS CLEAR" (Obolensky), a novel about Mexico by the Mexican Carlos Fuentes, is another kettle of fish altogether. It is written impetuously, and its author makes many errors of taste and simple beginners' mistakes; ease is certainly not one of the qualities of his writing. None of this matters in the least, since from every page one hears the passionate voice of a man talking of what is of vital concern to him, and illuminating, as with a sequence of almost continuous flashes of lightning, his whole world of feeling and emotion. With the bravery of a young man, Señor Fuentes has cleared all ideas of what a novel ought to be from his mind and has decided, quite simply, to put what it is to be Mexican, and all of Mexico, into his book. He has been naïve, as Pasternak was in "Doctor Zhivago," as Balzac, Dickens,



"In about a year you will be replaced by a new electronic device."

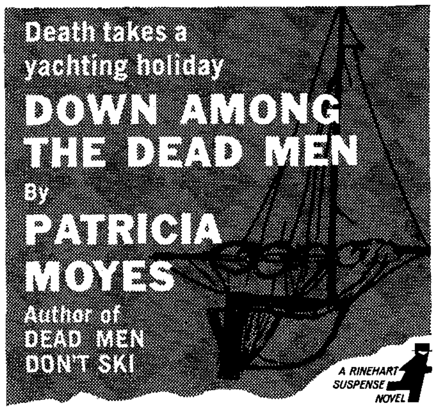
Double the fun
of your trip to
EUROPE
go one route...
return the other!

MEDITERRANEAN—Magnificent 23,000-ton "OLYMPIA" from New York and Boston to Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Israel.

NORTH ATLANTIC—Popular 20,260-ton "ARKADIA" from Canada to Ireland, France, England, Holland, Germany.

Special all-expense tours available.
See your TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CLEVELAND
CHICAGO • DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
MONTREAL • TORONTO • VANCOUVER

A wicked and witty novel
Affairs of the Heart
by Malcolm Muggeridge
An urbane and diverting book for readers with a developed taste for the "dry champagne" style. $3.50
WALKER & COMPANY



Death takes a yachting holiday
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN
By
PATRICIA MOYES
Author of
DEAD MEN DON'T SKI
A RINEHART SUSPENSE NOVEL
"Her work is rooted firmly in the great classic tradition."—Anthony Boucher, N. Y. Times Book Review
$3.50 • HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

and Tolstoy were in the happier days before the Jamesian deluge. He has accepted himself, and he writes with the freedom of a man who has never for a moment doubted his right to be omniscient in all that concerns characters of his own invention. He has the best of reasons for being sure that he knows all that there is to be known about them, and they repay him for his confidence in himself by coming alive, vividly and completely. He creates his people wholesale and marches them off by battalions, lavishly equipped with life histories, to take their place in his full-scale social panorama—an ominous phrase that means death if the writer who embarks on the project sees life from outside. But Señor Fuentes, while he can produce sharply written naturalistic passages of a very effective kind, leaves the actual construction of the social mosaic to his reader, merely giving him access to the material with which it can be done. His real concern is with what goes on inside the minds of his people, and to set forth the essence of any given place in Mexican society from within. In a succession of brilliant, imaginative penetrations, Señor Fuentes uncovers the burdens of memory and of present feeling carried by each one of these people.

This is not to say that he has deprived his reader of the innocent pleasure of following a story; he has, on the contrary, given him a very good one, dealing with the events leading up to a sudden reversal in the fortunes of a former revolutionary, Robles, who has made himself a millionaire by manipulating credit to support a complex pyramid of speculative enterprises. The story of his ruin is of unfailing interest. The method of telling is a rapid, cinematic movement that cuts nervously from one character to another every time a new life intersects a strand in the cable of Robles' affairs. The focus of attention moves from within one character to give an exterior view of the point of intersection in a brilliantly written narrative passage, and then moves inside the mind of the new character.

By using the subordinate characters as coördinates, Señor Fuentes locates Robles in his social role with unusual precision; his whole life is presented in the terms of what his existence means to others. He has fallen into an irretrievably second-rate pattern, in which he does business for the sake of doing more; his automatism mirrors the loss of purpose that seems to have overtaken Mexicans since the revolution.

THERE'S NOTHING AS EXOTIC AS
LUNCHEON
at
TRADER VIC'S
7 East 58th St.
COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Open daily including Sunday
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call
ELdorado 5-2600

Peter De Vries
invites you to the maddest family reunion ever imagined in his new novel
Through the Fields of Clover
$3.95 at bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN

The 1961 Travel Guide to Europe
OLSON'S
ABOARD AND ABROAD
Get the most complete, up-to-date, handy guide to Europe. Pocket size, 1,006 pp. $5.95 at your bookstore or from J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., 227 S. 6th St., Phila. 5, Pa.

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

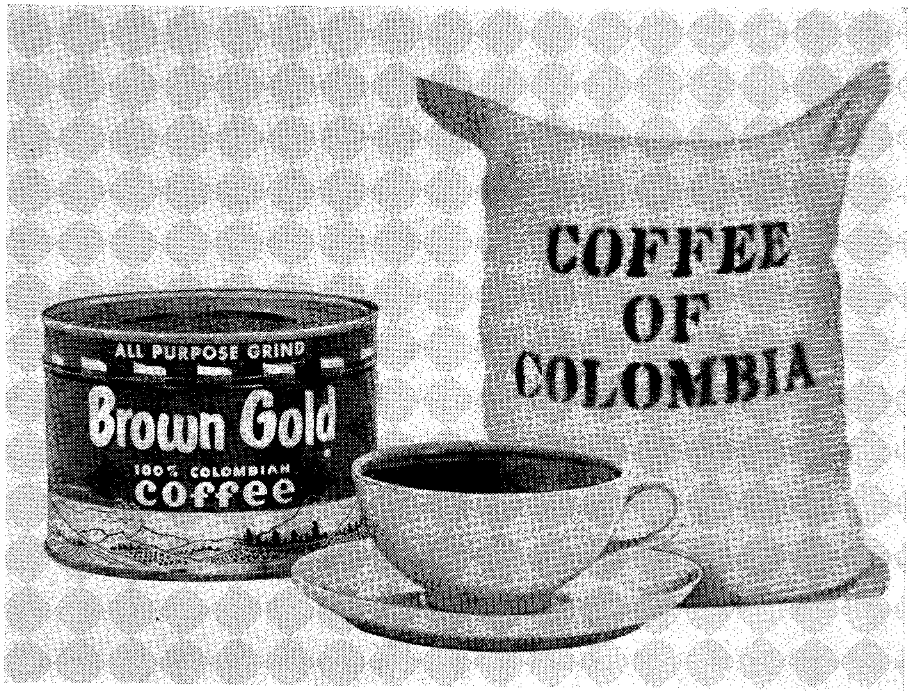
All the people in the book are tormented by their sense of it, as a mother might be whose child has been born dead. The present they know does not match the past; history has delivered the wrong future. In all of their lives there are elements of anguish from the years of savage cruelty in which the old order was destroyed and the new was made. They know the price that was paid for the present, which Robles embodies; they know what he stood for when the price was demanded; they loathe him for having become what he is. But it is not that easy, for their lives are the soil in which his has grown. They have assisted him in the betrayal, so their hatred for him is in large measure their expression of their loathing for themselves. Their individual manifestations of discontent, envy, spite, and fury would be depressing in isolation or if they were considered superficially, but Señor Fuentes organizes them and discovers their meaning by making them contributing parts of a lament of great lyric beauty, which voices the true feelings of a people that has suffered terribly and in vain. Behind the lives that make up the book is the common tragedy of a failed revolution, which has once again fallen short of the eternal objective of lifting men up to the level of their dreams. If Señor Fuentes is not the most polished and assured of writers, and if some of his episodes are coarsely imagined and hasty, he is at any rate endowed with the courage and the power to attempt and to achieve a really big thing. It is not blind courage, either, and an important element in making this vigorous and exciting novel what it is is its author's acute intelligence.

"SCENES FROM LIFE" (Scribners), by William Cooper, is a double offering—two novels about England bound into one volume. The first is "Scenes from Provincial Life," the second "Scenes from Married Life," and they follow the first-person hero from insecurity as a science teacher, through insecurity as a temporary civil servant, to security as a man with a place in his Ministry's permanent table of organization, a wife, and a newborn child. The story is held down to a very low and philistine tone in the telling, and the apparent aim of the work is to do for the second- and third-rate sections of the new English bureaucratic social order what C. P. Snow has already done for its upper levels and to capture the ordinary essentials of ordinary lives without enlarging their interest or in

Delightful...the superb nutty flavor of DRY SACK®

WILE
DRY SACK
SHERRY
Produced Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND & JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SPAIN

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
World-famous Spanish Sherries
WILE
Let this seal be your guide to quality



HAVE YOU EVER TASTED BROWN GOLD® THE 100% PURE COLOMBIAN COFFEE? Coffee connoisseurs pay over a dollar a pound for Brown Gold Coffee. That's because the more Colombian, the better the blend and Brown Gold is 100% pure Colombian. It's imported from that narrow belt high in the Andes where the world's costliest coffees are grown. Ask for Brown Gold at your favorite food store. *If your regular grocer or supermarket cannot supply you at this time, please order from Andes Coffee Company, 82 Front Street, New York 5, N. Y. Send $2.70 for 2 lbs. postpaid.*

BEDSIDE BOON

abrim with your favorite beverage, beckons invitingly through the night. Your new THERMOS brand Pitcher Set (with tray and covered cup holder) keeps liquids iced or steaming in its vacuum-insulated interior of durable Stronglas™. Decorator colors. You'll find a THERMOS brand Pitcher Set delights a bride, your mother, dear friend, convalescent . . . and you.

GIVE SOMETHING SMART BY THERMOS®

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
Subsidiary of King-Seeley Thermos Co.

THE VIRGINS: MAGIC ISLANDS

By JEANNE PERKINS HARMAN. The only complete and up-to-date book about one of America's most fascinating island playgrounds — not only a tropical paradise but a growing community with a rich past and a bright future. *Profusely illustrated.*

$4.95 *at all bookstores*

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

ABSOLUTELY A-1!

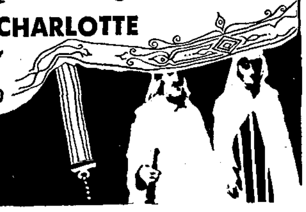
Intrigue in Lebanon, brilliantly handled by "the only woman writing today who measures up to Andrew Garve and Michael Gilbert."— DOROTHY B. HUGHES

ARMS FOR ADONIS

By CHARLOTTE JAY

$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE



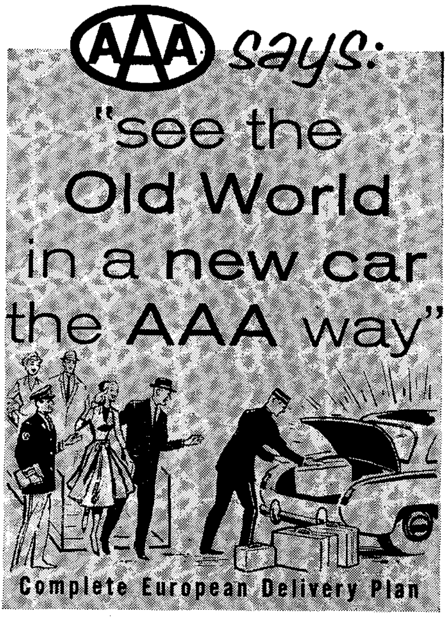
any way falsifying them. Mr. Cooper's success, if those were his intentions, is complete, and his book gives an almost faultless picture of the temperate, moderate middle ground of English life, where, in the words of an Osbert Sitwell character, "nothing is as good as you hoped and nothing as bad as you feared." Mr. Cooper's double-barrelled enterprise has much to recommend it—the craftsmanship is excellent, it is good-humored, the observation is precise, the characters are fully realized—and yet there is only a limited interest in the affairs of those whose lives are basically without distinction. The world described is the pale-gray one of compliance and of getting by, of subdued conflicts, evaded issues, and reasonable compromises. Many people in many countries live in it, but in spite of its vast population, its characteristic quality, when all is said and done, is its unimportance. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

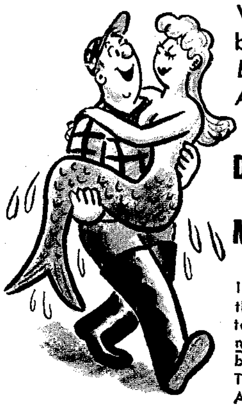
MESSAGES OF LOVE, by Samuel Youd (Simon & Schuster). This leisurely novel about English people brings us from the days just before the First World War to the present time, and the most important part of the action takes place in the Fanshawe family home in Switzerland, although the story is based in England. The Fanshawe girls, Katharine and Victoria, who have spent their lives in Switzerland, both marry men in the cotton trade and move together as brides to Manchester. Quite early in the story, we learn that Katharine is in love with Victoria's husband, Lionel, and that she married only when she despaired of getting Lionel for herself. Since the characters of both sisters have been well established at this point, and since both girls are attractive, interesting, and capable of inspiring and giving romantic passion, we seem ready for the development of a fascinating play of fate, but Mr. Youd changes his mind, conducts us rapidly through the First World War, and proceeds almost at once to devote himself to the histories of the sisters' children, none of whom are anything like as seductive or as mysterious as their mothers were. The novel is entertaining, and at times even absorbing, but it reaches its greatest height during the first fifty pages.

THE REAL SILVESTRI, by Mario Soldati (Knopf). This polished and


AAA says:
"see the Old World in a new car the AAA way"
Complete European Delivery Plan

Buying a foreign car for European delivery the AAA way means you have over 200 makes and models to choose from, and can benefit from AAA's exclusive overseas motoring services and personalized itineraries. AAA's unbiased counselors will help you pick the car best suited to your particular needs. Buy at low, tax-free factory prices and bring your new car back from Europe when your vacation is over.

Complete details from
AAA International TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. Y-1, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
or any AAA club



from Bobbs-Merrill

Worthy to place beside *Porgie and Bass, Forever Angler, etc.*

UPSTREAM, DOWNSTREAM, AND OUT OF MY MIND

By SYD HOFF

Illustrated with more than enough pictures to show exactly what not to do. None of this book has appeared in The New Yorker.
At bookstores • $2.95

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

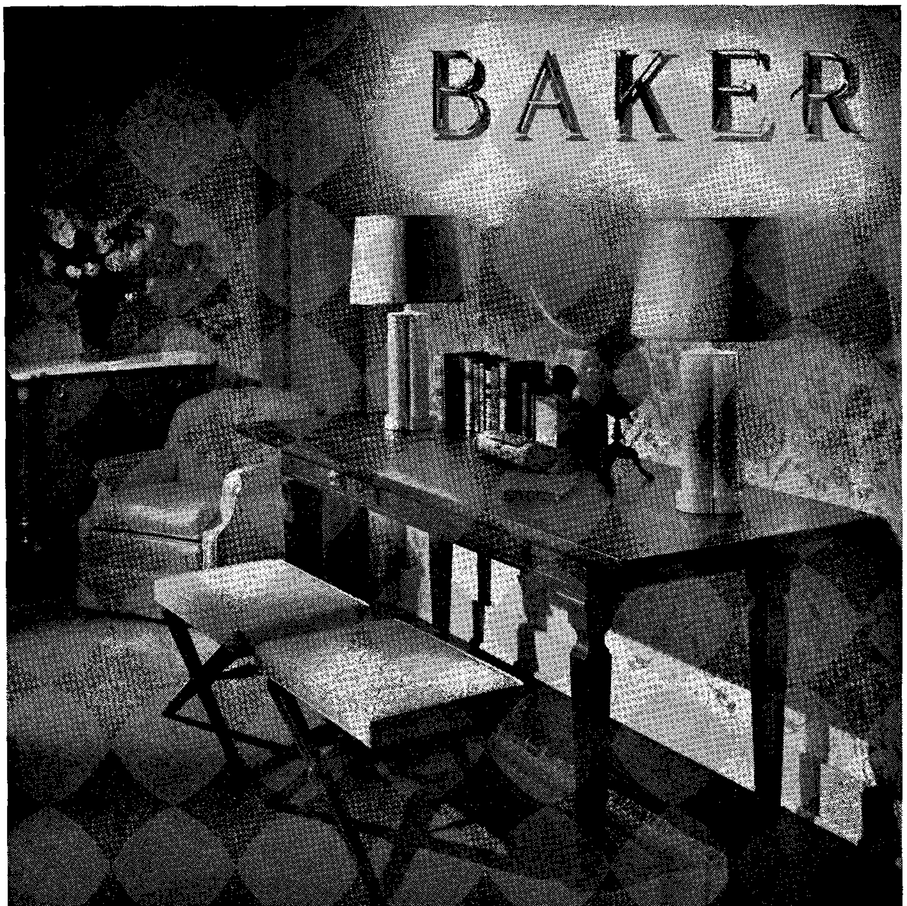
DECOR by RUSSELL PATTERSON
Sal Cucinotta...
teddy's
Italian French Cuisine
219 W. B'WAY—N.Y.C.—res. WO 6-2180

extremely banal novel by one of Italy's more successful movie directors is written in an economical and cinematic style that makes it seem better than it is. In the vein of Moravia at his worst, Soldati describes the way in which a sentimental man finds out how very nasty his dead friend Silvestri really was from a woman he had blackmailed in a peculiarly disgusting fashion. The process of disillusionment might have been made more interesting if Silvestri had been endowed with any kind of charm, but since Soldati isn't convincing on that score, there isn't much of a book left.

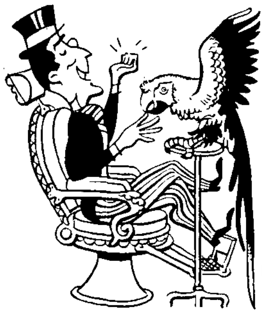
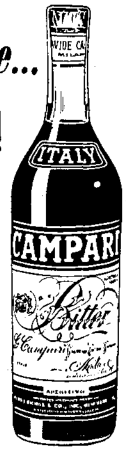
GENERAL

THE ANTHILL: THE HUMAN CONDITION IN COMMUNIST CHINA, by Suzanne Labin, translated from the French by Edward Fitzgerald (Praeger). The author, a Frenchwoman who describes herself as "a Socialist" and "a systematic anti-Communist," not long ago decided to discover what she could about life in Communist China by interviewing some of the refugees who have been arriving in Hong Kong at the rate of ten thousand a month. These refugees are not all dispossessed capitalists but a statistical microcosm of China, and Mme. Labin talked at length with fifty-four of them—a cross-section of the cross-section, including a factory worker, a peasant, a union official, two Party members, a merchant, a student, a teacher, and so on. Many had had experiences that dovetailed—for example, some of them had administered purges of which others had been victims—and their separate stories form a picture of a perfectly totalitarian state. Each of them suffered according to his position—the peasant farmed and was starved, the worker was overworked and underpaid, the intellectuals were forced to lie—and all were terrified. Their sufferings and bereavements touch the heart, as does their account of the death of a civilization, for they remind us, through Mme. Labin, that life in China before the Communists came was not degraded, as it is now, but that the Chinese maintained a system of local and family ties, of filial affection and village neighborliness. In short, what Communism replaced was not chaos but a still viable Confucianism.

TIBET IS MY COUNTRY, by Thubten Jigme Norbu, as told to Heinrich

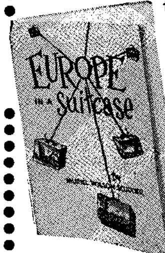

BAKER

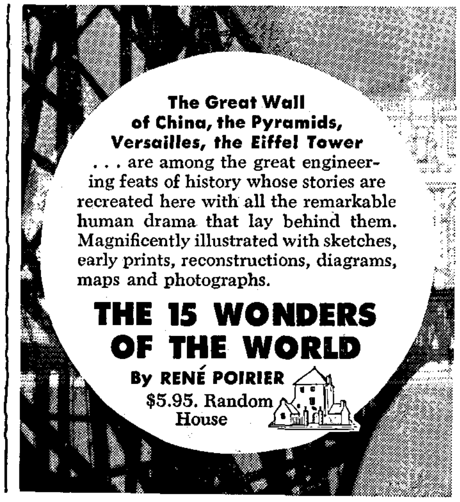
BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 25 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • DALLAS
CINCINNATI • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • CLEVELAND • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS



Being Manicured by a Macaw...
Like Campari, an Acquired Taste...
You Could Learn to Love IT!
BITTER
CAMPARI

THE CAMPARI COCKTAIL
(also called NEGRONI)
⅓ Campari
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
Stir with ice

THE INTERNATIONAL APERITIF
IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK
Campari is wonderful on the rocks! Additional recipes for sophisticates in the gold booklet attached to each bottle. 48 Proof.


GOING ABROAD?
Whether it's you, your parents, or best friend, EUROPE IN A SUITCASE is a must. This practical book is jam-packed with down-to-earth advice; it gives twelve check lists and hundreds of travel tips to help you prepare for your trip with complete calm. Its "Get Ready" calendar guides you step by step in the months before you leave home.
Send today for the Sixth Revised Edition . . . the sooner you read it the more time and money you'll save!
Sixth Revised Edition
$1.00 ppd.
For 1st Class Mail Add 15¢
Mrs. Muriel Scudder
236 Abbey Rd.
Manhasset, N.Y.


The Great Wall of China, the Pyramids, Versailles, the Eiffel Tower . . . are among the great engineering feats of history whose stories are recreated here with all the remarkable human drama that lay behind them. Magnificently illustrated with sketches, early prints, reconstructions, diagrams, maps and photographs.
THE 15 WONDERS OF THE WORLD
By RENÉ POIRIER
$5.95. Random House

SPURS

Every body preserves in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except insofar as it is compelled to change that state by impressed forces.
—Newton's "Principia"
(First Law of Motion)

If you are not already a shareowner in American business but can well afford to be one, what "impressed forces" can we bring to bear on you to make you change your state from non-investor to investor? Perhaps borrowed eloquence will do the trick.

Listen to Shakespeare: "Nothing will come of nothing."

Cervantes: "By the street of By-and-By, one comes to the house of Never."

A couplet from that rowdy Elizabethan comedy "Gammer Gurton's Needle":

A man of words and not
of deeds
Is like a garden
full of weeds.

Edward Young: "Procrastination is the thief of time."

And the sage Ben Franklin: "Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today."

When you get ready to bestir yourself, we'll be glad to help. Why not make a start today by sending for our booklet *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business"?* It's free, and it may be just the spur you need to become a stockholder at last. Write—

JOSEPH C. QUINN

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N.Y.
LONDON........110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS................7 Rue de la Paix
138 offices in U. S., Canada and abroad

Harrar, translated from the German by Edward Fitzgerald (Dutton). The autobiography of the elder brother of the Dalai Lama, himself an abbot and the reincarnation of a famous ancient monk. The material is enormously fascinating, particularly the accounts of the author's peasant childhood before his ordination at nine, and the tests by which it was determined that his four-year-old brother was the reincarnation of the thirteenth Dalai Lama. The story is told with ample detail and a simple beauty of style, and Mr. Harrar, who worked from recordings on tape, has done a remarkable job. Although the book ends badly, with both brothers refugees from the Chinese rule of their homeland, it is one of the great rags-to-riches stories, and is highly recommended. Color photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GIDEON'S FIRE, by J. J. Marric (Harper). The London police deal variously and simultaneously with a pyromaniac intent on burning up all the slums in town, a rapist, several murderers, and a couple of swindlers. Commander George Gideon, of the Yard, presides with his customary humane efficiency, and even manages to give his attention for a few productive hours to a crisis in his own family. This book, the seventh in Mr. Marric's series about Gideon and the operatives of the C.I.D. who work under him, is as entertaining as the six that preceded it, and nearly identical with them, which, though, makes no matter.

TOO MANY CLIENTS, by Rex Stout (Viking). The problem here is not so much who killed Thomas G. Yeager, a rich industrialist whose hobby was entertaining willing women in a voluptuous love nest, as who will pay Nero Wolfe for bringing the murderer to book. Mr. Stout answers both questions with his usual slippery skill, but not without a good deal of huffing and puffing, and there are even signs of strain in the gourmet concoctions he serves up to his great detective—bacon-and-apricot omelette, for example, and starling pie.

•

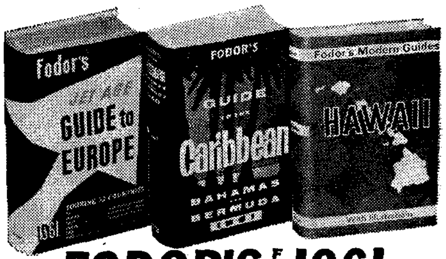
A former army officer, Ramrod Stiff, 54 years old, for many years Portugal's most distinguished and decorated airman . . .—*Dallas News.*

Stiff? Doesn't *sound* Portuguese.

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE
FAMOUS MALLET-SHAPED BOTTLE
Consumer resale price in New York State $3.95
Importers:
Peerless Importers, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.
U.S. Agent:
Robert F. Philipp, Wildwood Road, Stamford, Conn.



FODOR'S FOR 1961
JET AGE GUIDE TO EUROPE
32 countries. Illus. Maps. $5.95
GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN
Incl. Bahamas, Bermuda. Illus. $5.95
GUIDE TO HAWAII
Intro. by James A. Michener. All of the islands. Illus. Maps. $4.25
DAVID McKAY CO., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., N.Y. 18

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
1601 Simpson St. Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.

Fan & Bill's
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS RESTAURANT
1132 CONN. AVE.
Washington D. C.

Italian
SALAD DRESSING M
Good Seasons

4 Fresh Italian Dressings no one can buy

. . . make one tonight with this GOOD SEASONS MIX

Good Seasons Italian Dressing. So unusually savory, robust with garlic—flecked with onion and sweet red peppers! Takes just seconds to mix. Easy directions are on the Good Seasons envelope. You combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. The water, or a substitute liquid, makes the blend smoother. (A continental chef's secret!) You can use many substitutes, vary the dressing to your own special taste. See the recipes below for delicious suggestions.

Italian Tomato-Parmesan Dressing. Like a tomato tang in dressing? Just substitute tomato sauce or catsup for the water. Optional last touch: add 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Pour on a salad of greens, artichoke hearts (canned or prepared frozen), and rings of red Italian onions.

Try! George will love this

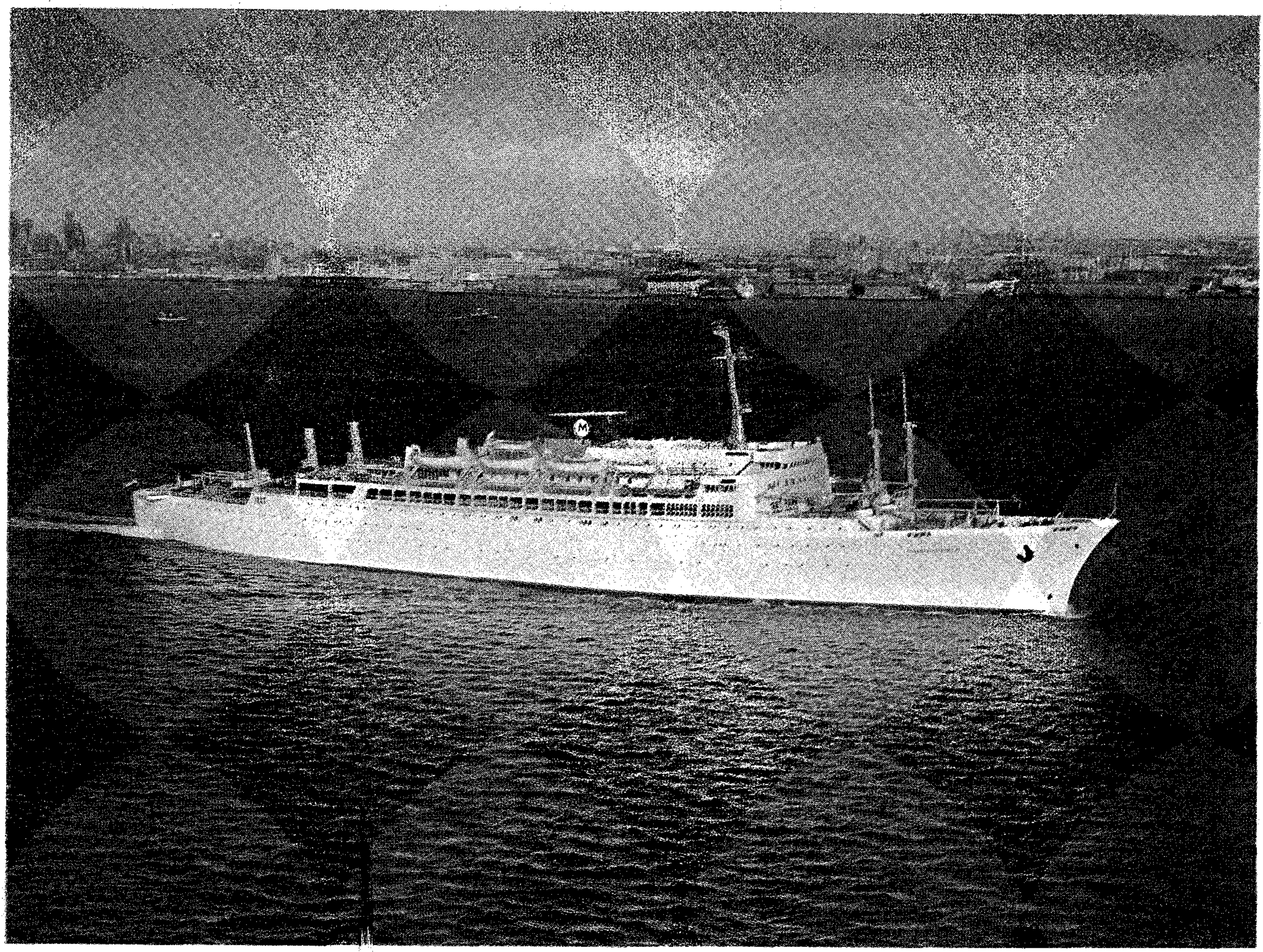
Italian Wine Dressing. Prepare the Good Seasons Dressing but substitute red wine, white wine, or vermouth for the water. Makes the flavor even more vivid—a nice sparkle with greens. An excellent marinade, too.

Italian Avocado Dressing. Use half vinegar and half lemon juice. Then, substitute mashed avocado for the water. A bright and garlic-y dressing, but with a mellow base. Delicious with salads that include tomatoes or mixed, chilled vegetables—and very special with sea food or fruit.

Get the new Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 7 Mixes: Italian, Classic, Cheese-Garlic, Exotic Herbs, Bleu Cheese, Garlic, Onion.

Recipes recommended by General Foods Kitchens

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



Golden in the sun, the new ss ARGENTINA leaves New York, swings South across the Equator to Rio, down to the "River of Silver" and Buenos Aires. Another time she'll take you to Norway's fjords, Leningrad, Gdynia while, half the world away, her twin, the new ss BRASIL, is in the Indian Ocean, heading for Suez. Which Moore-McCormack cruise is first for you?

Cruise the wonderful world of Moore-McCormack

How soon can you get away?

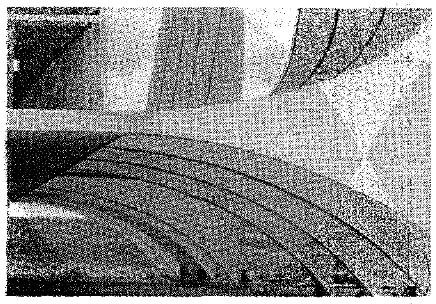
There are nineteen Moore-McCormack sailings a year—more than 250,000 miles of luxury cruising. In March you can go on "Sea-Safari" to South America, Africa, the Mediterranean.

In June a Northlands cruise takes you to Scandinavia, Russia, the Baltic, the Netherlands, Belgium. In July, a second sails above the Arctic Circle to the North Cape, returns via Southampton.

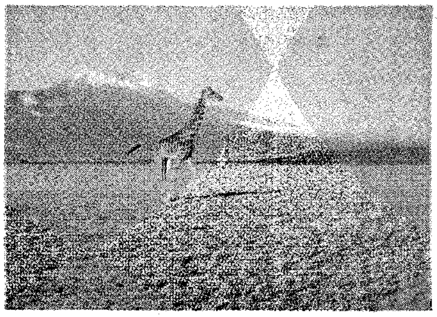
And every month you can cruise the smoothest, sunniest sea lanes in the world through the Caribbean to South America.

Cruises range from 31 to 62 days, minimum prices from $1,110 to $2,185. These new liners are all first class, air conditioned, with all outside staterooms—planned by, and for, people who know the best in cruising. They're ships you'll enjoy sailing on again and again: after a 62-day "Sea-Safari" Cruise, more people than we could book wanted to stay on board for another cruise!

Ask your Travel Agent for details, or write Moore-McCormack Lines, Dept. N-1, Two Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.



Brasilia, new inland capital of Brazil; completely new in plan, architecture, concept. Dramatic symbol of modern Latin America.



In Africa, snow-capped Mt. Kilimanjaro is background for browsing giraffes. You'll see lions, elephants, rhinos roaming wild, too.

Toy shop in Copenhagen, Denmark—colorful as this gay, friendly and fun-loving country.

MOORE-McCORMACK
ss ARGENTINA *Lines* **ss BRASIL**